Walter Pearce Serocold

A

CLASSICAL TOUR

THROUGH

ITALY.

Hæc est Italia diis sacra, hæ gentes ejus, hæc oppida populorum.

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A

TOUR THROUGH ITALY,

EXHIBITING A VIEW OF ITS

SCENERY, ITS ANTIQUITIES, AND ITS MONUMENTS;

PARTICULARLY AS THEY ARE OBJECTS OF

CLASSICAL

INTEREST AND ELUCIDATION:

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE

PRESENT STATE OF ITS CITIES AND TOWNS;

AND OCCASIONAL OBSERVATIONS ON

THE RECENT SPOLIATIONS OF THE FRENCH.

BY THE

REV. JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE.

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ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page xv. line 2, dele "as"
17, — 7, for "stinted," read "stunted"
34, — 2 from the bottom, for "conscious of "Authority," read "conscious Autho-"rity"
41, — 24, for "Pauchaia," read "Panchaia."
44, in Table of Contents, for "Bexico," read "Berico,"
185, line 24, for "Rosca," read "Rosea."
190, last word, for "Perieget," read "ΠΕΡΙΗΓΗ-ΣΙΣ."
243, line 3, correct the punctuation thus—"be-"came deserted; and Christian "princes,"
276, line 8, correct the punctuation thus—"with "surprize and delight;"
326, dele the note; as the ground plots are in their proper places.
327, line 14, dele the comma between "Hanni-"bal and Carraci," and read "Car-"racci."
332, line 18, for "Laterananasis," read "Latera-"nensis."
425, — 7, from the bottom, for "Mecænas's," read "Mæcenas's"
469, Note, for "Ova," read "Ora."
494, line 8, from the bottom, for "appears," read "appear"
520, note, line 1, accent the last syllable of the word "respecte."
520, note, line 15, for "mairs," read "mains."

VOL. II.

Page 1, in Table of Contents, for "Nucoria" read "Nuceria."
2, line 11, for "Ch in aeva," read "Ch' in aera."
5, note, for "et magnum oleo," read "atque oleâ magnum"
17, note, for "Æstrum" read "œstron"
23, — for "gaudere," read "gaudere."
57, line 8, for "Pansilypi," read "Pausilypi."
76, (Roads) dele the crotchets.
123, line 20, for "transactiou," read "transactions"
162, — 15, for "of," read "with"
202, — 25, for "paida," read "paid a"
203, — 7, for "of," read "off"
217, — 9, for "incurabula," read "incunabula"
221, note, for "Authelogia," read "Anthologia"
231, line 13, for "high," read "height"
232, — 18, for "brown," read "browner"
240, — 23, for "institution," read "institutions"
244, — 12, for "characterize," read "characte-rizes"
350, last line but one in note, for "sideling," read "sidelong"
360, line 4, for "Roma," read "Romæ"
377, fifth line from the bottom, for "over," read "under"
391, line 26, for "burst," read "bursts"
431, last line, for "prize," read "prey"

THE Author has to regret that a very serious Weakness in his Eyes prevented him from paying to the Publication of this Work all the Attention he wished.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

The Eight Plates are to be placed in the First Volume.

A CLASSICAL TOUR

THROUGH ITALY.

CHAP. I.

EXCURSION TO BENEVENTUM-----FURCÆ CAUDINÆ-----MOUNT TABURNUS----BENEVENTUM, ITS TRIUMPHAL ARCH----EXCURSION —PÆSTUM—NUCORIA—CAVA—SALERNUM—MOUNT ALBURNUS—PÆSTUM, ITS HISTORY AND TEMPLES.

OUR next excursion was to *Beneventum*, an ancient city now belonging to the Pope, though surrounded by the Neapolitan territory. The road passes through *Acerra*, and about five miles beyond enters the mountains that border the plains of *Campania*. Some beautiful scenery here amuses the eye as it wanders over the hills. To the right on the summit of a bold eminence covered with wood stands a Gothic castle; an object which not only from its appropriate site, but its magnitude, and antiquity, might be deemed interesting beyond the Alps; but in Italy, such an edifice appears misplaced, and incongruous. It reminds us of the irruption of barbarians, the fall of the arts,

the desolation of the finest region in the world, and the many ages of disaster that have since passed over it. The eye is soon relieved from the frowns of this feudal prison, by a scene better suited to the character and general features of the country. In the middle of a sylvan theatre formed by the bending of a hill, carpeted by deep verdure and shaded by thick foliage, swells an eminence; on that eminence rises a rock, and on the summit of the rock under a spreading olive-tree stands an hermitage, that seems from its situation to be the cell of one of the holy solitaries of times of old.

Ch in aeva magion fa dimoranza. *Tasso.*

Shortly after we passed through *Arienzo;* it forms a long street at the foot of hills branching out from the *Monti Tifatini*, and contains some good buildings intermingled with groves, orchards, and gardens. This town stands at the entrance of a defile, which contracts as it advances, and almost closes at the village, called *Le Forche d'Arpaia. Arpaia* is generally considered as the ancient *Caudium*, and the defile is supposed to be the *Furcæ Caudinæ*. If this supposition be well founded, time and cultivation, aided perhaps by earthquakes and torrents, must have made a considerable alteration in its original appearance. The former have long since levelled the forests that once clothed the sides of the mountains: the latter may have swept away the sand and loose soil from the declivities, and thus lowered the hills; while the ruins of *Caudium*, and the formation of the *Via Appia*, in conjunction with the preceding causes, may have filled, raised, and widened the narrow path in the middle. Thus the difficulties of the passage may have been removed, and the gloom that hung over it, dissipated. The bordering mountains are indeed on one side steep and naked; but

on the other they are covered with olive, ilex, and corn fields; the interval between is, in the narrowest part of the defile, at least three hundred feet, and on the whole, it presents nothing to alarm any, and much less a Roman army.

On stopping at *Arpaia*, we were accosted by the pastor of the place, a venerable old man, who immediately concluding that we wished to examine the defile, took us first to his house to shew us an Italian work on the subject, and thence conducted us to the convent of the Capucins; it stands on an eminence called *Giogo (Jugum) de Sta. Maria* on the right, where from a threshing-floor we had a very distinct view of the ground, and could compare appearances with the description of Livy. Our worthy guide cited the historian with great volubility, enlarged upon the critical situation of the Romans and the generosity of the Samnites, whom he considered as his countrymen, and called *Nostri Samniti*, and inveighed with great vehemence against the ingratitude and cowardice of the former, who, returning with superior numbers, almost exterminated their generous adversaries. It was amusing to see passions so long extinguished revive, and patriotism, which had lost its object for more than two thousand years, and been absorpt in well-grounded attachment to a more glorious and more extensive country, glow with useless ardor in the bosom of a solitary individual. In truth, these generous passions that long made Italy so great and so illustrious, and turned every province and almost every city into a theatre of deeds of valor and achievements of heroism; that armed every hand, first against the ambition, and afterwards for the glory of Rome then the capital and pride of their common country; all these passions exist still in Italy, burn with vigor even in the bosoms of the populace, and want only an occasion to call them

into action, and a leader to combine and direct them to their proper object.

Upon an attentive inspection of the valley now before us, it is impossible for the candid traveller, notwithstanding popular tradition* strengthened by some great authorities, to consider it as the defile described by Livy, or consequently admit it to be the *Furcæ Caudinæ*. "Saltus duo," says the historian, "alti, angusti, sylvosique sunt, montibus circa perpetuis inter se juncti, jacet inter eos satis patens clausus in medio campus herbidus aquosusque per quem medium iter est. Sed antequam venias ad eum intrandæ primæ angustiæ sunt, aut eadem qua te insinuaveris via repetenda; aut si ire pergas, per alium saltum arctiorem, impeditioremque evadendum †. In this *picture* we may observe, that the valley of *Caudium* is closed at both ends, and watered by a stream. The valley of *Arpaia* is open at one extremity, and has no stream. Besides, the vale of *Arpaia* lay out of the way, which the Consul, whose object was dispatch, could not be supposed to wish to lengthen. These reasons given by Cluverius, and confirmed, as we thought, beyond contradiction by the inspection of the ground, obliged us to resign, though reluctantly, the pleasure of believing ourselves on a spot described by such an historian, and ennobled by such an event‡.

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* Popular tradition, when very ancient and very constant, may be considered as almost decisive on such subjects; it then becomes uninterrupted remembrance. In the present case, it is neither ancient nor constant.

† L. IX. 2.

‡ Cluverius places the *Furcæ Caudinæ* a little higher up, and near the town

When we had passed the defile, we observed on our right a noble ridge of mountains covered with verdure, and broken into various rocks and precipices; and on our left another of a less beautiful but bolder form, lifting its stony surface to the clouds, that rolled in thick mists over its brow, and added to the majesty of its appearance. Naked, craggy, and furrowed by the torrents that roll down his sides, *Mount Taburnus*, which we are now contemplating, either never possessed, or has long since resigned, the olive forests with which Virgil *wished to robe* his gigantic mass*. The road thence becomes stony and indifferent, but continues to wind through a country less fertile indeed than *Campania*, but finely varied with hill and dale, and presenting in every view a pleasing mixture of wildness and cultivation.

We were now once more on the *Via Appia*, and passed two rivers over two Roman bridges, still in good repair. From the first we had a delightful view of the mountains which we had passed, as the evening sun cast a strong golden glow over the shining verdure of their sides and summits. After having crossed the *Sabato*, which still retains its ancient name, we entered *Beneventum* about sun-set. This city is of so ancient a date as to claim Diomedes for its founder; however, though well known

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of *Sta. Agatha*, where a defile, watered by the *Faenza*, anciently the *Isclerus*, and closed at both ends, is said to answer the description of Livy, and correspond with the direction of the Consul's march. The town of *Airola* he supposes to be the ancient *Caudium*. This defile almost joins the *Forche d'Arpaia* at one end.

* Neu segnes jaceant terræ: juvat Ismara Baccho
Conserere, et magnum oleo vestire Taburnum. *Georg.* II.

and much frequented, it never seems to have acquired any celebrity. It long bore the inauspicious appellation of *Maleventum*, which it changed when made a Roman colony into *Beneventum*, a name well suited as a happy omen to the occasion. After the fall of the empire, it was, with the rest of Italy, possessed by the Goths, then upon their expulsion by the Greeks, and afterwards became an independent principality under the Lombards. Thence it rose to a dukedom, and after having been governed by various princes, Lombard, Greek, and Norman, and been the subject of many contests and intrigues, at length passed under the peaceful domination of the Roman Pontiff.

Beneventum stands on a gentle elevation, at the foot of a bold ridge of hills on one side, with an open swelling country on the other. Its northern walls are bathed by the *Calore*, still proud of its ancient name. A lofty bridge crosses this river, and gives a very pleasing view of its banks, lined with poplars and bordered by meadows and gardens. One of the gates is a triumphal arch of Trajan; it consists of a single arch, is of Parian marble, and entire, with the exception of a part of the cornice. Both its sides are adorned with four Corinthian pillars raised on high pedestals. Its frieze, pannels, and indeed every part, both without and within the arch, are covered with rich sculpture representing some of the achievements of the Emperor in whose honor it was erected. This triumphal arch is by many considered as the most perfect of the kind existing—to me, I own, it did not appear in that light. The decorations though all of the best and purest style, are yet so compressed and crowded together as to leave no vacant space for the eye to rest on, no *plane* to contrast with the *relievo* and set it off to advantage; they seem consequently to encumber the edifice, and thus de-

prive it of the first of architectural beauties, *simplicity*. How inferior in this respect is the monument we are now contemplating to that of *Ancona*.

The cathedral is a large fabric in the Gothic or rather Saracenic manner, but of ancient materials; it is supported within by fifty columns of Parian marble, forming on each side a double aisle. The inward row has only half as many pillars as the outward, a circumstance which with the arches springing from the pillars lessens the effect of a colonnade, in other respects very magnificent. *Beneventum* has on the whole a good appearance, contains about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and seems to have passed through the vicissitudes of so many turbulent ages without much glory indeed, but with few reverses. The inn is not remarkably good, though superior probably to that which harbored Horace and his friends, if we may guess from the repast prepared for them, the accident that alarmed them, and the haste of the guests to snatch their portions from the flames *.

I need not inform the reader that *Beneventum* is in *Samnium*.

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* Tendimus hinc recta Beneventum, ubi sedulus hospes
Pene macros, arsit, turdos dum versat in igne.
Nam vaga per veterem dilapso flamma culinam
Vulcano, summum properabat lambere tectum.
Convivas avidos cænam servosque timentes
Tum rapere, atque omnes restinguere velle videres.

There are few inns in modern Italy that cannot afford better fare and better accommodations.

and was considered as one of its principal cities, or that the *Samnites* were the most warlike people of Italy, the most attached to independence, and the most devoted to the cause of liberty. Their stubborn opposition to the predominant fortune and genius of Rome employed the talents, and called forth all the skill and all the energies of the *Fabii* and *Papirii*, and with many intervening reverses furnished the materials of four-and-twenty triumphs. Their resistance, prolonged beyond the bounds of prudence, and the means of success at length assumed the features of a war *ad internecionem*, and terminated during the dictatorship of Sylla, in the almost total annihilation of the *Samnite* race. The army perished in the field, or in confinement at Rome; the survivors were driven into exile, and one of the most populous provinces of Italy was almost turned into a desert.

On our return we alighted at the *Forche d'Arpaia*, and proceeded through the valley on foot; the heat was great, but a strong invigorating wind blowing full in our faces rendered it tolerable. The harvest was going on, and the fields around were crowded. Among other lively scenes, we particularly noticed a set of harvest-men amusing themselves with the notes of a *bag-pipe*. Mirth and music are the passions of the climate, and of course did not excite our surprize; but we were rather astonished to hear the drone of a bagpipe in a *Campanian* valley, and almost wondered how an Italian echo could repeat a sound so heavy and inharmonious. The road was lined on each side with groves of cherry-trees, and several women and children were employed in gathering them. Overtaking an old woman who was carrying a large basket full of

cherries on her back, one of the party took a handful, and stepping before her, asked how she sold them. She shook her head, and smiled; but on the question being repeated, replied, that *God had given enough for all, and that we might take as many as we pleased for nothing.* She was afterwards with much difficulty prevailed upon to accept a trifle. Shortly after as we were sitting on the wall of one of the orchards, a hearty looking man came up, and observing that the day was sultry, begged us to step in and make free with his fruit, which he assured us was particularly wholesome and refreshing. We returned to Naples very well pleased with *Samnium* and its inhabitants.

Of all the objects that lie within the compass of an excursion from Naples, *Pæstum*, though the most distant, is perhaps the most curious and most interesting. In scenery, without doubt, it yields, not only to *Baiæ* and *Puteoli*, but to every town in the vicinity of the *Crater;* but in noble and well preserved monuments of antiquity it surpasses every city in Italy, her immortal capital Rome alone excepted. It is generally supposed, that the ruins of *Pæstum* were for many ages unknown even in the neighboring country, and at length accidentally discovered, some say, by a shepherd, and others, by a young painter in the course of a morning's ramble from *Capaccio*. This discovery is said to have been made about the middle of the last century. The fact is, that the attention of travellers was first directed to them about that period, and views and descriptions published then for the first time. But they were perfectly well known at all times, not to the peasantry of the immediate neighborhood only, and to the fishermen of *Salerno* who passed within view of them almost every day, but to the bishop and canons of *Ca-*

paccio, who take their titles from *Pæstum*, and may look down upon the ruins of their original residence from their windows. That it was not much visited, we know, but this was owing rather to the indifference than to the ignorance of the learned, and perhaps a little to the state of the country, ever lawless and unsafe while under the domination of absent sovereigns. We are too apt to conclude, that nobody had seen what we did not see, and that what travellers have not recorded, was not known to exist; without reflecting that the ignorance of the latter is often the consequence of the little acquaintance which many of them have with the language and natives of the countries which they undertake to describe.

The road to *Pæstum* leads through *Resina*, *Torre del Greco*, *Torre del Annonziata*, and passing the gates of *Pompeii* gives a transient glimpse of its solitary streets and lonely theatres, extending at the foot of steeps crowned with vines and mulberries. Continuing our course over the exuberant plains of *Pompeii*,

Quæ rigat æquora Sarnus.

We traversed the town of *Scafati*, drove along the banks of that river still the *Sarno* beautifully shaded with poplars, and entered *Nocera*, formerly *Nuceria*, a town of the highest antiquity, but remarkable only for its unshaken attachment to the Romans at all times, and the sad disasters to which it has been exposed in consequence of that attachment*. Its

* Liv. xxiii. 15.

fidelity to the republic during the second Punic war drew down upon it the vengeance of Hannibal, who, after some vain attempts to seduce its inhabitants into his party, plundered and destroyed their city. Its adherence to the cause of a Roman pontiff during the great schism roused the fury of a still more irritable enemy, *Ruggiero* king of Naples, who again razed its walls, and dispersed its citizens. They instead of rebuilding the town when the storm was over, as their ancestors had done before, continued to occupy the neighboring villages. Hence the appearance of the modern *Nocera*, which instead of being enclosed within ramparts, spreads in a long line over a considerable extent of ground, and displays some handsome edifices intermingled with rural scenery. It is still a bishopric, and derives the additional appellation *dei Pagani*, from the circumstance of its having been for some time in possession of the Saracens.

Not far from *Nocera* we entered the mountains, where the scene improves in beauty, without losing much either in fertility or animation. Various villages, castles, and churches adorn the defile, an aqueduct intersects it, and the town of *Cava* occupies the most elevated and most picturesque point. Behind this town, the mountain *Fenestra* swells to a prodigious elevation; its steep sides are covered to the very summit with one continued forest of chestnuts, forming a mass of foliage of the deepest shade, and most beautiful verdure, and presenting to the eye one of the most refreshing views imaginable during the heats of a *Campanian* summer.

O quis me gelidis sub vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra

is a wish which often bursts from the lips of a traveller panting up the acclivities of the Apennines under the beams of a meridian sun, and looking round with a longing eye for some hospitable thicket. In such a sultry hour the sight and the fancy repose with delight on the *immensity of shade* suspended over the defile of *Cava*. This town is not ancient, at least, not classically so. It seems to have been formed gradually, like many considerable towns, not on the continent only but in England, by the attraction of a rich Benedictine abbey. Its origin is usually dated from the invasion of Genseric, and the destruction of the neighboring town of *Marciana*, whose inhabitants took shelter in the mountains, and at the persuasion of the abbot settled around the monastery of the Trinity, and built *Cava*. It has several manufactories at present, and has an appearance of life and prosperity. It stands on the borders of *Picenum*, and opens a fine view of *Salernum*, its bay, the opposite coast, the plains around, and the mountains beyond *Pæstum*. The declivity is steep, but the road which runs along the edge of the precipice and looks down upon the sea, is well guarded by a parapet wall, and excellent all the way.

As we had set out very early we entered *Salerno* about noon with an intention of proceeding to *Pæstum;* but the unexpected want of horses detained us, and indeed obliged us to stop for the night. We had however no reason to regret the delay, as *Salernum* presents a sufficient number of subjects for observation and amusement. Its antiquity is acknowledged, though the date of its foundation and the names and countries of its founders are equally unknown. It became in its turn a Roman colony, but does not appear to have risen to any conse-

quence; the mildness of its air during the winter seems to have been its principal distinction*. It is supposed to have stood formerly on the hills, and is ranked by Pliny among the inland towns of *Picenum*. But this writer is perhaps more eloquent than accurate in his geographical descriptions, and I doubt whether his authority is a sufficient argument to induce us to conclude with Cluverius that *Salernum* has changed its original position. It is the see of an archbishop, has an university once celebrated for medicine, and various schools and academies. Its streets are as usual narrow, and the buildings high; some few seem to deserve notice. The court before the cathedral is supported by eight-and-twenty ancient granite columns with Corinthian capitals of good workmanship, but apparently not made for the columns which they now adorn; the church itself though built of ancient materials, and decorated with some good pictures, is a tasteless edifice. The most remarkable objects in it are the two *ambones* or ancient pulpits, one each side of the nave before the steps of the chancel; they are both of marble, the largest is covered with beautiful mosaic, and supported by twelve Corinthian pillars of granite. The inn stands almost on the beach, and our rooms opened on the bay, which appears beautiful even when compared to that of Naples.

The promontory of *Surrentum*, which bounds it on the west, increases as it projects in boldness and elevation, presents various craggs crowned with towns, and terminates in a long

* Horat. lib. 1. ep. 15.

lofty ridge covered with a forest. In the centre and half way up the declivity stands *Amalfi*, once so famous for its skill in the medical art, while the little town of *Vitri* seems to hang from the rock as if ready to fall into a torrent that tumbles through a deep dell below.

On the opposite side of the bay the coast gradually sinks into a plain, that extends without interruption to *Pæstum*, whose grey temples are dimly discernible, at the distance of fifteen miles. This plain is bounded by a ridge of mountains. In the bosom and centre of the bay, at the foot of a fine ridge of well cultivated hills, stands *Salernum*, equally well situated for beauty and commerce, if the neighborhood of such a vast mart as Naples did not attract and absorb all the commerce of this coast. There is a mole to cover the harbor and protect the shipping from the south wind, which sometimes raises a considerable swell. During the afternoon some of the party took a boat and rowed about the bay, which in the creeks and windings of the western coast furnishes objects for many delightful excursions. Such are the *Capo d'Amalfi*, the *Punta di Conca*, and, above all, the *Syrenusæ* islands, once the abode of the Syrens, famed in ancient story, and proverbial in modern languages. They are three in number, about eleven miles from *Salerno*, and four from the point of the promontory of *Minerva* (now of *Surrentum*) but one only from the nearest land. They are now called *Galli*, perhaps with a traditional allusion to the form of the Syrens, and are still, as described by Virgil, barren rocks, without other inhabitants than sea-fowls, or other sounds than the murmurs of the waves echoing amid the craggs and caverns.

Jamque adeo scopulos Sirenum advecta subibat,
Difficiles quondam multorum que ossibus albos;
Tum rauca adsiduo longe sale saxa sonabant. *Lib.* v.

It seems singular that Virgil, while he alludes to Homer's account of these islands, instead of adopting, and as usual improving the instructive fiction of the Greek poet, should upon this occasion in particular have abandoned him, and in order to avoid the appearance of imitation, fallen into a poetical anachronism. Such at least a direct contradiction to Homer, the great oracle of mythological chronology, must be deemed. In fact, while he admits the fable itself, he represents these islands as deserted at the very time, or rather before the time, when according to Homer, they were the residence of the Syrens. Æneas passed them before Ulysses, and if the Syrens had forsaken them at that period, we see no reason why they should return to them at a later. The truth seems to be, that Virgil inadvertently describes them as a geographer; Homer paints them as a poet—but why should the former in this single instance descend from the regions of poetry, and by an incongruous mixture of reality, banish one of the most moral and amusing illusions of fable?

A temple of the Syrens is supposed to have stood upon the opposite shore; the precise spot has hitherto been unexplored. Farther on, and on the most advanced point of the *Surrentine* promontory rose the temple of Minerva, supposed to be founded by Ulysses, an object so conspicuous as to have given its name to the promontory itself in antient times.

. . . . . e vertice Surrentino
. . . . Tyrrheni speculatrix virgo profundi.
Stat. Syl. lib. v. 3.

The road beyond *Salerno* intersects a rich plain, bordered on the right by the sea, on the left by fine hills, which as they wind along present on their sides and amid their breaks, a perpetual succession of varying landscapes.

About six miles from *Salerno* we went through the little town of *Vicenza*, supposed to be the antient *Picentia*. About six miles further, during which we had Mount *Alburnus* rising full before us, we came to *Evoli (Eburi)*, then turning to the right we entered a vast plain wild and uncultivated, but neither naked nor barren. Large herds of buffaloes, that fed on the heath and wandered through the thickets seemed to be its only inhabitants. The royal chace, called *Di Persano*, covers a considerable part of this solitude, and gives employment to two hundred gamekeepers, who not only guard the game but serve to escort travellers over these wastes, almost as much infested by banditti at present as was the *Gallinaria Pinus* in antient times.

We had now reached the *Silaris (Silaro* and *Sele,)* whose banks are bordered by fertile fields, and shaded by groves and thickets. This river forms the boundary of *Picenum* and *Lucania;* it receives the *Carole* in the forest of *Persano*, and higher up the *Tanagro*, which, with the addition of other lesser streams, make it a considerable river. Mount *Alburnus* inseparably united with the *Silaris*, in Virgil's beautiful lines, and consequently in the mind of every classical traveller, rises in distant perspective, and adds to the fame and consequence of the stream by the magnitude of his form and the ruggedness of his towering brow. Ilex forests wave on the sides of the mountain, and fringe the margin of the river, while herds innu-

merable wander through their recesses, and enliven the silence of the scene by perpetual lowings*.

As the country still continues flat and covered with thickets, the traveller scarce discovers *Pæstum* till he enters its walls. We drove to the bishop's palace, not through crowded streets and pompous squares, but over a smooth turf, in the midst of bushes and brambles, with a solitary tree waving here and there over the waste. The unusual forms of three temples rising insulated and unfrequented, in the middle of such a wilderness, immediately engrossed our attention. We alighted, and hastened to the majestic piles; then wandered about them till the fall of night obliged us to repair to our mansion. The good bishop had been so obliging as to send one of his chaplains to meet us, and provide every thing requisite for our comfortable accom-

* The resemblance may be carried still farther, as the same insect, if we may credit the observation of a most accurate and indefatigable traveller, Cluverius, confirmed by the authority of some Italian authors, still continues to infest the same forest, and to terrify and disperse the cattle over the whole mountain and bordering plains. I cannot vouch for the fact upon my own observation or inquiries. The circumstance is trivial in itself, but it is classical because connected with the scenery of the following beautiful lines, that is, the scenery which now surrounds us.

Est lucos Silari circa ilicibusque virentem
Plurimus Alburnum volitans, cui nomen Asilo
Romanum est, æstrum Graii vertere vocantes;
Asper acerba sonans; quo tota exterrita sylvis
Diffugiunt armenta; furit mugitibus æther,
Concussus, sylvæque et sicci ripa Tanagri.

Georg. III.

modation, a commission which that gentleman performed with great punctuality and politeness.

Obscurity hangs over, not the origin only but the general history of this city, though it has left such magnificent monuments of its existence. The mere outlines have been sketched out perhaps with accuracy; the details are probably obliterated for ever. According to the learned *Mazzochi*, *Pæstum* was founded by a colony of Dorenses or Dorians, from *Dora*, a city of *Phenicia*, the parent of that race and name whether established in Greece or in Italy. It was first called *Posetan* or *Postan*, which in Phenician signifies Neptune, to whom it was dedicated. It was afterwards invaded and its primitive inhabitants expelled by the Sybarites. This event is supposed to have taken place about five hundred years before the Christian era. Under its new masters *Pæstum* assumed the Greek appellation *Posidonia*, of the same import as its Phenician name, became a place of great opulence and magnitude, and is supposed to have extended from the present ruins southward to the hill, on which stands the little town still called from its ancient destination *Acropoli*. The Lucanians afterwards expelled the Sybarites, and checked the prosperity of *Posidonia*, which was in its turn deserted, and left to moulder away imperceptibly. Vestiges of it are still visible all over the plain of *Spinazzo* or *Saracino;* the original city then recovered its first name, and not long after was taken, and at length colonized by the Romans*.

* U. C. 480.

From this period *Pæstum* is mentioned almost solely by the poets, who, from Virgil to Claudian, seem all to expatiate with delight amid its gardens, and grace their composition with the bloom, the sweetness, and the fertility of its roses. But unfortunately the flowery retreats,

Victura rosaria Pæsti,

seem to have had few charms in the eyes of the Saracens, and if possible, still fewer in those of the Normans, who, each in their turn, plundered *Pæstum*, and at length compelled its few remaining inhabitants to abandon their ancient seat, and take shelter in the mountains. To them *Capaccio Vecchio*, and *Novo* are supposed to owe their origin; both these towns are situate on the hills: the latter is the residence of the bishop and chapter of *Pæstum*.

It will naturally be asked to which of the nations that were successively in possession of *Pæstum*, the edifices which still subsist are to be ascribed: not to the Romans, who never seem to have adopted the genuine Doric style; the Sybarites are said to have occupied the neighboring plain; the Dorians therefore appear to have the fairest claim to these majestic and everlasting monuments. But at what period were they erected? to judge from their form we must conclude that they are the oldest specimens of Grecian architecture now in existence. In beholding them and contemplating their solidity bordering upon heaviness, we are tempted to consider them as an intermediate link between the Egyptian and Grecian manner, and the first attempt to pass from the immense masses of the former to the graceful proportions of the latter. In fact, the temples of *Pæstum*, *Agrigentum*, and *Athens*, seem instances of the com-

mencement, the improvement, and the perfection of the Doric order.

The first temple that presents itself to the traveller from Naples is the smallest; it consists of six pillars at each end, and thirteen at each side, counting the angular pillars in both directions. The architrave is entire, as is the pediment at the west end, excepting the corner stones and triglyphs, which are fallen, and the first cornice (that immediately over the frieze) which is worn away. At the east end, the middle of the pediment with much of the frieze and cornice remains; the north-east corner is likely to fall in a very short time. The *cella* occupied more than one-third of the length, and had a portico of two rows of columns, the shafts and capitals of which, now overgrown with grass and weeds, encumber the pavement and almost fill the area of the temple.

The second temple has six columns at each end, and fourteen on each side, including those of the angles; the whole entablature and pediments are entire. A double row of columns adorned the interior of the *cella*, and supported each another row of small pillars; the uppermost is separated from the lower by an architrave only, without frieze or cornice. Of the latter, seven remain standing on each side; of the former, five on one side and three on the other. This double story, which seems intended merely to support the roof, rises only a few feet higher than the external cornice, and on the whole produces no good effect from the great disproportion between the under and upper columns. The *cella* had two entrances, one at each end, with a portico formed of two pillars and two antæ. The whole of the foundation and part of the wall of this *cella*

still remain; under it was a vault. One of the columns with its capital at the west end has been struck with lightning, and shattered so as to threaten ruin if not speedily repaired; its fall will be an irreparable loss, and disfigure one of the most perfect monuments now in existence. It might indeed be restored to its original form with little expense and labor, as the stones that have fallen remain in heaps within its enclosure, and might be replaced without difficulty.

The third edifice is the largest; it has nine pillars at the ends and eighteen on the sides, including the angular columns as before. Its size is not its only distinction; a row of pillars, extending from the middle pillar at one end to the middle pillar at the other, divides it into two equal parts, and is considered as a proof that it was not a temple. Its destination has not been ascertained; some suppose it to have been a Curia, others a Basilica, and others a mere market or exchange. In the centre there seems to have been an aperture in the pavement, leading, it is said, to vaults and passages under ground; there is indeed at some distance a similar aperture, like the mouth of a well, which, as our guides informed us, had been examined, and was probably intended to give air and light to a long and intricate subterranean gallery, which extended to the sea on one side, and on the other communicated with the temples. Such are the peculiar features of each of these edifices. In common to all it may be observed, that they are raised upon substructions* forming three gradations (for they

* These substructions are observable in all the Doric temples of Italy and Sicily, and seem essential to give a corresponding support as well as relievo to the massive forms of that order. Ordinary steps seem to sink under the weight, and

cannot be termed steps, as they are much too high for the purpose) intended solely to give due elevation and relievo to the superstructure; that the columns in all rise without bases from the uppermost of these degrees; that these columns are all fluted, between four and five diameters in height, and taper as they ascend, about one-fourth; that the capitals are all very flat and prominent; that the intercolumniation is a little more than one diameter; that the order and ornaments are in all the same; and the pediment in all very low; in fine, that they are all built of a porous stone, of a light or rather yellow grey, and in many places perforated and worn away.

In the open space between the first and second temple, were two other large edifices, built of the same sort of stone, and nearly of the same size. Their substructions still remain encumbered with the fragments of the columns and entablature, and so overgrown with brambles, nettles, and weeds, as scarcely to admit a near inspection. It is a pity that neither the government of Naples, nor the proprietor of *Pæstum*, have public spirit enough to remove the rubbish that buries the monuments of this city, and restore to their primitive beauty edifices which, as long as they exist, can never fail to attract travellers, and not only redound to the glory, but contribute very materially to the interests of the country.

All the temples which I have mentioned stand in a line, and border a street that ran from gate to gate, and di-

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are quite lost in the cumbrous majesty of the Doric column. I need not observe that the second temple is the most beautiful of the three, and the nearest to the proportions of the temples of Agrigentum.

vided the town into two parts nearly equal. A hollow space scooped out in a semicircular form seems to be the traces of a theatre, and as it lies in front of the temples gives reason to suppose, that other public buildings might have ornamented the same side and made it to correspond in grandeur with that opposite; in which case few cities could have surpassed *Pæstum* in splendid appearance. The walls of the town remain in all the circumference, five at least, and in some places twelve feet high; they are formed of solid blocks of stone, with towers at intervals; the archway of one gate only stands entire. Considering the materials and extent of this rampart, which encloses a space of nearly four miles round, with the many towers that rose at intervals, and its elevation of more than forty feet, we must acknowledge that it was on the whole a work of great strength and magnificence. Within these walls that once encircled a populous and splendid city now rise one cottage, two farm-houses, a villa, and a church. The remaining space is covered with thick matted grass, overgrown with brambles spreading over the ruins, or buried under yellow undulating corn. A few rose bushes, the remnants of the *biferi rosaria Pæsti**, flourish neglected here and there, and still blossom twice a year in May and December, as if to support their ancient fame, and justify the descriptions of the poets. The roses are remarkable

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* Virgil Georg. iv. 1. Virgil and Ovid just mention the *Pæstan* roses—Propertius introduces them as an instance of mortality—Claudian employs them to grace a complimentary comparison. Ausonius alone presents them in all their beauty and freshness.

Vidi Pæstano gandere rosaria cultu
Exoriente novo roscida Lucifero.
Idyll. xiv.

for their fragrance. Amid these objects, and scenes rural and ordinary, rise the three temples like the mausoleums of the ruined city, dark, silent, and majestic.

It was now dusk, and on our entrance into the bishop's villa we found a plentiful repast, and excellent wines waiting our arrival. Our beds and rooms were all good, and every thing calculated to make our visit to *Pæstum* as agreeable in its accompaniments as it was interesting in its object. The night was bright, the weather warm but airy, a gale sweet and refreshing blew from the neighboring hills of *Acropoli* and *Callimara;* no sound was heard but the regular murmurs of the neighboring sea. The temples, silvered over by the light of the moon, rose full before me, and fixed my eyes till sleep closed them. In the morning the first object that presented itself was still the temples, now blazing in the full beams of the sun; beyond them the sea glittering as far as sight could reach, and the hills and mountains round, all lighted up with brightness. We passed some hours in revisiting the ruins, and contemplating the surrounding scenery.

Pæstum stands in a fertile plain, bounded on the west by the Tyrrhene Sea; about a mile distant on the south by fine hills, in the midst of which *Acropoli* sits embosomed; on the north, by the bay of *Salerno*, and its rugged border; while to the east, the country swells into two mountains, which still retain their ancient names *Callimara* and *Cantena**, and behind them towers

* These hills and the neighboring plain were the theatre of some bloody skirmishes between the Roman armies and the bands of Spartacus.

Mont Alburnus itself with its pointed summits. A stream called the *Solofone* (which may probably be its ancient appellation) flows under the walls, and by spreading its waters over its low borders, and thus producing pools that corrupt in hot weather, continues, as in ancient times*, to infect the air, and render *Pæstum* a dangerous residence in summer. As the heats were increasing, and the season of *malaria* approached, we did not deem it prudent to prolong our excursion, and left *Pæstum* without accomplishing the whole of our object, which was to examine the ruins of *Posidonia*, visit the island of *Licosa* (the ancient *Leucosia*, which like Naples takes its name from a Syren) and the *Cape Palinurus*, explore the recesses of *Alburnus*, and wander over the vale of *Diano* watered by the classic *Tanagro*. The ruins of *Posidonia* which, as I have already mentioned, cover the plain that extends from *Pæstum* to *Agropoli* cannot but exhibit, if duly examined, some valuable monument, or at least some instance of the opulence and refinement of its founders, the luxurious Sybarites. These people, when enslaved by the Lucanians, and afterwards subjected to the Romans, still retained a fond attachment to the name and manners of Greece, and are said to have displayed their partiality to their mother country in a manner that evinces both their taste and their feeling. Being compelled, it seems, by circumstances, or the will of the conquerors to adopt their language and manners, which Aristoxenus, who relates the anecdote, emphatically calls being *barbarized*, they were accustomed to assemble annually, on one of the great festivals of Greece, in order to revive the memory of their Grecian origin, to speak

* Strabo, Lib. v.

their primitive language, and deplore with tears and lamentations their sad degradation*. It would be a peculiar pleasure to discover some monument of a people of so much sensibility, and of such persevering patriotism. Beyond the ruins, and separated from them by a little stream now called *Pastena*, rises the hill of the *Acropolis*, where some vestige must surely remain, and might be discovered by diligent researches†.

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* As the passage alluded to is very beautiful, and at the same time uncommon, I insert it.

Διόπερ Ἀριστόξενος ἐν τοῖς Συμμίκτοις Συμποτικοῖς, Ὅμοιον, φησὶ, ποιεῖμεν Ποσειδωνιάταις, τοῖς ἐν τῷ Τυρσηνικῷ κόλπῳ κατοικοῦσιν, οἷς συνέβη, τὰ μὲν ἐξ ἀρχῆς Ἕλλησιν ὄσιν, ἐκβεβαρβαρῶσθαι, Τυρρήνοις ἢ Ῥωμαίοις γεγονόσι, καὶ τήν τε φωνὴν μεταβεβληκέναι, τά τε λοιπὰ τῶν ἐπιτηδευμάτων, ἄγειν τε μίαν τινα αὐτὸς τῶν ἑορτῶν τῶν Ἑλληνικῶν ἔτι καὶ νῦν, ἐν ᾗ συνιόντες ἀναμιμνήσκονται τῶν ἀρχαίων ἐκείνων ὀνομάτων τέ καὶ νομίμων, ἀπολοφυράμενοι δὲ πρὸς ἀλλήλους, καὶ ἀποδακρύσαντες, ἀπέρχονται. Οὕτω δὲ ἦν, φησὶ, καὶ ἡμεῖς, ἐπειδὴ καὶ τὰ θέατρα ἐκβεβαρβάρωται, καὶ ἐς μεγάλην διαφθορὰν προελήλυθεν ἡ πάνδημος αὐτὴ μουσικὴ, καθ' αὑτὸς γενόμενοι ὀλίγοι ἀναμιμνησκόμεθα, οἷα ἦν ἡ μουσική. Ταῦτα μὲν ὁ Ἀριστόξενος. —*Athœnœus ap. Mazzochi.*

† The reader will observe, that I have confined myself to the general measures and appearances of the temples, in conformity to the plan of this tour; for details he may be referred to the work of Mr. Wilkins, the minute accuracy of whose measurements and delineations he may depend upon. This gentleman, in conjunction with other travellers, supposes the pillars of *Pæstum* to be covered with a sort of plaster or stucco, which, however, by its long duration seems to have acquired the hardness, consistency, and certainly has the appearance, of the stone which I mentioned.

As the plains that extend for some way on each side of the *Silarus* are very thinly inhabited, and at the same time covered in many places with woods and thickets, they are become the resort of banditti and outlaws. One of these

We returned by the same road, and regretted as we passed over the plain, that we had not sent a boat before us to take us back along the coast, and give us an opportunity of examining the shore, and exploring the site of the temple of Juno Argiva that stood at the mouth of the *Silaris;* according to Strabo, on the Lucanian bank—according to Pliny, on that of Picenum. As the former is the most circumstantial and less declamatory of the two, his authority seems preferable. This temple was of high antiquity, and attributed even to Jason, and as it was of great celebrity may possibly have left some traces at least of its existence. On our way we observed some objects connected with antiquity, or at least mentioned by ancient writers, which we had passed unnoticed, or not particularized before. Thus in descending from the mountains of *La Cava* we had on our left the *Monte Lattario,* so called both in ancient and modern times from its excellent milk, which was once distinguished by the

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miscreants was presented to us by the clergyman who had been commissioned by the bishop to receive us, and recommended as an object of charity. Upon inquiring into his case we discovered that he had shot his wife, because she had shewn a partiality for *the strangers* (the French), and *threatened him,* as he said, with poison. To avoid the pursuit of justice, he had run away from his home, and become a wanderer in the forests, and amid the ruins of the plain of *Pæstum.* Our refusal was accompanied with an observation, that he was an object of justice not of charity. He stalked away in sullen disappointment. His figure was that of an assassin; tall, bony, and lank, with black hair and thick eyebrows, a dark complexion, and glaring eyes. He was armed with a gun and pistols; and was on the whole an object very unwelcome to the eye in such a solitude.

It may not perhaps be useless to observe, that there are four mineral springs near *Pæstum,* said to be of considerable efficacy in different complaints: from these springs flow as many little streamlets, that form the *fiume salso,* which falls into the *Solofone* close to the walls of the city.

encomiums of Galen. The *Sarnus*, though not unhonored by the ancients has yet been celebrated with more complacency by the modern poets. Sannazarius, whom I have before mentioned with due applause, frequently alludes to it, and on one occasion describes the river and the scenery that borders its banks with much truth and beauty.

> Vitabant æstus qua pinguia culta vadosus
> Irrigat et placido cursu petit æquora Sarnus,
> Grata quies nemorum manantibus undique rivis
> Et Zephyris densas inter crepitantibus alnos.

These fertile plains have been often stained with hostile blood, and once witnessed the defeat and death of a Gothic monarch. Narses was the Roman general. Teia the barbarian chief. *Stabiæ*, now *Castell à mare di Stabia*, had in Pliny's time disappeared as a town and given place to a villa*. It is now once more a populous town, and surrounded with rural retreats. At the very gates of Naples, under the *Ponte de la Maddalena*, flows the *Sebethus*, with all the honors of its ancient name, but too inconsiderable a rill to be represented, as it seems to have been formerly, as a characteristic feature of Naples.

> Doctaque Parthenope, Sebethide roscida nympha.

As we continued our route without stopping at *Salerno*, we arrived at Naples on the same day, but very late.

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* It was destroyed by Sylla, and never seems to have revived.

> Quod nunc in villam abiit. *Plin. Lib.* III.

CHAP. II.

RETURN OF THE KING TO NAPLES—REJOICINGS—ORNAMENTAL BUILDINGS—COURT—CHARACTER OF THAT MONARCH—OF THE QUEEN—ILLUMINATIONS—LAZZARONI—CHARACTER OF THE NEAPOLITANS—RETURN TO ROME.

WE had now made all the excursions which are usually pointed out to travellers, or rather, all which the time of our arrival and the advanced season would permit us to make with convenience, and perhaps safety. Our curiosity however was far from being sated. The south of Italy, *Apulia*, *Bruttium* and *Calabria*, which still retain the forest wildness that attracted the Romans, when they were sated with the softer beauties of *Latium* and *Campania**, now lay before us, and presented so many interesting objects, that it was impossible not to feel a most ardent desire to continue and extend our excursions. The lake *Amsanctus* was within our reach; *Mount Vultur* rises not very much farther, on the banks of the *Aufidus;* numberless lakes ex-

* Seneca de Tranquillitate 2.

pand, forests spread, and cities flourish in the windings of the Apennines, as they stretch their ramifications over the southern provinces, which have never yet been visited by travellers, and scarcely noticed by geographers. In these unexplored haunts what a harvest awaits the classic traveller! how much of the languages, manners, names, and perhaps even buildings of ancient Italy may be hereafter discovered! Some villages are known still to retain the Greek language, and are even said to speak it with more purity than the modern Greeks themselves; a proof that they have not been much visited by the successive invaders that have overrun the more open and frequented parts, and a presumptive argument that their manners and blood may have hitherto been but little adulterated.

But it was vain to long after new excursions; circumstances strong enough to control our classical projects called us homewards, and obliged us to abridge our stay at Naples. Being thus under the necessity of departing, we wished to be at Rome for the festival of St. Peter, in order to see the illumination of the dome, one of the grandest ideas of Michael Angelo, and supposed to be the finest exhibition of the kind in the world. But the return of the Neapolitan court from Palermo, and the festivities and rejoicings which were to accompany that event, induced the party to remain a week longer at Naples. This determination has since been a subject of regret, and with reason. Kings and courts are objects neither uncommon nor very curious; illuminations and balls are ordinary amusements. But the mausoleum of Adrian turned into a volcano, and the dome of the Vatican enveloped with fire, are spectacles sublime and wonderful, exhibited at Rome alone, and seldom beheld

more than once by an *ultramontane*. These however we did resign, and the court of Naples we have seen.

Preparations had been making for the reception of the royal family for some time, and temples and triumphal arches, superb porticos and splendid theatres, all on the ancient model, had been erected in the widest streets and most frequented squares. Opposite the palace stood a Corinthian, on the road to *Portici*, an Ionic temple: on the *Largo del Castello* a theatre, which, with a Doric colonnade and some imitations of the *Pæstan* ruins, formed the principal of these temporary edifices. Their proportions, style, and decorations were in general in very good taste, and gave them an air of antique grandeur admirably adapted to the name, the history, and the scenery of the place. Every reader must have observed, that in theatrical decorations, artists have a great facility in catching the manner of the ancients, and copying the *simple* and *beautiful*, while in solid and permanent fabrics they almost invariably lose sight of these qualities, and give us whim and deformity in their place. The truth seems to be, that in trivial and occasional works they content themselves with a display of knowledge only, while in grand and lasting undertakings, they aspire to the higher praise of invention and genius, and scorning to imitate, endeavor to surpass their masters. In vain! failure has hitherto been their invariable fate.

But to proceed—the inscriptions on these ornamental buildings by no means corresponded with their appearance; long, strained, and inflated, they betrayed either the barrenness of the subject or the dulness of the writer.

On the twenty-seventh of June (Sunday), early in the morning, the King's ships appeared off *Capræ* accompanied by the *Medusa* Captain Gore, and a few English sloops. About ten the royal family landed at *Portici*, and between five and six the King set out on horseback to make his public entry into Naples. The multitudes that crowded the road, and their frantic demonstrations of joy, impeded the procession, so that it was nearly sunset before it entered the palace, when he immediately hastened to the chapel, and attended at the *Te Deum*. Thence he proceeded to the hall of audience, where a numerous and brilliant assembly, composed of all the nobility of the country, and of all the foreign ministers, were waiting to receive him. On his entrance the ladies rushed forward, and kissing his hands with tears and exclamations of joy, prevented him for some time from advancing. The king received these effusions of loyalty and personal attachment, not with kindness only, but with emotion, and returned them with many affectionate expressions and inquiries.

As he passed towards the upper end of the hall, he spoke to his old courtiers with great affability and ease, and taking his usual place in the circle instantly addressed himself, with visible satisfaction, to Mr. Drummond, the English Minister; asked him several questions with that rapidity of utterance which great joy occasions, and without waiting to hear the names of the persons presented, exclaimed, with great condescension, politely at the same time directing his looks to each person—*They are English, and of course my friends; I am very glad to see them all, and bid them welcome to Naples.* After some conversation, perceiving the French Minister, who stood close by him, visibly

mortified at such a marked preference, he seemed to recollect himself, and turning to him, asked the usual questions, with common politeness. About half past nine his majesty retired.

Ferdinand IV. is now in the fifty-first year of his age; in his person he is tall and strait, rather thin than corpulent; his face is very long, his hair and eye-brows white, and his countenance on the whole far from comely, but lighted up by an expression of good nature and benignity that pleases more and lasts longer than symmetry of features. His manners are easy, his conversation affable, and his whole deportment (princes will pardon me if I presume to mention it as a compliment) that of a thorough gentleman. With regard to mental endowments, nature seems to have placed him on a level with the great majority of mankind, that is, in a state of mediocrity, and without either defect or excellency, a state the best adapted to sovereign power, because least likely to abuse it. If one degree below it, a monarch becomes the tool of every designing knave near his person, whether valet or minister; if only one degree above it, he becomes restless and unintentionally mischievous, like the Emperor Joseph; and if cursed with genius, he turns out like Frederic, a conqueror and a despot. But the good sense which Ferdinand derived from nature, required the advantages of cultivation to develop and direct it; and of these advantages he was unfortunately deprived, in part perhaps by the early absence of his father, and in part by the negligence or design, first of his tutors, and afterwards of his courtiers. Being raised to the throne in the eighth year of his age, and shortly after left by his father under the direction of a regency, he cannot be supposed to be inclined, nor they capable of compelling

him, to application. The result has been as usual, a great propensity to active exercises, and an aversion to studious pursuits. The ignorance which follows from these habits is such as to extend to articles, known among us to every person above daily labor, and it not unfrequently shows itself in conversation, and betrays his majesty into mistakes that sometimes startle even well-trained courtiers. Thus, mention being accidentally made in his presence of the great power of the Turks some centuries ago, he observed, that it was no wonder, as *all the world were Turks before the birth of our Saviour*. Upon another occasion, when the cruel execution of Louis XVI. then recent, happening to be the subject of conversation, one of the courtiers remarked, that it was the second crime of the kind that stained the annals of modern Europe: the King asked with surprise, where such a deed had been perpetrated before; the courtier replying in England, Ferdinand asked, with a look of disbelief, what king of England was ever put to death by his people? the other of course answering Charles I. his majesty exclaimed, with some degree of warmth and indignation—*No, Sir, it is impossible, you are misinformed; the English are too loyal and brave a people to be guilty of such an atrocious crime.* He added; *depend upon it, Sir, it is a mere tale trumped up by the jacobins at Paris to excuse their own guilt by the example of so great a nation; it may do very well to deceive their own people, but will not, I hope, dupe us!*

On this occasion my readers may be disposed to excuse the King's incredulity, which, however great the ignorance it supposes, arose from a generous attachment to the glory and credit of his allies. The following anecdote may, in some degree,

palliate the lamentable defect of which I am speaking, by shewing that it is to be ascribed rather to the arts of others than to any natural indifference or levity in the monarch himself. A French Minister, being secretly commissioned by his court, in a very early period of the King's reign to call his attention, if possible, to serious and becoming occupations, took an opportunity of enlarging upon the pleasures of reading in his presence, and did it with so much effect, that the young King some days after told him that he was determined to try the experiment, and asked him what book he would recommend as at once useful and amusing. The minister ventured to mention the life of Henry IV. as a work well calculated for the purpose, and begged leave to present it to his Majesty. A month passed, during which the minister was waiting with impatience for the result, and expecting at every levee to hear the royal opinion of the book he had recommended. In vain; the book and subject seemed utterly forgotten. At length being admitted into his Majesty's apartment, he saw the life of Henry lying on the table, and fixed his eye upon it, which the King perceiving, said, with a smile—*There is your book untouched; they don't wish me to read, so I have given it up.* So far the royal mind appears to disadvantage; we will now place it in a more favorable light, and point out some features that never fail to delight even in the absence of intellectual accomplishments. Though nursed in the bosom of majesty, and almost cradled in the throne, of course flattered and idolized, that is, hardened against every feeling but that of self-interest, he is yet reported to have shewn upon all occasions a tender and compassionate disposition. The following instance would do credit to the feelings of a private citizen, and when it is considered how seldom public distress penetrates the palace, and is felt within the circle of royalty, must

be acknowledged to be doubly honorable and praise-worthy in a prince.

In the year 1764, when a great scarcity prevailed at Naples, and the misery among the lower classes was extreme, some of the courtiers agreed together to give a supper and ball at *Posilypo*. The king heard of this ill-timed project of amusement, and though then in his thirteenth year only, observed, with some ill humor, that parties of pleasure were unseasonable in such circumstances, and that it would be more becoming those who were engaged in it to share than insult public distress. The hint was of course taken, and the arrangement given up. Upon another occasion, while almost a child, he is said to have been prevailed upon by one of his attendants to beg the Council of Regency to set a certain criminal at liberty: the Council very properly rejected the King's request; upon which he went to his apartment, and with a sort of boyish resentment threw open a cage of canary birds, saying—*At least I will give liberty to these prisoners, since I cannot free any others.* These instances of benevolence, strengthened and developed by an affability and good humor that seemed to increase as he advanced in life, added considerably to the partiality and attachment which the Neapolitans had conceived for him, from the circumstance of his being destined to remain with them, to govern them in person, and deliver them from all the evils of delegated authority. This popularity, though founded at first rather upon the hopes and wishes than the experience of the people, he has had the good fortune never to forfeit, and after a reign of more than forty years, the latter part of which has been marked by reverses and disaster, he still continues to enjoy the affection and reverence of his subjects.

The Queen is an archduchess of the imperial family, sister to the late Queen of France, and to the archduchess Christina, who once governed the Low Countries. In countenance and manner she resembles the latter; in spirit I believe the former, and has always been supposed to have a very considerable share in the management of public affairs. That queens should have influence, is natural, and howsoever mischievous, perhaps unavoidable; but that they should be admitted into the privy council and take their place at the board, is a phenomenon first witnessed I believe at Naples, at the marriage of the present queen. As the sex is very generally, without doubt unjustly, supposed to be influenced by personal considerations, and guided rather by the feelings of the heart than by the dictates of the understanding, every obnoxious and unsuccessful measure is invariably attributed to queens, where their influence is visible and acknowledged. Thus has it happened at Naples: every amelioration in the laws, every indulgence in government, are supposed to flow from the natural and unbiassed goodness of the monarch, while every unwise regulation or oppressive measure is constantly ascribed to the predominance of the queen. But the Neapolitans are by no means an ill-humored or discontented race, and till the late French invasion they seem to have been strangers to complaint and faction. Nor indeed was there much room for either.

The kingdom of Naples had for ages labored under the accumulated weight of the feudal system, and of viceregal administration. The former chained and enslaved nine-tenths of its population; while the latter, the most pernicious mode of government ever experienced, subjected the whole nation to systematic plunder, and ruled the country with a view, not to its own inte-

rests, but to the interests of a foreign court, in its very nature, proud, suspicious, and vindictive. From the last of these evils the accession of Ferdinand IV. delivered the Neapolitans. King of the Two Sicilies only, he had no distant realms to look to as a more brilliant and engaging inheritance. Naples was not to him a step to a more elevated situation; it was his home, and his and its interests became too closely interwoven in his mind and feelings to be ever separable. The feudal system was an evil that had taken deeper root, and entwined itself with so many institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, that to disentangle them without danger required time and delicacy. Those who lost by reform, and who, though few in numbers were yet far the most powerful part of the community, of course opposed it at every step, and retarded its progress. Much however, or rather what must appear much when due regard is had to circumstances, has been done by the present king since his accession, first under the administration of *Tanucci*, who, from the chair of law in the university of Pisa, was advanced to the dignity of first minister at Naples; and afterwards of Sir *John Acton*, who has pursued and enlarged the beneficial plans of his predecessor. But in a country where the whole system is a vast shapeless heap of institutions, decisions and customs taken from the codes, decrees, and manners of the different nations and chiefs, who have peopled or invaded it; where abuses have grown from abuses, and where power has ever enjoyed the privilege of oppressing right; in such a country the evil is always prominent, and must naturally excite the surprise and indignation of the traveller; while the reform, whose operations are slow and silent, sometimes reaches him only as a report, and sometimes entirely escapes his notice. Certain it is, that since the commencement of Ferdinand IV.'s reign, the power of

the barons has been checked, the number of ecclesiastical establishments diminished, the surplus of the income of the church applied to objects of public utility, many academies and schools established, a marine and an army almost created, the police better regulated, and the morals and manners of the common people raised and refined. Now these improvements, great in themselves, and still greater because they lead naturally and unavoidably to other ameliorations, are sufficient to entitle the reigning monarch to the love and gratitude of his people.

To return to the court—The assembly, as has been remarked above, was numerous and brilliant, and its brilliancy augmented by the number of stars and ribbons that blazed in every direction. The multiplicity of these honorary badges, for where almost every individual is graced with them they can scarce be called distinctions, may contribute to the splendor of the show, but must diminish the value of the ornament; insomuch indeed, that the absence of all such decorations seemed to confer a more honorable distinction on the English minister, than any that could be derived from the united lustre of all the stars of all the orders.

It was dark when the court broke up, and as the whole city was illuminated we directed our course to the principal squares and ornamental buildings, all of which were lighted up with a profusion of lamps, arranged in such a manner as to shew the form and ornaments of each edifice to the best advantage. In illuminations both the French and Italians surpass us, and on this occasion the Neapolitans, I thought, shewed more taste and magnificence than I had witnessed before in any country. The most splendid, and to us the most novel, object was the

Carthusian Abbey of *San Martino*, which stands on the same hill as the fortress of *St. Elmo*. The regularity of this edifice, its magnitude, and its elevated situation, adapt it in a peculiar manner to the display of well combined lights, and shew off to advantage the whole plan of a regular illumination. This abbey is perhaps in the most beautiful site in the vicinity of Naples; it stands so high, and is placed at the same time in so central a point that it commands the whole city, which spreads immediately under it, the bay with all its borders, islands, and windings, Mount *Posilypo*, and the promontory of Misenus on one side; and on the other, Mount *Vesuvius*, and the promontory of Surrentum; a view that might charm solitude itself, if the tediousness of *ever-during* solitude was susceptible of any charm. When the immense front of this edifice is illuminated, and all its divisions are traced in light, when its windows are framed in flames, its pillars become masses of fire, and their capitals so many crowns of stars; when its cornice is converted into one long lambent blaze, and its roof glows from end to end with brightness, it appears like a fairy fabric seated in the clouds, or a palace of fire suspended in the sky, the residence of some genius superintending the welfare of the city below. A vast mass of darkness immediately under and around it forms a strong contrast, while a few lamps scattered here and there down the side of the hill, seem to mark the way from this aerial mansion to the earth. The effect of this, and indeed of the general illumination, might be seen to most advantage from the bay, a little beyond the *Castel del Uovo*, whence the eye could take in at once the whole city and its vicinity, with the towns of *Portici* and *Castel à Mare*, the lights of which spread over the hills were reflected from the bay, and played in long lines on the surface of the water.

The illuminations were renewed for three successive nights, during which the streets were thronged with a population surpassing even that which swarms in the most frequented streets of London, at the very hour of business. On account of this crowd, carriages, with the exception of those belonging to the court and to a few privileged persons, such as foreign ministers, strangers, &c. who, it must be owned, did not abuse the exemption, were prohibited, a precaution both prudent and popular. Yet notwithstanding this pressure we witnessed no disorder, not a single scene of riot, drunkenness, quarrelling, or indecency. In many streets, particularly in the *Strada di Toledo* and along the *Chiaia*, there were little tables and cook-shops, where the passengers stopped and supped as appetite prompted them; these tables, with the parties grouped around them in different attitudes and dresses, with their gestures and lively tones, gave a sprightliness and animation to the scene quite peculiar to the place and climate. It is impossible to witness the general good humor that reigns amid such an immense populace at all times, and particularly when the joy of the moment lays them most open to sudden impulse, and not conceive a good opinion of their temper, and not reflect with surprise on the very unfavorable accounts given of the Neapolitans, as indeed of the Italians in general, by some hasty and prejudiced observers, who have not hesitated to represent them as a nation of idlers, buffoons, cheats, adulterers, and assassins. Of these imputations some are common, I am afraid, to all countries, and others are grounded upon misconceptions, ignorance, and sometimes a quality still less excusable, a propensity to censure and misrepresentation. That animation of gesture, and that imitative action so much recommended by the ancient orators when

under the management of taste and judgment, is the result of deep sensibility and common both to the Greeks and Italians. In the higher class, when polished by education, it is graceful and pleasing; in the lower it is lively and natural, but sometimes apt, at least in the opinion of a *phlegmatic northern*, to degenerate into buffoonery. Yet even this buffoonery shews great quickness of apprehension, and constitutes the groundwork of that pantomime which was a favorite amusement among the ancients, even during the most refined ages. To reproach them therefore with it is only to say, that the lower class in Naples has not sufficient discernment to employ the gifts of nature to the best advantage, and that their talents are not improved and perfected by education.

The imputation of idleness cannot be founded on the appearance of the country, cultivated as it is on all sides to the highest degree of perfection; it seems rather to have arisen from the manners and appearance of the *Lazzaroni*, a class whose very existence has been represented as a political phenomenon, a reproach to the government and the character of the country. The fact is, that this peculiar tribe is neither more nor less than the poorer part of the laboring class, such as are attached to no particular trade, but willing to work at all, and to take any job that is offered. If in London, where there is a regular tide of commerce and a constant call for labor, there are supposed to be at least twenty thousand persons who rise every morning without employment, and rely for maintenance on the accidents of the day; it is but fair to allow Naples, teeming as it is with population and yet destitute of similar means of supporting it, to have in proportion a greater

number of the same description, without incurring the censure of laziness.

The *Lazzaroni* are the porters of Naples; they are sometimes attached to great houses under the appellation of *Facchino della Casa*, to perform commissions for servants, and give assistance where strength and exertion are requisite; and in such stations they are said to have given proofs of secrecy, honesty and disinterestedness, very unusual among servants. Their dress is often only a shirt and trowsers; their diet maccaroni, fish, water melon, with iced water, and not unfrequently wine; and their habitation the portico of a church or palace. Their athletic forms and constant flow of spirits are sufficient demonstrations of the salutary effects of such plain food, and simple habits. Yet these very circumstances, the consequences or rather the blessings of the climate, have been turned into a subject of reproach, and represented as the result of indifference and indolence in a people either ignorant of the comforts of life, or too lazy to procure them. It would be happy however if the poor in every other country could so well dispense with animal food, and warm covering.

The name or rather nickname by which this class is designated, naturally tends to prejudice the stranger against them, as it seems to convey the idea of a sturdy beggar; its derivation is a subject of conjecture; the most probable seems to be that adopted at Naples itself, which supposes it to originate from the Spanish word *lacero*, derived from *lacerus*, signifying tattered, torn or ragged, pronounced by the Spaniards as by us, *lassero*, and converted by the Neapolitans into *lazzero*, *lazzaroni*. It

ill became the Spaniards after all to give contemptuous appellations to a people whom they oppressed, pillaged and degraded, and to ground those appellations on the misery, nakedness, and general poverty, produced by their own injustice.

Several anecdotes are related of the *Lazzaroni*, that redound much to their credit, and imply feelings which do not superabound in any rank, and would do honor to the highest. They are said to have shewn a rooted aversion to the inquisition, and by their resolute and unabating opposition, prevented its establishment in the kingdom of Naples, while the other inhabitants submitted to the measures of the court, and received it without reclamation. They have manifested, whenever an opportunity enabled them to express their feelings with energy, a warm attachment to the cause of liberty, and an abhorrence of oppression and injustice, which have more than once checked the career of government in its way to despotism. In these exertions they had the danger and the glory entirely to themselves, and may with reason boast that where the nobles yielded they made a stand, and by their perseverance saved from utter hopeless slavery, that country which their superiors were ready to betray. Even in the late invasion, they generously came forward, and offered their persons and lives to their sovereign, and finding neither chiefs to command, nor officers to lead them on, they reluctantly submitted to inaction, but with a surly silence and threatening aspect, that awed the invaders, and checked for once the insolence and rapacity of a French army. Such is their public spirit—their private feelings have oftentimes been displayed with equal advantage.

When in 1783, the coasts of Calabria were desolated by a most extensive earthquake, and thousands of families reduced to absolute misery; while the court, the nobility and the clergy at Naples, exerted themselves with becoming zeal to alleviate their distress, and supply them with clothes, provisions, and other articles of absolute necessity; the *Lazzaroni* gave all they could command their daily labor, and volunteered their services in collecting, transporting and accelerating the conveyance of the different stores to the place of their destination. The truth is, if we may believe some Neapolitan writers, the *Lazzaroni*, properly so called, are the most laborious and disinterested part of the population, attached to religion and order, simple and sincere in their manners and expressions, faithful to those who trust them, and ready to shed the last drop of their blood sooner than betray the interests of their employers. It is however to be observed, that they confine these encomiums to the true born Neapolitan *Lazzaroni*, who are to be carefully distinguished from a set of beggars, who infest the churches and are seen lounging in rags and idleness in public places, endeavoring to procure by begging what the others earn by labor; these, they assure us, are in general strangers, who resort to Naples on account of the climate, and generally contrive to beset the doors of inns and force themselves upon travellers under the appellation of *Lazzaroni*. From these vagrant and unprincipled mendicants, many writers seem to have taken the odious picture which they have drawn of that hard-working, faithful class of people*.

* These vagrants are oftentimes known by the contemptuous epithet of

With regard to the third charge, that of debauchery, it must be recollected that nations, like individuals, have their favorite virtues and vices; their attachment to the former, they fondly imagine may compensate their indulgence in the latter. The northern nations were anciently distinguished by their chastity *, and have at all times been reproached with a

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Banchieri, from the benches in public places on which they sleep at night. The others take their appellation from their stands, as *Li Lazari del Mercato, del Lavinaro, del Molo*, &c. It is remarkable, that they were once called *Vastasi*, a word derived from Greek so long prevalent in Naples.

* Cæsar and Tacitus have, as is generally known, praised the chastity of the Germans. Near four centuries after we find, not the Germans only, but the Goths and Vandals celebrated for an exemplary display of the same virtue. Salvian, a presbyter and afterwards bishop of *Marseilles*, witnessed the invasion of Gaul, Spain, and Africa, by the Goths, Visigoths, and Vandals, and ascribes their success to their chastity. The picture which he has drawn of the universal and almost incredible corruption of the Roman provinces, and the description which he has given by way of contrast of the chastity and even innocence of the barbarians, appear both overcharged; yet he speaks of the manners of the times, and records events actually passing under his own observation, and of course could scarce have indulged himself in any material exaggeration. Thus speaking in the name of the Romans, he says, "Inter pudicos barbaros impudici sumus. Plus adhuc dico offenduntur barbari ipsi impuritatibus nostris. Esse inter Gothos non licet scortatorem Gothum; soli inter eos præjudicio nationis ac nominis permittuntur impuri esse Romani . . . . . fornicatio apud illos crimen atque discrimen est, apud nos decus." Of the Vandals, who had overrun Spain, he says, "Accessit hoc ad manifestandam illic impudicitiæ damnationem ut Wandalis potissimum, id est pudicis barbaris traderentur." He afterwards gives the character of the different tribes of barbarians, "Gothorum gens perfida, sed pudica est; Alanorum impudica, sed minus perfida; Franci mendaces, sed hospitales; Saxones crudelitate efferi, sed castitate mirandi—Salvian De Gubernatione Dei, VII. 6, 7, 15. The Romans, when they conquered Greece, adopted not the vices but the arts of the subjugated nation; the northern barbarians, on the

strong propensity to intemperance. The inhabitants of the warmer and more genial regions of the south, have ever been prone to the enjoyments equally sensual, but more sentimental of lawless love, while they have been remarkable for their moderation in the pleasures of the table, though surrounded with all the means of convivial indulgence. This latter virtue still remains a characteristic quality in Italy, while the preceding vice seems to have extended its empire over the North, and kindled there its lawless fires, that now spread as widely and burn as fiercely under the frozen as under the torrid zone. This vice, pernicious as it is in its consequences, and destructive of the best qualities and sweetest enjoyments of human nature, unfortunately seems to accompany riches and refinement; it has infected all civilized nations, and is at once the bane and scandal of the *humanized* world.

In furias ignemque ruunt, amor omnibus idem. *Virgil Georg.*

The guilt is, I fear, common to all; and so far is it from being confined to the south, that for libertinism in all, even its most odious and disgusting forms, Berlin and Petersburg equal any two cities that lie between them and the equinoctial.

In this general depravity, to divide the guilt and portion it out to different nations, would be presumptuous and unjust, and

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contrary, seem to have copied not the arts but the vices of the enslaved Romans; for chastity soon ceased to be a predominant feature of the invading tribes, while barbarism constituted the ground-work of their character for many ensuing ages.

require more intimate acquaintance with them all, than a traveller can possibly be supposed to acquire, I will not say in one, but in many years of residence. This much we may venture to say, that in Naples, even in the very highest classes, there are women of a most abandoned and shameless character, who seem to have resigned all the delicacy of their sex, and abandoned themselves without reserve to the impulse of passion. This conduct is not accompanied by that disgrace and public reprobation which among us brands lawless indulgence, and compels even impudence itself to withdraw from the walks of life, and hide its infamy in retreat and obscurity. The titled prostitute makes her appearance at court, and is received with the same smile; she flaunts in parties of pleasure, and is treated with the same distinction as the most virtuous and exemplary matron; a mode of conduct which the moralist will reprobate as a crime in itself, because a connivance; and even the man of the world will lament as a degradation of the sex, upon whose honor and reputation depend the domestic comforts and happiness of mankind. Whatever tends to diminish the delicacy of women, or weaken that keen sense of honor which Providence has made their best protection and surest claim to love and respect, is a certain source of private misery, and a step towards public infelicity and ruin*. The untravelled reader will ask with surprize

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* Fæcunda culpæ sæcula nuptias
Primum inquinavere, et genus et domos;
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit. *Hor.*

No nation ever neglected the lesson so emphatically expressed in these lines with impunity.

the motives of a conduct so contrary to the common feelings and interests of the sex, as well as to the lessons of religion imprinted deeply on their minds in their earliest infancy. Many reasons have been assigned; and in the first place the mode in which marriages are contracted, with little regard to the feelings, but a great and almost exclusive consideration of the interests of the contracting parties. This inattention to the affections has sometimes produced very serious evils in England, where it seldom occurs, and may without doubt occasion similar inconveniencies in Naples, or rather on the continent at large, where it is perhaps too general; but taken singly, it does not seem capable of effecting such extensive mischief. The parties it is to be remembered, are generally of the same age, always of the same rank, and not often remarkable for any defect moral or physical on either side, of course they cannot be said to be ill-assorted, and in such cases, mutual attention and habitual intimacy cannot fail to produce attachment.

The qualities of the climate have been sometimes supposed, and not without reason, to influence the moral feelings; but allowing such causes their full effect, it must be recollected that they are not all-powerful, and that they frequently counteract each other. Thus, if a genial climate softens the mind, it also unbraces the body, and by that means weakens the temptation while it diminishes the power of resistance. But the truth seems to be that a warm atmosphere produces neither of these effects, as the greatest instances of self-denial on one side, and of sensual excess on the other, occur under suns almost tropical, and in climates far south of Italy. May it not be ascribed to

the corruptions of the national religion, the facility of absolution, and the easy purchase of indulgencies? Their religion teaches the pure morality of the gospel: they know full well that absolution is an empty form, unless preceded by thorough heart-felt, well tried repentance; as for *indulgencies* as they are called, they extend not to guilt, but to canonical punishments only, or in other words, they are a change of fasts and corporal punishments imposed by ecclesiastical authority, into alms, deeds, prayers, pious lectures, and charitable works. Perhaps the real cause of this lamentable depravity may be found in the defects of the government, which, by confining the whole management of public business to the councils of the sovereign, deprives the nobility, of their natural and only honorable employment. Hence, without inducement to application, without motive for exertion, they allow the nobler faculties of the soul, which have no object to engage them, to slumber in lethargic indolence, while the sensual appetites, whose indulgence is always within reach, are in full activity and engross all their time and attention. Hence their days are spent in visits, gaming and intrigue, and their minds are confined to the incident of the hour, the petty cabal of the court, and the vicissitudes of their own circle. They are never called to the country by the management of their estates, which they leave entirely in the hands of stewards; they live in the capital, and forgetting themselves and their duties in an uninterrupted vortex of dissipation, have neither opportunity nor perhaps inclination to harbor serious reflection.

Literature may, and certainly does engage the attention of some men of genius and talents; but the charms of information

are too feeble to influence the multitude, unless information leads to either emolument or renown, and little of either is to be expected from it at Naples. Idleness therefore is the curse and misfortune of the Neapolitan, and indeed of all foreign, nobility; it is the bane which in despotic governments enfeebles the powers and blasts all the virtues of the human mind. To it we may boldly attribute the spirit of intrigue (if lawless intercourse carried on without shame or concealment can be called intrigue) which at Naples so often defiles the purity of the marriage bed, and dries up the very sources of domestic happiness. The remedy is in the hands of government.

Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis artes. *Ovid de Rem.*

Let the higher classes have that influence and share in public administration, which they may claim as their birth-right, and let the nobler passions have that exercise and scope which become them; then as their importance increases, their morals will improve; with more manly pursuits they will assume more manly feelings, and from the fatigue of public business they will learn the value of domestic enjoyments*.

But having admitted that a spirit of libertinism pervades

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* . . . . . teneræ nimis
Mentes asperioribus
Formandæ studiis.
Hor. Carm. III. *Od.* 24.

the higher classes, and infects too many females of rank, I would not be understood to sanction the exaggeration of many travellers, and represent the sex at Naples as totally lost to all sense of duty and delicacy. There are in this capital, and in the very class which are most liable to just censure, many persons of virtue and reputation, who might be considered as patterns of conjugal affection and domestic virtue in any country. But unfortunately, ladies of the former description are of much easier access; they may be seen in every large party and at every public amusement, and are seldom deficient in affability and condescension, particularly to foreigners; while the latter appear in select societies to which few strangers are admitted, and receive the visits of such only as are introduced by their intimate and habitual friends. Superficial observers therefore, who are well acquainted with the former, and scarcely know the existence of the latter, to whom they have no access, naturally form their notions of the morality of a city from those instances that fall under their observation. It must be recollected that in every great capital, and particularly in Vienna and Paris, there are certain houses occupied by persons of an intermediate rank, and occasionally of dubious character, where the best and the worst company are sometimes and not unfrequently seen intermingled; where at the same time there is much splendor and magnificence, much ease and affability, and where every thing is combined that can give an idea of fashion, and raise consideration. To such houses introduction is not difficult, and strangers, particularly when young and inexperienced, are generally so far deceived by appearances, and by the rank of the persons whom they often meet at such *rendezvous*, as to

imagine themselves in the very best company, and content themselves with it as a fair specimen of the first society of the place. To give particular instances would be both odious and ungrateful; for in many such houses, travellers receive very flattering attentions, totally free from interested views or sinister motives; for such kindness grateful acknowledgments are due, and to expose them because their society is made up of heterogeneous particles, would be ungenerous. But from these mixed companies, writers have not unfrequently formed their ideas of foreign manners, and give the public descriptions in *caricature* as just and accurate representations. Of this mode of drawing national characters, foreigners frequently and justly complain, and every man of candor will join with them in condemning such partial and injurious sketches*.

The style of society in a country is not that which takes place merely between two and three, or even ten persons of rank and fashion at an accidental interview; there are in every capital occasional parties where conversations may take place, and liberties be allowed, which not one of the same party would take or encourage in his own family. The style therefore of good company is the general behaviour and manner of persons of fashion in their *own* societies, whether domestic or more extensive. Now in such society no indecorum either in word or manner is allowed in Naples, nor I believe in any capital in Europe; and all pretended conversations or secret

* I do not mean to reproach our countrymen as peculiarly guilty in this respect, I merely wish to caution them; if attacks can justify retaliation we need only open some French and German accounts of England.

anecdotes that represent such company in any other light, are mere fictions, intended to shew either the importance or the wit of the writer, and impose on the simplicity of the credulous untravelled reader.

As for the remaining charge of assassination, it has been treated of in the account given of the Italian character at large; however, a few additional remarks may not be misplaced, especially as applicable to Naples in particular. In this city the streets are not regularly lighted; the lamps before the *madonnas* and chapels give indeed some light, but not sufficient for the security of the passengers. The police is by no means either vigilant or active; its agents keep too much in a body, and are not sufficiently spread through the different streets; the passions of the inhabitants are easily inflamed, and the number of poor and vagrants considerable; yet with all these temptations and opportunities, the number of murders at Naples is inconsiderable. Even jealousy itself, which is reported to have been in former times the most mischievous passion of the place, seldom or never produces bloodshed at present, and robbery, and above all, that most odious and diabolical species of assassination, murder planned and executed in cold blood for purposes of profit, are crimes rarely known at Naples. *Mr. Swinburne* and *Monsr. De la Lande*, made this observation so favorable to Neapolitan morality many years ago, and at a time when it was generally believed, beyond the Alps, that it was impossible to walk the streets of Naples without feeling or witnessing the effects of a *stiletto*. The police, as indeed almost every branch of public administration, has been considerably improved since the period alluded to by those travellers; so that what was then rare, is now almost unknown.

Drunkenness, one of the great causes of quarrels and of bloodshed, and an invariable source of poverty, distress, and consequently of robbery, is very seldom observable, and thus one of the incentives of so many dangerous passions is extinguished, and all their perilous effects prevented. When to this exemption we add, that, there are few temptations to perjury, a crime to which the regulations of our system of taxation exposes our people in too many occasions, we shall be obliged to acknowledge that the Neapolitans are not infected by so many vices, and cannot be such a vile degraded race as some travellers have represented them. I speak not here however of the inhabitants of the whole kingdom of Naples, as I am aware that the oppression of the barons, the injustice of magistrates partial and mercenary, as too many of them are said to be, and the folly of former governments alternately negligent and cruel, have almost barbarized certain districts in Calabria, and peopled the mountains and forests with outlaws and banditti. I confine my observations and panegyric to the inhabitants of *Campania*, *Samnium*, and *Picenum*, and of them I will say that they are in general gifted with some great, and many amiable qualities, and I will even venture to apply to them the poetical compliment which *Tasso* has paid to a tribe in mind and body, as in country and climate far inferior.

> La terra molle, e lieta, e dilettosa,
> Simili a se gli habitator produce.
>
> *Gier. lib.* 1. 62.

We are now about to take our leave of this people and the *Felix Campania*, and we regret that circumstances had not permitted us to make our visit at an earlier season, and do not

allow us to prolong our stay for some months. The beauty of the country is unequalled, and leisure is required to see it in perfection; the climate is delicious, but to enjoy its sweets, leisure again is indispensable; excursions are both instructive and amusing, but here also leisure is essential both to pleasure and improvement: the heat of summer, tolerable to those who repose on the verge of the sea, or in the numberless recesses of the bay, and circumjacent islands, may be rendered insufferable by perpetual motion. Tours succeeding each other, with little or no interval of repose, harass the body, and new objects crowding on each other too rapidly leave nothing in the mind but confused images and shadowy recollections. In short, leisure is the very genius of the place, and still as anciently reigns over *Parthenope, in otia natam* *. In this respect indeed, and in many others, Naples still retains its ancient character; the same ease, the same tranquillity, the same attachment to literary pursuits †, and the same luxurious habits of the Greeks, so often ascribed to it by the ancients ‡, still distinguish it, and render it as formerly the favorite retreat of the aged and the valetudinarian, the studious and the contemplative.

> Pax secura locis et desidis otia vitæ
> Et numquam turbata quies, somnique peracti.
> *Stat. Sylv.* III. 5.

To enjoy such a place in all the vicissitudes of season and

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* Ovid. Met. xv.

† The reader will recollect that this expression, and others of a similar tendency employed in a former chapter, do not extend to the nobility.

‡ Strabo, v.

scenery; to observe such a people in all their variations of character; to visit all the towns and isles, and mountains of *ancient fame*, without hurry or fatigue, is a most desirable object, and may claim a whole year, and fill up every day with pleasure and improvement. But our time was no longer at our disposal, and on the seventh of July we were dragged reluctantly from *Parthenope* and the *Campanian* coast*.

> " Pansilypi colles, et candida Mergellina,
> Et myrteta sacris consita littoribus." . . . . .
> Me tibi, terra beata, dico; tu meta laborum,
> Jamque senescentis grata quies animi.
> Tu, dum fata sinunt, lucemque; auramque ministra
> Tu, precor, exstincti corporis ossa tege.

Such were the wishes of Flaminius: such would be mine were not *England* my country!

The first stage from Naples is *Aversa*, a well-built modern town. A few miles from thence we crossed the *Clanis*, now called *Chiagno*, and sometimes *Lagno*, and proceeded rapidly over the plain of *Campania*. We arrived at *Capua* rather too late to visit the ruins of the ancient city of the same

* Naples retains all the features of its Grecian origin, excepting its language, which at present is more Roman than ever it was in ancient times; it is a singular circumstance that Latin, though spoken in Gaul, Germany, Britain, Spain, and Africa, with their dependent islands, yet never became the language of *all* Italy. Greek still kept its ground in the southern provinces, and enjoyed a pre-eminence over the *imperial* language, even to the fall of the western empire, and during the two succeeding centuries.

name, which lie about two miles from the modern town. They are shapeless masses spread over a vast extent of ground, or so at least they appear when viewed from the walls of the present city: the theatre retains somewhat of its original form, and if disinterred, might perhaps display some remains of the grandeur for which it was once celebrated. So great indeed was the magnificence of *Capua*, that while Carthage stood it was compared to it, and long after the fall of Carthage, and even after its own humiliation and disfranchisement, it is represented by Cicero* himself as superior to Rome, for the wideness, convenience, and appearance of its streets and edifices. It was built by the Etrurians, that singular nation to which Italy owes its arts, and its noble tuition; then it was occupied partly by force and partly by treachery by the Samnites; afterwards united to the Romans by interest and alliance; then hostile to Rome under the influence of Hannibal, and soon after taken, plundered, and stripped of all the honors of a city, that is, of its senate, its magistrates, and its popular assemblies. In this chastisement the Romans punished the body of the state, that is, the ringleaders only, but spared the populace, and the town itself, which continued to stand a monument of the power, the justice, and the clemency of the conquerors. "Consilio ab omni parte laudabili," says Titus Livius†, "severe et celeriter in maxime noxios animadversum . . . . non sævitum incendiis ruinisque in tecta innoxia murosque . . . . . quæsita lenitatis species incolumitate urbis nobilissimæ, opulentissimæque." He

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* II. contra Rullum. † XXVI. 16.

adds a consideration that had no small influence in the decision of the senate on this occasion, " confessio expressa hosti, quanta vis in Romanis ad expetendas pœnas ab infidelibus sociis, et quam nihil in Annibale auxilii ad tuendos." In truth, *Capua* was taken, and its magistrates put to death, almost in Hannibal's presence, and in spite of all his efforts to save his allies from ruin and himself from disgrace.

There are few events recorded in Roman history, that display the great prominent features of the character of that magnanimous people to more advantage, than the siege and fall of *Capua*. Their perseverance, justice, and humanity, here shine in their full lustre; the reader shares their well earned triumph, and only laments that *Corinth*, a city more renowned and less guilty than *Capua*, was not treated with the same indulgence, and like it allowed to stand a monument of Roman forbearance. *Capua* therefore still flourished, not as a corporate body, but as a delicious residence, surrounded with beauty and pampered with plenty. It was reserved for a more ignominious fate, and destined under the feeble Honorius to fall by the hands of Genseric king of the African Vandals. It never recovered from this catastrophe, and has remained a heap of uninhabited ruins ever since.

The modern town was built about the middle of the ninth century by the count and bishop of the title of *Capua*, on the site of the ancient *Casilinum*, remarkable for its fidelity to the Romans in the second Punic war, but decayed and sunk into insignificance even in the time of Pliny. This city is neither large nor well-built, and contains no very remarkable edifice; its greatest recommendation is its name. The cathedral supported

by pillars of granite collected from the neighboring ruins; and the church of the *Annonziata*, supposed to be an ancient temple, though much disfigured by modern decorations, deserve a visit. The *Vulturnus* bathes the walls, a river now as formerly, rapid, muddy, and in some places shallow; thus it still retains both its name and its characterstic qualities.

> . . . . . multamque trahens sub gurgite arenam
> Vulturnus. *Ovid. Met.* xv.

We here entered the *Falernian* territory, and as we drove over its delicious plain we contemplated on the right *Mount Callicula*, and in front *Mount Massicus*, both remarkable, independently of other circumstances, as enclosing and indeed in part forming the scene of the manœuvres of Fabius and Hannibal. The celebrated stratagem of the latter* took place in a defile on the right.

We then crossed the *lazy Savone* and proceeded to *Francolisi*, whence ascending the hills, we took a parting view of the delicious region of which we were then about to take a final leave. We had traversed it in every direction, and examined its features in all their combinations. Plains shaded with rows of poplars and mulberries; vines waving in garlands from tree to tree; rich harvests bending under this canopy; hills clad with groves and studded with houses; mountains covered with forests; and in the midst *Vesuvius* lifting his scorched front, and looking down upon cities, towns, and villages, rising promiscuously at his base. Add to these, a sea that never swells with storms, a sky never

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* Tit. Liv. l. xxii.

darkened with clouds, and a sun that seldom withdraws his cheering beams. All these beauties, that pourtray Paradise to our fancy, and surpass at once the landscape of the painter and the descriptions of the poet, are all combined in the *garden* of Italy, the *happy Campania**.

But the scenery was now fading away with the light, and a deep azure sky, bespangled with stars, all sparkling with a brilliancy unusual to our more troubled atmosphere, guided us on our way. Lighted by their beams we crossed the Liris,

> Qui fonte quieto
> Dissimulat cursum ac nullo mutabilis imbri,
> Perstringit tacitas gemmanti gurgite ripas.
>
> *Sil.* IV. 350.

We just distinguished the black masses of *Minturnæ* on its banks, with the arches of a ruined aqueduct, and at a late hour in the evening entered *Mola.*

The bay of *Gaieta*, though seen before, had not with its novelty forfeited its charms; inferior as it is to that of Naples, it had still influence sufficient to delight and to detain us. Ascending the hill, we revisited the grove where Cicero fell, and the tomb

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* We had intended to return by the inland road, and visited the great Parent abbey of the Benedictine Order, situated on the summit of *Monte Cassino*; *Venafrum*, so celebrated for its olives, *Arpinum* and the *Fibrenus*, *Sora*, *Anagnia*, and *Preneste*. But the state of the country, which had not yet recovered from the convulsions of an invasion, rendered such a journey imprudent at the moment, and on the representations of some friends, we had reluctantly given up our projected route.

which popular tradition has erected to his memory, without permitting any hypercritical doubts to disturb our feelings. "Famâ rerum standum est," says Titus Livius, "ubi certam rebus derogat antiquitas fidem." At the foot of the tomb sat a little shepherd boy reading a book with great attention, while his flock spread along the sides of the road before him. He smiled when I looked at the book; it was *La vita della SS^ma. Vergine—estratta della Scrittura santa, coi rifflessioni*, &c. Lessons of purity, humility and piety! examples of filial love and parental tenderness. His pastoral predecessors in Virgil and Theocritus, were not so well employed, and must yield to the modern Alexis in innocence and simplicity. After having winded through the defiles of *Mount Cæcubus*, we descended into the plain of *Fondi*. The beauty of this fertile spot was now enlivened by occasional groupes of country people collected with their dogs and flocks, under the shade of the thickest clumps of trees, and apparently enjoying great mirth and festivity.

We entered the Roman territory shortly after, and stopped to refresh ourselves at *Terracina*. We again passed *Feronia*, now a solitary scene, once remarkable for the splendor of its temple, which as Livy relates, was plundered by Hannibal in his return from Rome, in order to avenge on the goddess his late disappointment. We crossed the *Pomptine Paludi*, then delightfully shaded, with great rapidity. The season of *malaria* was now commenced, and to sleep while passing the marshes is supposed to be extremely dangerous. The death of the archbishop of Naples which had taken place some days before our departure from that capital, was attributed to his having merely passed this swampy tract, though with all possible precaution. It is to be recollected however, that the archbishop was in

his seventy-sixth year, and if at such an age a man be carried off very suddenly, his death may be accounted for without the aid of marshy exhalations. Still it must be admitted that the air of this territory both is and must probably continue in a certain degree unwholesome during the summer months, because it must ever remain a flat intersected by many streams, and of course always humid. We indeed found that several drivers were ill at the different posthouses, owing partly to fatigue during the heats, and partly to the bad qualities of the atmosphere. To take every precaution therefore is prudent, and of course to abstain from sleep however difficult it may be in such heat, especially when confined to a carriage.

While a traveller is conveyed smoothly and rapidly over the present *Via Appia*, he must naturally reflect on the slow and almost creeping pace of the ancients. Horace, while he acknowledges his own indolence, in dividing one day's journey into two, seems to consider *Forum Appii* as the regular stage from Rome, which was a distance of about thirty-five miles. He passed the second night on the canal. On the third, he seems to have slept at *Anxur* or *Terracina*, and the fourth, after a *fatiguing* journey at *Formiæ* or *Mola*.

In Mamurarum lassi deinde urbe manemus.

This *fatiguing* journey was not more than thirty miles. But Mecænas might well have considered it as such, as he is related to have taken two days to go from Rome to his villa at *Tibur*, only eighteen miles distant. Augustus is also said to have travelled very slowly, and loitered much on the road in his excursions from Rome to the different parts of Italy. The mode

of conveyance was not at that time either pleasant or convenient, and whether managed by a *lectica* or a *rheda*, was in the first instance slow, in the other rough, and either way far inferior in ease, rapidity, and even dignity, to a postchaise. The inns seem to have been no better, if not worse, than the modern, and to have been as ill provided both with fare and furniture; of the fare we have some account in Horace, when describing the spare diet of *Beneventum;* and as for furniture, we have a short inventory of a bed room in *Petronius*, viz. a bedstead and bed without curtains, and a wooden candelabrum with a table. The inns in fact were bad for the same reason then as now; travellers of rank instead of frequenting inns went from villa to villa, and abandoned such general receptacles to the lower orders; a custom very general at present in Italy; so much so indeed, that an Italian nobleman, hearing an Englishman complain of the accommodation at some country inns he was speaking of, expressed his surprise that he frequented such places, and observed that with a few recommendatory letters he might traverse Italy from one extremity to the other, without being once under the necessity of entering an inn.

We intended to pass the night at *Velletri*, in order to visit some palaces in the town, and some interesting places in the neighborhood, and at the same time to enjoy the beautiful scenery of the Alban Mount, in our last passage over it. But in this we were disappointed: we entered *Velletri* rather late, found the inn full, and were obliged most reluctantly to pursue our journey in the darkness of the night to *Albano*, and thence for a similar reason to Rome.

As we approached, the beams of the rising sun darted full

on the portico of the *Basilica Laterana*, in itself from its elevation and magnitude, a grand object, and now rendered unusually splendid and majestic, by the blaze of glory that seemed to play around it. The groves of deep verdure that arose on each side, and the dark arches of the ruined aqueducts, bending above the trees, formed a striking contrast, and gave the approach a magnificence and solemnity highly conformable to the character and destinies of the Eternal City.

CHAP. III.

MAGNIFICENCE OF ANCIENT ROME—ITS CLOACÆ—AQUEDUCTS—VIÆ—FORUMS—TEMPLES—THERMÆ—THEATRES—INSTANCES OF PRIVATE MAGNIFICENCE—GREATNESS THE CHARACTERISTIC OF ROMAN TASTE AT ALL TIMES.

I KNOW not whether the traveller is not more struck with the appearance of Rome on his return from Naples, than he was on his first entrance. Not to speak of the grandeur of the objects that meet his eye, even at the gate, and are certainly well calculated to make a strong impression, it has been justly observed that the stir, the animation, the gaiety that pervade the streets of Naples, still fresh in his recollection, contrast singularly with the silence and solemnity that seem to reign undisturbed over all the quarters of Rome. The effect of this contrast is encreased by the different style of building, the solidity and magnitude of Roman edifices, and the huge masses of ruin that rise occasionally to view, like monuments of a superior race of beings. We seem in our journey to have passed over not miles but ages, and arrived at a mansion where the agitations of the *present* are absorbed in the contemplation of

the *past*, and the passions of this world are lost in the interests of that which is to succeed it. Rome is not therefore like Naples, the seat of mirth and dissipation; of public amusement, or even of private conviviality. The *severe majesty* that seems to preside as the genius of the place, proscribes frivolity, and inspires loftiness of thought and gravity of deportment. It imposes even on scenes of relaxation a certain restraint, that without infringing on the ease of conversation, and the confidence of familiar intercourse, gives a serious bias to the mind, and disposes it imperceptibly to reflection *.

But if in Rome, we seek in vain for the lighter amusements, such as balls, routs and operas; we are supplied with other entertainments of a much higher, and to man of a solid judgment, of a much more satisfactory nature. Not to speak of the arts and sciences, that seem to expand all their treasures, and to court our observation at every step, he who delights to range in thought over the past, and converse with the great of ancient times, will here find an inexhaustible fund of occupation in every street and the memory of some noble achievement or illustrious person meeting him at every turn. " Id quidem infinitum est in hac urbe," says Cicero, speaking of Athens, " quacumque enim ingredimur, in aliquam historiam vestigium poni-

* *Il decoro* is the word used at Rome to express this restraint so peculiar to the place; a word little used, as the quality expressed by it is little known in other parts of Italy. English is the only transalpine language, I believe, that possesses the word, as indeed England is almost the only country, where its influence is constantly felt and acknowledged.

mus*," an observation far more applicable to Rome, because it is a grander theatre, more fertile in events and more productive of heroes.

To these recollections, which spring from the very soil itself, and are inseparably attached to its localities, we must superadd the antique statues that fill the cabinets both public and private, and place the worthies of ancient times before us in all the dignity of dress and attitude. The Capitol, in fact, was never so crowded with heroes and senators, with consuls and dictators, as it is at present; never were so many kings assembled in its halls, and never was it visited by so many emperors in succession, as are now united in one grand assembly under its roof.

The same may be said of the collection in the Vatican where long galleries and capacious temples are lined with rows, frequently double, of busts and statues representing all the demigods and heroes, the statesmen and orators, the poets and philosophers, in short, all the great persons real or imaginary, that have figured in the history and literature of the ancients, and filled the world with their renown for so many ages.

Ora ducum et vatum, sapientumque ora priorum.
Stat. Syl. II. 2.

Private cabinets, some of which are almost as considerable as the two great repositories just mentioned, increase the pro-

* De Fin. lib. v. 2.

digious stock, and give altogether a number of statues that equals the population of some cities; combining the most perfect specimens, not of Greek and Roman only, but of Etruscan and Egyptian art, and expanding before us, in the compass of one city, all the treasures of the ancient world*. Encircled with such company, and surrounded with such monuments, who shall dare to complain of want of occupation? especially as the classics are always at hand to heighten the enjoyment; and where can they be perused with more pleasure or advantage than at Rome, amidst the monuments of the heroes whom they celebrate, and on the very theatre of the actions, which they describe.

But to proceed to the immediate object of this chapter.—On our first visit we contemplated ancient Rome as she *now* appears, and from thence we passed to the consideration of the modern city. We will now turn to ancient Rome again, and while we still tread the spot on which *she stood*, we will recollect what she *once* was, and endeavor to trace out some of her majestic features still faintly discernible through the gloom of so many ages. The subject is intimately connected with the views of a classical traveller, and is indeed forced upon him in every morning walk. In fact, while he ranges over the seven hills, once so crowded with population and graced with so many noble fabrics, now inhabited only by a few friars, and covered with piles of ruin, he cannot but recollect

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* "On trouve ici," exclaims the Abbé Barthelemi, on his first visit to the Capitol, "l'ancienne Egypte, l'ancienne Athenes, l'ancienne Rome!"

that under the rubbish which he treads lies buried Imperial Rome once the *delight and the beauty* of the universe. Deep interred under the accumulated deposit of fifteen centuries, it now serves for the foundation of another city, which, though the fairest in the world, shines only with a few faintly reflected rays of its tarnished glory. If then the magnificence of modern Rome be an object of admiration and wonder, what must have been the majesty of the ancient city. Greater probably than the imagination of moderns, little accustomed to works of unusual beauty or magnitude, can conceive, and capable of astonishing, not strangers only, but even the Greeks themselves, though the latter were habituated to architectural scenery, and almost educated in the midst of temples and colonnades.

Constantius, a cold and unfeeling prince, who had visited all the cities of Greece and Asia, and was familiar with the superb exhibitions of *Ephesus*, *Magnesia* and *Athens*, was struck dumb with admiration as he proceeded in triumphal pomp through the streets; but when he entered the forum of Trajan, and beheld all the wonders of that matchless structure, he felt for once a momentary enthusiasm, and burst into exclamations of surprise and astonishment*. Strabo, who had traversed Greece in every direction, and was without doubt intimately acquainted with all the beauties of his country, and surely like every other

* The Emperor is said to have fixed his attention on the equestrian statue of Trajan, that stood before the Basilica, and asked where such another horse could be found? when a Persian Prince who accompanied him answered, "Supposing we find such a horse, who will build him such another stable."

Greek*, not a little partial to its claims to pre-eminence, describes the magnificence of Rome as an object of transcendent glory, that surpassed expectation, and rose far above all human competition.

If Greeks, so jealous of the arts and edifices of their native land; if Emperors of the East, who idolized their own capital, and looked with envy on the ornaments of the ancient city, were thus obliged to pay an involuntary tribute to its superior beauty, we may pardon the well founded enthusiasm of the Romans themselves, when they represent it as an epitome of the universe, and an abode worthy of the gods†. And indeed, if Virgil, at a time when Augustus had only begun his projected improvements, and the architectural glory of the city was in its dawn, ventured to give it the proud appellation of *Rerum pulcherrima*, we may conjecture what it must have been in the reign of Hadrian, when it had received all its decorations, and blazed in its full meridian splendor. Even in its decline, when it had twice experienced barbaric rage and had seen some of its fairest edifices sink in hostile flames, it was capable of exciting ideas of something more than mortal grandeur, and raising the thoughts of a holy bishop from earth to heaven‡. After

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* Græci genus in gloriam suam effusissimum. *Plin.*

† Pliny 36.

‡ The period I allude to is the reign of the Goth Theodoric, and the prelate is the eloquent Fulgentius.

the Gothic war itself, which gave the last blow to the greatness of Rome, when it had been repeatedly besieged, taken and ransacked, yet then, though stript of its population, and abandoned with its tottering temples to time and desolation; even then, deformed by barbarism, wasted by pestilence, and bowed down to the ground under the accumulated judgments of heaven, the Eternal City still retained its imperial features, nor appeared less than the Mistress of the World, *and the excess of glory obscured.*

Rome was in this state when Gregory the Great made those pathetic complaints, of the scenes of misery and ruin that surrounded him, and yet the magnificence of Trajan's forum, which was still standing, though disfigured, was such as to draw from that Pontiff, who neither wanted taste nor feeling, an exclamation of affectionate regard towards its founder.

When I say that Gregory wanted neither taste nor feeling, I am aware that I speak in opposition to Gibbon, who represents him as deficient in both, as well indeed as in every other classical and liberal accomplishment. Gregory lived at a period perhaps the most disastrous recorded in history, when Italy and Rome itself had been successively visited and desolated by the four severest scourges that heaven employs in its anger to chastise guilty nations—-war, inundation, famine, and pestilence. The war was the Gothic war, the most destructive contest ever carried on in the bosom of Italy, not excepting the invasion of Hannibal in ancient, and of the French under Charles of Anjou in modern times. This contest was followed after a short interval, by the irruption of

the *Langobardi*, who continued to waste and convulse Italy from the end of the sixth to the beginning of the ninth century. The inundation was occasioned by the Goths, who imprudently during the siege, broke several of the aqueducts, and let the rivers confined in them range without control over the plain; to which we may add an overflow of the Tiber, that rose to a prodigious height, and not only deluged the country but flooded the streets, and undermined several edifices in the city itself. Famine is the natural consequence of war, when carried on without mercy or precaution; and in a warm country stagnant waters and swampy grounds, the unavoidable effects of inundations, emit vapors that never fail to produce infection. So violent was the pestilence, that in a procession in which the Pontiff marched at the head of the people, he had the mortification to see seventy of his flock fall down and expire in his presence.

To alleviate these calamities, was the occupation of Gregory, and in the discharge of this melancholy duty, he could have had little time and little inclination to indulge himself in the pleasures of classical pursuits. To which we may add, that literary researches are the amusements of leisure and prosperity, when the mind, free from external pressure and distraction, can expatiate at ease over the regions of fancy and invention, and cull their flowers without fear or interruption. But in the fall of empires, when misery besets every door, and death stares every man in the face, it is timely and natural to turn to objects of greater importance, and while *the fashion of this world passeth away*, to fix the thoughts and affections on more substantial and more permanent acquire-

ments. But with all these disadvantages Gregory possessed talents and accomplishments that would have entitled him to consideration, even in more refined ages, and whoever peruses his epistles, will acknowledge that he was not deficient either in imagination or judgment, and still less in the nobler qualities of a benevolent and lofty mind. His style, though deeply tinged with the increasing barbarism of the times, is genuine, grammatical Latin, and in purity and perspicuity superior to that of some authors who flourished in the preceding age; such as Cassiodorus and Ammianus Marcellinus. It is indeed related to his honor, that he endeavoured to support upon all occasions the language, the manners, and the dress of the Romans, in opposition to the remains of Gothic corruption, and the uncouth jargon and savage demeanor of the *Langobardi*. About his person and in his court he employed none but native Italians, free from every Gothic mixture in blood, or dialect, and by his attachment to his country, his active benevolence, and mild but steady patriotism, he has deserved the honorable appellation of the *Last of Romans**.

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* This Pope is abused by Gibbon, because he reprimanded a bishop for teaching (not for studying as the historian chooses to word it) the Latin poets, and opening a grammar school in his palace. Yet it will surely be admitted that a bishop may justly be expected to devote his time to duties of a more elevated nature, than the avocations of an ordinary schoolmaster, and exposes himself to censure if he devotes to literary amusement the time and attention which he owes to his flock, and to the sublime studies of his profession. A most respectable prelate of the church of Eng'and, when promoted to the episcopacy is said to have renounced the study of chemistry, which he had prosecuted before with zeal and success, as inconsistent with the more important labors attached to his new dignity. The reader will probably applaud a resolution so conformable to the

In fact, after his death, the barbaric inundation spread without obstacle, and swept away almost every remnant of civilization; the language hitherto spoken, at Rome at least with grammatical accuracy, was rapidly mutilated and disfigured; the number of inhabitants continued to decrease, and the few surviving Romans, though still free and still spectators of the most stupendous monuments of ancient grandeur, began to lose sight of the glories of their country, and forget that their ancestors had once been the masters of the universe.

But to return to our subject—The modern capitals of Europe, and indeed most ancient cities, derived their fame from one, or at the utmost a few edifices. Thus London glories in *St. Paul's*, *St. Martin* in the Fields, the two *St. George's*, &c. Paris boasts of the *Colonnade* of the *Louvre*, the *Front* of the *Thuilleries*, the *Church* of the *Invalids*, *St. Ge-*

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dictates of religion, and consequently approve of the conduct of Gregory, who enforced the same principle at a time when the prevalence of barbarism and increasing ignorance required all the zeal and all the efforts of the episcopal body.

He is also accused of having burnt the Palatine library, and destroyed several temples, &c. The Palatine library was burnt in the conflagration of Nero, and when restored, if restoration were possible, a second time under Domitian, and finally and utterly by Genseric. As for temples, he orders St. Augustin, the monk, to spare them in England, and convert them into churches; why then should he destroy them in Rome? These accusations cannot be traced farther back than the twelfth century, that is five hundred years at least after this Pontiff's death. His real crimes in the eyes of both Bayle and Gibbon, are, that he was a Pope, and that he converted England to Christianity!

nevieve, *St. Sulpice*, &c. Berlin has its *Brandenburgh Gate*, and Dresden its *Electoral Chapel.* So anciently Ephesus had its *Temple of Diana;* Halicarnassus its *Mausoleum;* Rhodes its *Colossus.* Athens itself, the mother of the arts, could not exhibit more than twenty edifices of extraordinary beauty, among which the *Parthenon*, the *Temple of Theseus*, the *Propyleium*, and the *Portico*, were the principal. Rome seems to have presented a perpetual succession of architectural scenery, and exhibited in every view groupes or lines of edifices, every one of which taken separately, would have been sufficient to constitute the characteristic ornament of any other city.

But to enable the reader to form a clearer idea of this magnificence, I will descend to particulars, and give a concise account of some of its principal edifices, such as the *Cloacæ—Aqueducts (Roads) Forums—Porticos—Temples*—and *Thermæ:* after which I will subjoin some singular and striking instances of private grandeur. A Greek author* has observed, that Roman greatness manifested itself most conspicuously in the *Cloacæ*, the *aqueducts* and the *high roads*, works peculiarly Roman, and from a singular combination of utility, solidity, and grandeur, indicative in a very uncommon degree of the genius and character of that wonderful people. Some of these works, such as the *Cloacæ*, were built in the very infancy of the city, and seemed to have been considered as omens and pledges of its duration and future greatness. Many of the aqueducts, and I

* Dion. Antiq. Rom. III.

believe, most of the roads were of the republican era, when magnificence was confined to public edifices, and the resources of architecture employed for the convenience or amusement of the people at large. To treat of each separately.

CLOACÆ.

It appears singular to rank *sewers* among objects of admiration, yet no edifices are better calculated to excite it. The *Cloacæ* were arched galleries carried under the city in every direction; they were wide enough for a loaded cart or a boat to pass with convenience, and all communicated with the *Cloaca maxima*. The latter is about sixteen feet in breadth and thirty in height; its pavement, sides, and arch, are all formed of blocks of stone, so solid in themselves, and so well connected together, that notwithstanding the weights that have rolled over them, the buildings that load them, and the ruins that encumber them, not one has given way during the space of more than two thousand years. To cleanse them, various streams were introduced, which rolled along with a rapidity sufficiently violent to weaken any ordinary edifice; when obstructed, the expense of clearing them was enormous, and upon one occasion amounted to a sum exceeding one hundred thousand pounds sterling. The *Cloaca maxima* was erected, as is well known, in the reign of Tarquinius Superbus, and shews to what a degree of perfection the arts were carried at Rome then in its infancy. They were all still unimpaired in the reign of Theodoric, and drew from that prince some exclamations of surprize and admiration.

The *Cloaca maxima* stands even now, (though almost choaked up with rubbish and weeds, and damaged at one end not by time but by interest and folly), a monument of proportion and solidity.

AQUEDUCTS.

Ancient Rome was supplied with water by nine aqueducts, of which the first was opened by Appius, and bears his name. The others were, *Anio Vetus—Martia—Tepula – Julia—Virgo—Alsietina* (Augusta)—*Claudia—Anio Novus**. These aqueducts ran a distance of from twelve to sixty-two miles, and conveyed whole rivers through mountains and over plains, sometimes under ground, and sometimes supported by arches, to the centre of the city†. Two in particular, the *Claudia* and *Anio nova*, were carried over arches for more than twenty miles, and sometimes raised more than one hundred and twenty feet above the level of the country. The channel through which the water

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* The reader will observe, that in the names and number of the aqueducts I confine my statements to the reign of Nerva; succeeding Emperors increased the numbers, and changed the names.

† The short description which Statius gives of some of the principal aqueducts is poetical, and indeed in his best style.

> Vos mihi quæ Latium, septenaque culmina Nymphæ
> Incolitis, Tybrimque novis attollitis undis,
> Quas præceps Anien, atque exceptura natatus
> Virgo juvat, Marsasque nives, et frigora ducens
> Martia, præcelsis quarum vaga molibus unda
> Crescit, et innumero pendens transmittitur arcu.
>
> *Syl. Lib.* 1. 5.

flowed in these aqueducts, (and in one of them two streams rolled unmingled the one over the other), was always wide and high enough for workmen to pass and carry materials for repair, and all were lined with a species of plaster hard and impenetrable as marble itself, called by the ancients, *opus signinum*. Of these aqueducts three are sufficient to supply modern Rome, though it contains not less than one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants, with a profusion of water superabundantly sufficient for all private as well as public purposes; what a prodigious quantity then must the nine have poured continually into the ancient city.

As I have already given some account of these aqueducts, I shall here confine myself to a few additional observations. Authors differ as to their number, because the same great channel often branched out into lesser divisions, which, on account of the quantity of water which they supplied were sometimes considered as separate aqueducts; to which we may add, that the same aqueduct sometimes bore different names. I have adopted the number given by Frontinus, who was employed by the Emperor Nerva to inspect and repair these important works, and must of course be considered as decisive authority. Most parts of the city were supplied by two aqueducts, in order to prevent the inconveniences occasioned by derangements and reparations; and one aqueduct, which conveyed a stream of less pure and wholesome water was appropriated exclusively to supply the Naumachias, Circus's and Cloacæ. The number of public reservoirs of water called from their depth and extent *Lakes*, is supposed to have been more than thirteen hundred, and that of fountains scarcely credible, since Agrippa alone, as has been noticed elsewhere, opened more than one hundred in

the space of one year. When the extent, the solidity, the decorations, and above all the utility of these immense works are taken into consideration, the reader will find no difficulty in preferring them with Frontinus, to the idle bulk of the pyramids, and even to the graceful but less useful edifices of Greece*.

I have already hinted at the ornaments that graced the lakes and fountains, such as pillars, temples and statues. The latter generally represented river gods, and among them were the *Nile*, the *Tiber*, the *Arnus*, the *Achelous*, the *Tigris*, the *Euphrates*, the *Rhine*, the *Danube*, and many others discovered at different periods amidst the ruins, some of which still remain, and others have been transported to Naples, Florence, and recently to Paris.

Many inscriptions have also been found belonging anciently to these fountains. That which Pope translated for his grotto, seems to have been of the number. It is now in the grotto of Egeria. Another is well known, comprising the same sense in three words,

NYMPHAE LOCI
BIBE LAVA TACE.

The ruins of these prodigious edifices towering far above all modern buildings, attract the eye on the *Celian* and *Esqui-*

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* Tot aquarum tam multis necessariis molibus, pyramidas videlicet otiosas comparem, aut cætera inertia, sed famâ celebrata Græcorum opera?—*Front. De Aqued. Romæ, lib.* 1.

line Mounts, but fix the attention still more powerfully when sweeping in vast broken lines over the solitary *Campagna*, they present in the midst of desolation one of the most awful instances ever perhaps exhibited of magnificence in decay.

ROADS.

Rome was indebted to Appius Claudius for her aqueducts; to the public spirit and talents of the same censor she owed also her roads. As these works though they shew the taste which the Romans had for the great and the useful, yet have little connection with the magnificence of the city, I shall confine myself to very few observations. In the first place, there stood in the Roman Forum a pillar of gold, on which were inscribed the distances of the great cities of Italy, and of the empire, which pillar was from these two circumstances called *Milliarium Aureum**. At this column the roads commenced, and thence branched off from Rome to every part of Italy, and were carried on in strait lines, sometimes cut through the solid rock, and sometimes raised on arches. They were literally speaking *viæ stratæ*, not paved but flagged, and composed frequently of vast blocks, neither hewn nor shaped by art, but fitted together in their original form. This method had an uncommon advantage, as the natural coating, if I may so call it, of the stone, enabled it to resist with more effect the action of the weather, and the friction of carriages. Hence such parts of the *Via Appia* as have escaped destruction, as at *Fondi* and *Mola*,

* This column was erected by Augustus, and stood near the temple of Saturn. Notwithstanding its name we may suppose it to have been of brass gilt.

shew few traces of wear and decay after a duration of two thousand years. When hewn stones were used they were cut out into large blocks of two, three, or even five feet square, and laid together without any cement, yet so firmly and closely connected, as to appear rather a continued rock, than an artificial combination, and have resisted both the influence of time and the pressure of the enormous loads that have passed over them, in a manner altogether inconceivable. These roads were in process of time extended to the most distant provinces of the empire, and formed an easy communication between *Britain* and *Mesopotamia*, between *Dacia* and *Egypt*. Thus the civilized world owes to the Romans the first establishment and example of a commodious intercourse, one of the greatest aids of commerce, and means of improvement, that society can enjoy.

The barbarians who overturned the Roman power were for many ages so incredibly stupid as to undervalue this blessing, and almost always neglected, sometimes wantonly destroyed, the roads that intersected the provinces which they had invaded. But the example of the Roman Pontiff, the authority of the clergy, and the remains which they still beheld gradually though slowly opened their eyes, and called their attention to an object of such prime importance. I have said *slowly*, as to this day, the different governments of Germany*, Spain, Portugal, Sicily, and Greece, are still so far immersed in barbarism as to leave the traveller to work his way through their respective territories with infinite fatigue and difficulty, by tracks and paths

* The Austrian territories in Germany are excepted from this censure.

oftentimes almost impassable. Even in countries where the greatest attention has been paid to the roads, how inferior are all modern works in firmness and durability to the ancient *Viæ*. I know it has been said, that there was barely sufficient room on the *Via Appia* for two carriages to pass each other, and this, if the observation be confined to a very few narrow passes, such as sometimes occur in our best and newest roads, may be true, but if meant to be general it is certainly ill-founded, as the average breadth of the *Via Appia* is from eighteen to twenty-two feet.

The reader will recollect without doubt that all these magnificent outlets and approaches to the imperial city were bordered on each side, not with rows only, but with streets of tombs, and thus converted into so many avenues of death, and awful scenes of mortality. The last object that a Roman beheld at his departure, and the first that struck him on his return, was the *tombs of his ancestors*. The sepulchres of the heroes of the early ages were, during the reign of liberty the most conspicuous, but under the Cæsars, they were eclipsed by the funereal pomp of the freedmen, the parasites, the sycophants of the emperors. Hence that indignant epigram,

Marmoreo tumulo Licinus jacet: at Cato parvo,
Pompeius nullo: credimus esse deos? *

Though every road presented the tombs of many illustrious

* The satyrist might have spared the gods; perhaps in *their* eyes the *barber* (for such was Licinus) might have been superior both to the hero and the philosopher; he might have been *an honest man*.

worthies, yet the *Via Appia* was ennobled by the greatest number of celebrated names, and beheld on its sides rising in melancholy state the sepulchres of the Servilii, the Metelli, and the Scipios; of Archias and of Ennius. Most of the inscriptions that marked these receptacles of departed greatness, were like the views of the *minute philosophers*, who precipitated the fall of Rome, narrow, earthly, and mortal.

> Non nomen, non quo genitus, non unde quid egi,
> Mutus in æternum sum cinis, ossa, nihil.

How mean, how pusillanimous, how unworthy the high-minded Roman! The following christian epitaph would have been more appropriate on the tomb of a Cato, a Cicero, or a Scipio:—

> Ingenio superest *Cordus*, mens ipsa recepta est
> Cælo, quod terrae est, maxima Roma tenet.

But to pass from roads which, as I have already hinted, are not immediately connected with my present object, the ancient Greeks pretended, and their admirers at present are often heard to maintain, that Rome owed all her magnificence to the arts of Greece, which she learned during the Etolian and Macedonian wars. Horace's acknowledgment seems to confirm this pretension so flattering to Grecian pride and vanity *. But however ancient or general this opinion may be, it stands on

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* Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio. *Ep. Lib.* II.

The arts to which Horace alludes are the arts of Poetry, Criticism, and Rhetoric, and to these his acknowledgment must be confined.

no solid foundation; the truth is, that of the three grand works which I have mentioned, the first was erected at a time when Grecian architecture was in its infancy, and the two others before any regular intercourse had taken place between the Greeks and Romans. The latter derived their arts and sciences from their neighbors, the Etrurians, a singular people, who flourished in riches, power, and science, for some ages before the Greeks began to emerge from their primitive barbarism, and to them the Romans probably were indebted for that solid taste which distinguished them ever after. In fact, they seem in all their works and edifices to have had constantly in view the three great qualities, which in architecture give excellence without the aid of ornament, and by their own intrinsic merit command admiration. This simple and manly style shewed itself in the very infancy of the city, expanded with the greatness and resources of the republic, and displayed itself, not in the capital only, but in the most distant provinces; it survived the fall of the empire, struggled for ages of convulsion with the spirit of barbarism, and, as a monument of its triumph, at length raised over the fanes, the porticos, the triumphal arches of the mistress of the world, the palaces, the obelisks, the temples of the *Modern City*.

Whether this effect be attributed to the example and lessons of the Etrurians, and to the architectural school established by Numa, or to that magnanimity which seems to have grown out of the very soil, and to have been inhaled with the air of ancient Rome, I know not; but it cannot be ascribed to the influence of the Greeks, as it arose before they were known, and flourished long after they were forgotten, among the Romans.

At a later period they certainly borrowed the Greek orders, but they employed them upon a scale commensurate with their own greatness and far above the means of the Greeks. In fact, the latter seem, in a great measure, to have confined their magnificence to gates, mausoleums, and temples; while the former, allowing their splendor a much wider range, extended its influence to baths, circusses, forums, curiæ, and Basilicæ; not to speak of roads, bridges, cloacæ, and aqueducts: nay, they seem, even in the opinion of the Greeks themselves, who speak of the wonders of Rome with an admiration that could have arisen from a sense of inferiority only, to have surpassed them even in those very fabrics in which the principal boast and glory of Greece consisted, and to have left them at length the sole advantage of having first invented the Orders. In reality it would be difficult to find a temple equal in beauty to the Pantheon, in magnitude to that of Peace, and in splendor to that of Jupiter Capitolinus. The tomb of Adrian, in materials, elevation, and ornament, equalled, perhaps excelled, the Halicarnassian mausoleum*, and all the theatres of Greece sunk

* The dimensions of the latter were, according to Pliny, sixty-three feet in length, somewhat less in breadth, and in height twenty-five cubits or about forty feet; its whole circumference, including a square or open space around it, was four hundred and eleven feet. On the mausoleum rose a pyramid of the same elevation as the mausoleum itself, that is, between thirty-eight and forty feet, and on its summit stood a quadriga. The elevation of the whole was one hundred and forty feet. It was supported by thirty-six pillars, and its four sides were sculptured by four of the most eminent artists. I leave the task of reconciling these dimensions with the rules of proportion to professed architects. I must however add, that excepting the elevation they are far inferior to those of the Roman mausoleum.

into insignificance before the enormous circumference of the Coliseum.

Some travellers, in order to disparage the monuments of Roman grandeur and raise the fame of Greece, have remarked, that the former are of brick and were lined or cased only with marble, while the edifices of the latter were entirely of marble; but this remark originated in hasty and imperfect observation, and is inaccurate in both its parts, as many, perhaps most, of the public buildings at Rome were of solid stone or marble, and several of the Grecian edifices of brick cased with marble pannels. Of this latter kind was the mausoleum above-mentioned *. Mausolus, indeed, is said to have first invented the art of incrusting brick walls with marble, a practice introduced into Rome in the reign of Augustus by Caius Mamurra. Part of the walls of Athens were formed of the same materials, as was the palace of Crœsus, that of Attalus, and several public edifices at Lacedæmon. Pliny goes so far as to assert, that the Greeks preferred brick to stone in great buildings as more durable, and adds that such walls, when the perpendicular line is duly attended to, last for ever.

FORUMS.

We next come to the *forums* or squares, which are represented by the ancients as alone sufficient to eclipse the splendor of every other city. There were two kinds of forums,

* Pliny, xxxv. 14.

the *Fora Venalia* and the *Fora Civilia*. The former were merely markets, and were distinguished each by a title expressing the objects to which they were appropriated, such as the *Forum Boarium*, *Piscatorium*, &c. of these of course, the number was indefinite, though commonly supposed to be about twelve. The *Fora Civilia* were intended, as the name implies, for the transaction of public business, and were five in number; the *Forum Romanum—D. Julii—Augusti—Nervæ*, frequently called *Transitorium* and *Trajani*. The *Forum Romanum* was in rank the first; its name was coeval with the city, and its destination connected with all the glories of the Republic. It was in fact the seat or rather the throne of Roman power. It was encircled with buildings of the greatest magnificence; but these buildings were erected at different periods, and perhaps with little regard to regularity. They circumscribed its extent within very narrow limits, but these limits were consecrated by omens and auguries, and ennobled by fame and patriotism; they were too sacred to be removed. It was therefore found inadequate to the accommodation of the crowds which flocked to the public assemblies, and Julius Cæsar took upon himself the popular charge of supplying the Roman people with another forum, without however violating the dignity and pre-eminence of the first, which always retained exclusively the title of *Great*, and the appellation of *Roman*.

Nomen terris fatale regendis. *Prop.*

Of the *Julian* forum we only know, that the ground on which it stood cost nine hundred thousand pounds, and that its principal ornament was a temple of Venus Genitrix.

The forum of Augustus was lined on each side by a portico, and terminated by the temple of Mars Bis Ultor*. Under the porticos, on one side stood in bronze the Latin and Roman kings, from Eneas down to Tarquinius Superbus; on the other were ranged the Roman heroes all in triumphal robes. On the base of each statue was inscribed the history of the person whom it represented. In the centre rose a colossal statue of Augustus†.

The *Forum Nervæ*, or *Transitorium*, so called because it formed a communication between the three other forums and that of Trajan. There are still some remains of this forum, as part of the wall that enclosed it, some Corinthian pillars belonging to one of its porticos, and the portal of the temple of Minerva. It was begun by Domitian, but finished by Nerva.

The *Forum Trajani*, or *Ulpianum*, was the last in date, but the first in beauty. The splendor of these edifices was indeed progressive: the Julian was supposed to have surpassed the Roman; that of Augustus is ranked by Pliny among *pulcherrima opera quæ unquam*, and yet it was acknowledged to

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* Ovid. Fast. Lib. v. ver. 552.

† The account given by Suetonius is highly honorable to Augustus. Proximum a Diis immortalibus honorem memoriæ ducum præstitit qui imperium populi Romani ex minimo maximum reddidissent. Itaque . . . . . statuas omnium triumphali effigie in utraque Fori sui porticu dedicavit. Professus est edicto, *Commentum id se ut illorum velut ad exemplar et ipse dum viveret, et insequentium ætatum principes exigerentur a civibus.—Oct. Cæs. Clug.* XXXI.

be inferior to that of Nerva; the latter yielded in its turn to the matchless edifice of Trajan. This forum consisted of four porticos, supported by pillars of the most beautiful marble; the roof rested upon brazen beams, and was covered with brazen plates; it was adorned with statues and chariots all of brass gilt: the pavement was of variegated marble. The entrance was at one end by a triumphal arch, at the other and opposite was a temple; on one side a Basilica, on the other a public library: in the centre rose the celebrated column crowned with the colossal statue of Trajan. Apollodorus was the architect of this wonderful pile, and so great was the beauty, I might almost say, the perfection of the architecture, and so rich the materials, that those who beheld it seem to have been struck dumb with astonishment, and at a loss to find words to express their admiration*.

When this wonderful edifice was destroyed it would be difficult to determine; the triumphal arch which formed its entrance was dismantled so early as the reign of Constantine, as its materials, or at least its ornaments, were employed to grace the arch

* Such at least appears to have been the sensation experienced by Ammianus Marcellinus, who, in his semi-barbarous style, betrays the confusion both of his feelings and his language. His words are untranslateable—Cum ad Trajani Forum venisset, (Constantius) singularem sub omni cælo structuram ut opinamur, etiam Numinum assertione mirabilem, hærebat attonitus per giganteos contextus circumferens mentem, nec relatu effabiles, nec rursus mortalibus expetendos.—Among the statues that decorated this forum, two were remarkable for their materials, one of Nicomedes king of Bithynia, of ivory; the other of amber, representing Augustus. The celebrated equestrian statue of Trajan was in front of the Basilica.

erected in honor of that emperor. The forum itself existed, as I have already observed, in the time of Gregory the Great, and consequently had survived, at least as to its essential and constituent parts, the repeated sieges and disasters of the city. It seems, from an expression of John the Deacon, to have existed in the beginning of the ninth century; its destruction therefore must be ascribed to the avarice or the fury of the Romans themselves in their intestine contests.

PORTICOS.

From the forums we pass naturally to the porticos, so numerous and so frequently alluded to by the Roman writers. It would be difficult to state the precise number of these buildings, though we know it to have been considerable, and still more difficult to describe their site, extent, and various decorations. Of the following however we have some details, by which we are enabled to form an idea of the others. It must be observed that, I speak not here of such porticos as merely formed the vestibules or decorated the entrance of temples, as these made part of the edifices to which they were annexed, but of those only which were erected solely, for the convenience of the public in sultry or inclement weather.

The *porticus duplex*, so called from its double row of pillars, was erected by Cneius Octavius, after the defeat of Perses; it was of the Corinthian order and ornamented with brazen capitals; the walls were decorated with paintings representing the achievements of the Founder. It stood near the *Circus Flaminius*. The portico of Pompey, annexed to his theatre, was sup-

ported by one hundred marble columns; it opened on both sides into groves of plane trees, and was refreshed by fountains and streams. It was therefore in summer the favorite resort of the young, the gay, and the gallant*.

Augustus, attentive as he was to the general embellishment of the city, did not neglect a species of edifice so ornamental, and at the same time so useful as the portico. We find accordingly that he erected several porticos himself, and that prompted by his example, his most distinguished and opulent friends vied with each other in similar works of magnificence†. Among the former were the portico of Caius and Lucius, with a basilica annexed to it; that of Octavia, which rose near the theatre of Marcellus, and contributed not a little to its beauty as well as convenience; that of Livia, near the Roman forum. The latter was ornamented with a collection of ancient pictures, and shaded by a vine of prodigious luxuriance. Ovid alludes to it in his usual lively manner.

But this and every edifice of the kind prior to this era, was

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* Propertius describes it with its characteristic ornaments—

Scilicet umbrosis sordet *Pompeia* columnis
Porticus aulæis nobilis Attalicis;
Et creber pariter platanis surgentibus ordo
Flumina sopito quæque Marone cadunt.
Lib. II. 32.

† Suet. in Aug. 29.

eclipsed by the splendor of the *Palatine* portico, dedicated to Apollo. It was supported by pillars of Numidian marble, enlivened with exquisite paintings and statues, and emblazoned with brass and gold. It enclosed the library and temple of Apollo, so often alluded to by the writers of the Augustan age, and was deservedly ranked among the wonders of the city*.

Another portico erected by this Emperor, was called *Ad Nationes*, from the statues with which it was furnished, representing various nations in their respective habits. It was perhaps

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* The description which Propertius gives of this portico is the best extant, and contains a sufficient number of details to enable us to form a very accurate idea of its decorations.

Aurea Phœbi
Porticus a magno Cæsare aperta fuit:
Tota erat in speciem Pœnis digesta columnis:
Inter quas Danai femina turba senis.
Hic equidem Phœbo visus mihi pulchrior ipso
Marmoreus tacita carmen hiare lyra.
Atque aram circum steterant armenta Myronis
Quatuor artificis vivida signa boves.
Tum medium claro surgebat marmore templum,
Et patriâ Phœbo carius Ortygia.
Auro solis erat supra fastigia currus
Et valvæ Lybici nobile dentis opus;
Altera dejectos Parnassi vertice Gallos
Altera mœrebat funera Tantalidos.
Deinde inter matrem, Deus ipse, interque sororem
Pythius in longâ carmina veste sonat.

Lib. II. 31.

still more remarkable for a statue of Hercules, lying neglected on the ground. That such a divinity should lie thus neglected and dishonored, is surprising, but the reason of a conduct apparently so impious, is highly honorable to Roman feeling. The statue thus degraded had been brought from Carthage*, and was the very one to which the Carthaginians were accustomed to offer human victims, "Sacrum" as Titus Livius remarks, "minime Romanum."

The *Porticus Septorum*. Cicero speaks of this portico as *about* to be erected, and intended to embrace in its whole extent the space of a mile. Pliny† gives us to understand that it was finished or repaired by Agrippa, and enclosed not the *septa tributa comitii*, where the people assembled to vote, but the *Diribitorium*, or place where the legions were mustered and paid. These edifices were all of marble, and the latter in particular unusually magnificent.

Agrippa also built and gave his name to another portico, which some suppose to have been connected with the present portico of the Pantheon, and to have been carried round it. But as he had erected *Thermæ* and other noble fabrics near that edifice, it is more probable that his portico enclosed the whole, and united them together in one grand circumference. That it was extensive is evident from Horace, who represents it as a public walk, much frequented.

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* See Pliny xxxv. 40.

† Pliny xvi. 40.

Cum bene notum
Porticus Agrippæ et via te conspexerit Appî.

The materials were, as in all Agrippa's works, rich marbles, and the ornaments, paintings and statues.

The Portico of *Hercules* or of *Philippus*, so called because rebuilt by the latter at the instigation of Augustus, and dedicated to Hercules, whose temple it enclosed, under the appellation of *Musagetos*, or leader of the muses. It was erected solely for the ornament of the city, and of course was decorated with an unusual profusion of splendid objects, as the reader will easily conceive when he is informed, that the paintings of Apelles, Zeuxis, and Antiphilus, formed part of its furniture. Several porticos took their appellations from the temples to which they were annexed, and seem to have formed either vast squares or courts before, or immense galleries round their respective temples, thus detaching them from ordinary buildings, and giving them a dignified and solitary grandeur*.

The portico of *Quirinus* and that of *Europa*, are mentioned by Martial† as fashionable places of resort, and must conse-

* The temple of Jerusalem, both first and second, was surrounded by a portico; and most of the ancient churches in Italy are separated from the street by a court generally supported by pillars. Such is the Ambrosian Basilica at Milan, the cathedral of Salernum, and the most ancient of all churches, St. Clements, at Rome. This mode of insulating places of worship, so conformable to taste and reason, has been adopted and applied with unparalleled magnificence to the Basilica Vaticana.

† Lib. xi.—Lib. ii. 12.—See also Lib. iii. 20.

quently have been very spacious. That of *Isis* was remarkable not only for paintings but mosaics. It would be an useless repetition of the same terms to enumerate more of these edifices, especially as in order to give the reader some idea of the numbers, it will be sufficient to inform him, that the approach to the Curiæ, the Basilicæ, the Forums, was generally by porticos; that several ranges of porticos led to the Capitol, and lined the sides of the declivity; that the *Campus Martius* was surrounded by an uninterrupted colonnade; that almost every Emperor distinguished himself by the erection of a new edifice of the kind; and that Nero is said by Suetonius*, to have lined the streets of Rome (those probably which he himself had rebuilt) with a continued portico†.

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* Suet. Ner. 16.

† Several porticos were erected by latter Emperors of astonishing extent. Such was that of Gallienus, extending near two miles along the *Via Flaminia*, that is, from the *Via Lata* to the *Pons Milvius:* that of Gordian in the *Campus martius*, which was a mile in length, and formed of one range of pilasters and four of columns, opening upon plantations of box, cedar, and myrtle. The Gordian family were remarkable for their opulence and magnificence. Their villa on the *Via Prenestina* contained baths as large as some of the *Thermæ* in Rome; three basilicæ of one hundred feet in length each, and a portico supported by two hundred pillars of the rarest marbles.

Before I give up this subject I cannot but express both my surprize and my regret that the public portico has never been introduced into England, or employed in the decoration of the capital. If we consult utility, no edifice is better adapted to a cold and rainy climate; if magnificence, none can be more beautiful or more stately. Every square at least might be lined, and every church and theatre surrounded with porticos; the want of them around places of public resort is a real nuisance. But our taste in public edifices is still in its infancy.

THERMÆ.

There were in Rome sixteen public baths, usually called *Thermæ*, supplied with hot and cold water and open at all hours of the day. Though they differ both in magnitude and splendor, yet they had some features in common, and contained spacious halls for bathing and swimming—for reading and declamation—for conversation and exercise. These halls were all lined and paved with marble, and adorned with the most valuable statues and paintings. They were surrounded with plantations and walks, and combined every species of polite and manly amusement. The account which I have already given of the baths of Diocletian, Caracalla, and Titus, render any further description useless in this place. I must however observe, that it is to be regretted that we have deviated so widely from the ancients in this particular, and that the use of baths both hot and cold, so wholesome and sometimes so necessary, should not be rendered more easily attainable to those who stand most in need of them, the poor and laboring class of mankind. It must indeed be acknowledged that in cleanliness the moderns are far inferior to the ancients or rather to the Romans, who seem to have carried this *semi*-virtue to a degree of refinement almost incredible*.

* The following verse of Lucilius shews how many operations a polite Roman underwent even in that rude age, before he finished, or rather before he began his toilet.

Scabor, suppelor, desquamor, pumicor, ornor,
Expilor, pingor . . . . .

To return to the *Thermæ*, it is not surprizing that edifices covering such a space of ground, and enclosing so many different buildings, and so much wood and water within their precincts, should be compared by one of the ancients to *provinces*, or that the noblest and most opulent provincial should look with envy on the lot of a Roman, who could enjoy every day, without trouble or expense, scenes of splendor and luxury, which the proudest monarch might in vain attempt to emulate.

TEMPLES.

There were in Rome four hundred and twenty temples. Of the far greater part of these edifices we have at present no account. Of some of the few with which we are acquainted, I have already spoken: I will therefore confine myself at present to a few additional remarks.

The temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*, though not the largest in Rome, was from its destination the most sacred, from its site the most conspicuous, and from its furniture and decorations the most opulent. It was filled with the treasures of vanquished monarchs, adorned with the plunder of palaces and temples, and enriched with the spoils of the conquered world. It was in fact the treasury of Rome, the deposit of the accumulated triumphs of ages of victory, and conquest. Crowns, shields, and statues of gold, the offerings of kings, emperors, and heroes, blazed on all sides, and adorned with equal profusion the interior and exterior of this palace of dominion, this throne of empire and religion. Its threshold was bronze, the valves of its portals were gold; the roof was bronze, but bronze doubly

and triply gilt*; the pediment, sides, and summit of the roof, presented horses, chariots, heroes, and gods, the Roman eagle, and its attendant victory, all of bronze, silver, or gold, glittering to the sun, and dazzling the eyes of the spectator†.

Acies stupet igne metalli,
Et circumfuso trepidans obtunditur auro. *Claud.*

The temple of *Peace* was probably the largest in Rome, and is ranked by Pliny among the noblest edifices in the world. Of its architecture we can form no distinct idea, as we find no regular description of it. The ruins which now bear its name have not the slightest resemblance to a temple, but much the appearance of the great hall of a bath, such as that of the *Thermæ* of Diocletian. However, as popular tradition and the consent of antiquaries has affixed to these remains the appellation of the temple of *Peace*, it would perhaps be deemed presumption to question its propriety at present. This edifice seems to have answered the purposes of a Museum, and been the general repository of the various statues and paintings collected by Vespasian and the Flavian family. The sacred spoils of the temple of Jerusalem formed part of its decorations, and numberless masterpieces of sculpture, to several of which Pliny alludes, were arranged around it, so that if we may

* The gilding alone amounted to the enormous sum of three millions sterling. This costliness belonged to the Capitol as restored by Domitian. The conflagration of this edifice, the seat of Roman power, was deemed by the Gauls a certain prognostic of the fall of the empire, and the transmission of power to the Transalpine nations, "superstitione vana," says Tacitus.—*Hist.* IV.

† Vide Claudian, Tacitus, &c.

believe Josephus, it comprized in one grand collection all the wonders of art, which had formerly been dispersed over the various provinces of the empire. A library formed part of its furniture, enriched probably by the numberless manuscripts which Vespasian and Titus might have collected in the eastern provinces.

The temple of *Peace* was consumed by fire in the reign of Commodus. It had been erected by Vespasian as an omen and a pledge of that general peace which commenced on the conclusion of the Jewish war, and lasted with little interruption till the death of the former prince. Its destruction occasioned by an invisible and unknown agent was ascribed to divine vengeance, and considered as a portent that announced war and disaster. This apprehension was increased by the extent of the conflagration, which reached the temple of *Vesta*, consumed that cradle of the religion of Rome, and for the first time, exposed the *Palladium* itself to the gaze of the profane*. These presentiments of disaster were unfortunately justified by the event, and the fall of the temple of *Peace*, was followed by centuries of war, rebellion, and convulsion.

The reader will perceive that I do not pretend to do full justice to the subject, or attempt to draw a perfect picture of the magnificence of the ancient city. It would fill an ample volume were I to detail the *Basilicæ*, the *Curiæ*, the *Theatres*, and the *Circusses*†, that rose in every quarter, especially as they were all

* Herod, Lib. r.

† There were five theatres, two amphitheatres, and seven circusses. The circus

of the most solid and beautiful architecture, and all adorned with statues and paintings. The number of statues indeed was incredible, they crowded not the public buildings only, but even the streets and lanes. They were of various sizes and materials: eleven of colossal magnitude adorned the Capitol alone, and nineteen of gold, and thirty of solid silver, shone in different parts of the city. Those of bronze and marble appeared on all sides in such profusion as to form, if we may credit the hyperbolical expression of Cassiodorus, *a population* equal in number to the living inhabitants.

It is to be remembered that all the above-mentioned edifices were supported by pillars, and that these pillars were all of granite or of marble oftentimes of the most beautiful species, and that generally each shaft was of one single piece. When we take this latter circumstance into consideration, and combine it with the countless multitude of these columns, and add to these again the colonnades that graced the imperial palaces, and the courts and porticos of private houses, we shall be enabled to form some idea of the beauty and magnificence that must have resulted from the frequent recurrence and ever varying combinations of such pillared perspectives. Well indeed might foreigners contemplate such a city with astonishment, natives behold it with pride, and the calm philosopher feel the enthusiasm, and assume the language of the poet, when he describes its matchless wonders. " Verum" says Pliny, " ad urbis nostræ miracula transire conveniat . . . . et sic quoque terra-

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Maximus contained, according to some authors, three hundred thousand spectators.

rum orbem victum ostendere; quod accidisse toties pene quot referentur miracula apparebit; universitate vero acervata, et in quemdam unum cumulum conjecta, non alia magnitudo exsurgit, quam si mundus alius quidam in uno loco narraretur*.

But I have already observed that Rome, in every period of its existence, from its infancy down to its modern decrepitude, has ever been distinguished for grandeur in design and magnificence in execution. Nor was this characteristic spirit confined to the public works and edifices which I have enumerated above; it shewed itself even in fabrics raised for such transient objects as accidental or annual amusements. Two instances deserve notice. One is of Marcus Scaurus, who, when edile erected a *temporary* theatre, and adorned it with three hundred and sixty *marble* columns, and three thousand *bronze* statues†. The other is perhaps still more astonishing in execution, though less magnificent in appearance. It was a wooden edifice erected by Curio, for the celebration of funeral games in honor of his father, and so contrived as to form according to the nature of the exhibition, either a theatre or amphitheatre. In the morning the semicircles were placed back to back, so that the declamations, music, and applauses of the one did not reach the other; towards evening they were rolled round face to face, and the circle completed. It is

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* xxxvi. 15.

† This theatre was capable of containing eighty thousand persons. The lower range of pillars were thirty-eight feet in the shaft, and their weight such that Scaurus was obliged to give security for the reparation of the Cloacæ, if damaged by their conveyance.

to be observed that these changes were performed without displacing the spectators, who seem to have trusted themselves without scruple to the strength of the machinery, and the judgment of the artist. These two instances must, to the unlearned reader, appear incredible, and will perhaps be admitted with some degree of diffidence by the scholar, even though he knows that they rest on the authority of the Elder Pliny, and from their great publicity were well known to him* and his contemporaries. These works were, I admit, not the display but the prodigality of magnificence. As such they are justly censured by the philosopher, and placed far below the more solid and more permanent, though less showy splendor of the *Martian* and *Claudian* aqueducts. Yet they are stupendous both in conception and execution, and shew the natural tendency of the Roman mind to the grand and the wonderful†.

The same noble taste shone forth with unusual splendor at the restoration of the arts in the sixteenth century, and displayed itself in numberless instances, too well known to be enumerated, but above all in the removal of the Vatican obelisk,

* xxxv. 15.

† When we consider the prodigious number of pillars, and various species of marble alluded to above, we shall cease to wonder that Rome still exhibits so many superb columns, which a late learned French writer* represents as including in granite only six thousand, or that her ruins even after so many ages of research form a quarry still unexhausted. We may even conclude, that the pillars dug up bear a small proportion to those that still remain interred, and indulge a hope that in more tranquil times the *long fallen column may again rear its head*, and forgotten colonnades once more arise in all their ancient beauty.

* Abb. Barthelemi.

and the conception and erection of that stupendous edifice, the *Basilica Vaticana*. Nay, even in our days, and almost under our eyes, works have been planned and executed in or near Rome, which would have reflected honor on the greatest of the Roman Emperors. Among these we may rank the restoration of three of the ancient obelisks, the formation of the Museum *Pium Clementinum*, and above all, the draining of the *Pomptine* marshes. The late Pontiff shares the honor of the two first of these undertakings, and may claim the exclusive credit of the last, the most difficult, the most useful, and consequently the most glorious. He had formed two other projects, which if executed would have contributed in a singular manner to the splendor of the city. The first was the erection of a forum at the *Porta del Popolo*, on the plan of Vitruvius, which would have made the grandeur of the principal entrance into Rome adequate to the expectation of the traveller, and to the fame of the city. The other was on a scale still greater than the preceding, and intended to form a becoming approach to St. Peter's, by a double colonnade from the *Ponte St. Angelo*, to the entrance of the portico. The distance is a mile, and the extent of such an edifice, combined with the unequalled magnitude and elevation of its termination the obelisk, front and dome of the Vatican, would have formed a scene of beauty and grandeur, equalling, perhaps surpassing, any single perspective in the ancient city.

I need not add, that these and several other similar designs were frustrated by the agitations of the revolution, the invasion of Italy, and the occupation of Rome itself: but in justice to the deceased Pontiff, I must repeat what I have elsewhere related, that his last project was the most noble and most glorious, because if crowned with the success it merited, it would

have been more beneficial to Rome, to Italy, and to Europe, than all the others united. The design I allude to was no less than a confederation of all the states, and an union of all the forces and means of Italy in order to protect the common country against a French invasion*. The infatuation of the different governments defeated the patriotic efforts of the Pontiff; they were annihilated, and he was dragged into exile. These disasters have for the present time and probably for many years to come, checked all public exertions, and suspended the numberless projects which had been formed for improving and beautifying the city.

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* The attitude and feelings of the Italian sovereigns is not inelegantly expressed in the following lines of the poet *Monti*.

Spumava la Tirrena onda suggetta
Sotto le Franche prore; e la premea
Il timor della Gallica vendetta;
E tutta per terror dalla Scillea
Latrante rupe la selvosa schiena
Infino all' Alpè l'Apennin scotea.
Taciturno ed umil volgea l'arena
L Arno frattanto; e paurosa e mesta
Chinava il volto la regal Sirena.
Solo il Tebro levava alto la testa;
E all elmo polveroso la sua donna
In Campidoglio remettea la cresta,
E divina querriera in corta gonna,
Il cor piu chè la spada all ire e all onte
Di Rodano opponeva et di Garonna.

This poetical representation of Rome is a description of the famous statue in the Capitol.

How long the destructive influence of France may last, it is difficult even to conjecture, but this we may affirm, that if it should extend to many years, it will half dispeople Rome, open its deserted palaces and temples to the rains and tempests, and bequeath the Vatican itself, shaken and dismantled, to the wonder and regret of posterity.

> Immortale nihil mundi compage tenetur
> Non orbis, non regna hominum, non aurea Roma!

CHAP. IV.

OBSERVATIONS ON ANCIENT NAMES—ON ROMAN ARCHITECTURE —DEFECTS OF THE MODERN STYLE—PROGRESS OF THE ART —PAPAL GOVERNMENT—ITS CHARACTER—CONSEQUENCES OF THE FRENCH INVASION AND PREPONDERANCE ON THE PRESENT AND FUTURE STATE OF ROME.

I NOW proceed to state various observations as they occurred during my solitary walks, without order or connection with each other, prompted sometimes by the scenery before me, sometimes by the recollections of the past, and not unfrequently by the precarious state of the present times.

As the principal charm and attraction of Rome is its connection with antiquity, I have often wondered that more care has not been taken to preserve or restore the ancient names of the streets and public buildings. The turbulence of the middle ages may serve as a justification, or at least may plead as an excuse for former negligence; but what can have prevented the government during the two last centuries of peace

and tranquillity, from turning its attention to this object? All the members of this government are literary men, and in no capital are the knowledge and love of antiquity more prevalent. What more easy than to change *Strada* into *Via*, the ancient general appellation of street, still in use at Florence, Naples, Milan, and Palermo. *Via Lata* is as pure Italian and sounds better than *Il Corso; Capitolio* has the same advantages over the barbarian *Campidoglio;* and *Foro Romano* is surely in sound, in sense, and in dignity preferable to *Campo Vaccino.* I will not criticise the name of the river, because the ancient Romans, like the modern Greeks, may very possibly have pronounced the *b* as we now do the *v*, so that the difference may be very slight; but the *Porta del Popolo*, the *Porta Pia*, the *Porta San Sebastiano*, *San Pancrazio*, *San Lorenzo*, might with much advantage both to sound and recollection, be restored to their ancient appellations of *Porta Flaminia*, *Nomentana*, *Capena*, *Aurelia*, and *Esquilina.* The *Porta del Popolo* may be ancient, as it derives its name not from the people, as many have imagined, but from the poplar grove that surrounded the mausoleum of Augustus, and long formed the most conspicuous feature in its neighborhood.

The *Piazza* though derived from *Platea* might be replaced by the ancient *Foro*, and in some cases by the *Circo*, and euphony at least would not suffer from the change of *Piazza Navona* and *Piazza di San Pietro* into *Circo Agonale* and *Foro Vaticano**.

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* Some German writers insist that *Piazza* comes from *Platz:* I cannot agree with them. The Germans were unacquainted with the thing signified by the word *Platea*, and of course with the word itself, till in some degree civi-

The seven hills still retain their ancient appellations, except the Quirinal, which is more frequently called *Monte Cavallo* by the common people*, in allusion to the two celebrated horses, which however, notwithstanding their beauty, ought not to be put in competition with the founder of the city, Quirinus himself.

Next to the restoration of the ancient names, which would awaken so many delightful recollections, and greatly increase the reverence of the classic traveller, I should propose the reparation of some at least of the ancient edifices: and here it is impossible not to express once more both surprise and indignation at the miserable manner in which many of the noblest monuments of antiquity have been disfigured by modern barbarism. I speak not of the depredations made upon such edifices for the

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lized by their intercourse with the Romans. They had no towns originally, and consequently neither streets nor squares. "Nullas Germanorum populis," says Tacitus, "urbes habitari, satis notum est: ne pati quidem inter se junctas sedes. Colunt discreti ac diversi ut fons, ut campus, ut nemus placuit*," &c. This custom of living in separate hovels remained long after their acquaintance with the Romans, as Ammianus Marcellinus, in his account of the Roman wars in Germany three hundred years after the time of Tacitus, makes no mention of towns. The German nation was then as now slow in improvement. At last they adopted the more commodious mode of dwelling in use among their neighbors, and with it they probably borrowed the names annexed to it, giving them as usual a rougher sound and harsher termination. Thus *Platea* barbarized became *Platz*.

* In all papal briefs or letters, written from the palace of *Monte Cavallo*, the ancient name is preserved.

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* Tacitus Germania xvi.

sake of the materials, but I allude to the alterations, additions and adaptations which under various pretexts have taken place in almost every quarter of Rome, and have always been carried on without the least regard to the nature of the monument, or the embellishment of the city. I have already pointed out some instances of this absurdity: here one more will be sufficient. The magnificent remains of the temple or portico of Antoninus Pius, now converted into the Dogana, in which the intercolumniations of one of the noblest porticos of ancient Rome have been walled up to form magazines for a custom-house.

But to pass to modern works; in a city where so many masterpieces of architecture still remain, and every day present their beautiful forms to the eye of the artist, it is natural to expect that good taste should prevail, and that every public building should exhibit some similarity in design and proportion to the ancient models. But by some strange fatality, the greater part of the Roman architects seem to have conceived an antipathy to imitation, and in order to avoid every appearance of it have studiously deviated into the new, the grotesque, and the whimsical. How far the moderns have profited by abandoning the tracks of antiquity in other arts and sciences, I will not inquire; but I may venture to affirm with regard to architecture, that every deviation from ancient forms and proportions is a step towards deformity, and that every attempt to innovate, however it may have been applauded at the time, has always terminated with disgrace to the artist. Such has been the case at Rome, where architects of great fame have succeeded each other in an uninterrupted line, and with all the models of ancient perfection before them have indulged themselves in fancied improvements, and left behind them works remarkable only for the folly, which

contrived to turn the finest materials to the most insignificant purposes, and provoke criticism where admiration might have been commanded. Unfortunately, the most fantastical fashions have generally had the greatest run, and of all the modern architects few have had more employment than the absurd Borromini*. This man seems to have laid it down as a rule, that a strait line is a mark of deformity, and of course that the grand study of an architect is to avoid it upon all occasions. Hence cornices for ever broken and interrupted, angles and curves in succession, niches, twisted pillars, inverted capitals, and all the freaks of a delirious imagination, playing with the principles and materials of architecture. It is easier to imitate extravagance than simplicity; it has followed therefore that while the plainer, nobler, and more graceful models of Bramante and Palladio have been often neglected, the absurd deformities of Borromini have been very generally copied, and after having infected the source of taste Rome itself, have spread over Italy, Spain, and indeed almost every region of the world.

From the contemplation of this evil, which has disfigured some of the noblest edifices and squandered away the richest materials for near three centuries, we will now turn to the consideration of the progress of the art at Rome, and follow it in its different stages. For this purpose we may divide the history of Roman architecture into five eras, the boundaries of which are strongly marked. The first commences with the kings, includes the infancy of the republic, and may be considered as extending to the destruction of the city by the Gauls. The ar-

* Borromini was born in the year 1597, and died 1667.

chitecture of this period was entirely Etruscan, and its characteristic qualities were solidity and grandeur, in both which features it resembled the Egyptian, with more graceful but less gigantic forms. The principal edifices of this age were constructed by the kings, and prove that the foundations of Roman taste and Roman greatness were laid at the same time. Of these early monuments that seem formed for eternal duration, the principal, the Cloaca Maxima, still remains, and some massy traces of the foundations of the Capitol laid by Tarquinius Superbus, may be seen under the palace of the Senator. It is to be observed, that these edifices were all of public utility or rather necessity, and that their magnificence was the result and not the object of their destination.

The second era commences with the restoration of the city, and extends to the fall of the commonwealth. Public utility was still the object, and grandeur still accompanied the progress of the art. The celebrated roads, and more celebrated aqueducts, were its first productions, and even now continue its noblest monuments. A few tombs simple and solid, such as that of Caius Publicius erected at the public expense, and that of the Scipios lately discovered, with a few temples now disfigured, such in particular as that of Fortuna Virilis, attest the same manly taste though on a smaller scale.

Towards the termination of this period the public temper, influenced by the luxuries and opulence of Asia then flowing in full tide into the Republic, seemed to demand more splendor and ornament, and was gradually prepared for the magnificence and glory of the imperial era, which opened with the reign of Augustus. As this prince retained himself and encouraged in

others the simplicity of republican manners, so like his father Julius Cæsar, and the other great popular leaders before him, he was content to inhabit a plain unadorned mansion, while he displayed all his riches and munificence in edifices devoted to public use*. Nero was the first who ventured to expend the public treasures in the erection of an imperial residence, and built that celebrated palace of which Pliny † relates some wonderful particulars, and which from the gold that shone in such profusion on every side was called *Domus Aurea* ‡. His example however was deemed opposite to the civic character affected by the earlier Emperors, who, as Tacitus judiciously observes, satisfied with the reality avoided the parade of power. Hence Vespasian ordered the *Domus Aurea* to be destroyed, and he and his immediate successors, Titus and Domitian, erected on its site, various edifices of less cost perhaps, but

* Suet. Oct. 72.

† Lib. xxxvi.

‡ Suet. Nero. 31.

The latter gives some curious details of this enormous edifice. In the vestibule stood a colossal statue of Nero, one hundred and twenty feet in height: there were three porticos, each a mile in length, and supported by three rows of pillars; the garden seems to have resembled a park, and contained an immense piece of water, woods, vineyards, and pasture ground, herds, and even wild beasts. On the banks of the lake rose various edifices that resembled towns. In the palace itself the rooms were lined with gold, gems, and mother of pearl. The ceilings of the dining-rooms were adorned with ivory pannels, so contrived as to scatter flowers, and shower perfumes on the guests. The principal banquetting room revolved upon itself, representing the motions of the heavens; the baths were supplied with salt water from the sea, and mineral water from the *Albula* (now *Solforata*) near *Tibur*.

equal magnificence and greater utility—such as the temple of Peace, the *Thermæ* called by the name of Titus, and the Flavian amphitheatre or *Coliseum*, &c. Forums, porticos, thermæ, triumphal arches, and mausoleums, still continued the favorite objects of imperial pride and expense, and Rome daily increased in beauty for the space of three hundred years, till the empire was divided under Diocletian, when the seat of the sovereign was translated to the East, and the capital of the world abandoned to hostile attacks and rapacity.

However, its decay was slow and gradual. The solidity of its edifices guarded it against the sudden devastations of time or weather, while the barbarian was often checked in the full career of victory, and awed into reluctant reverence by the irresistible majesty that still encompassed the Imperial City.

The most remarkable edifices erected during this long era, first of declining taste, and then of barbarism, were the churches, the principal of which were raised by Constantine, and the Christian Emperors, on the model and oftentimes with the very materials of the ancient Basilicæ. Of these some still remain, and display in their different appearances, strong features of the greatness of manner that still survived, and the bad taste that too much prevailed in their respective ages. One of the most striking peculiarities of these edifices is the construction of arches over the pillars instead of a regular entablature, a deformity introduced a little before or during the reign of Diocletian, and adopted or rather imitated in our modern arcades.

All the buildings that rose successively on the ruins of the ancient city, so long the sepulchre of Taste and Beauty, from

the fifth to the fifteenth century, were formed indeed of costly materials, but these materials were heaped together with little regard to order, proportion and symmetry. At length a happier period succeeded, the arts and sciences smiled once more upon their ancient seat, and architects of high name and reputation succeeded each other—their exertions were called forth and rewarded by the authority and munificence of Pontiffs —they had sites formed by nature before them, and every material ready prepared at hand. In such circumstances, and with such models as Rome presents on every side, who would not have expected to see architecture carried to its highest perfection, and even the ideal fair and beautiful, so long conceived in theory, at length realized in practice? But such was not the event. Architects imagined that with so many advantages it would be mean to copy, and easy to surpass antiquity. They sought in the luxuriancy of an irregular imagination forms more fair, combinations more majestic, and even proportions more beautiful than the ancient world had beheld. They all made the attempt and have all failed, and by their failure have proved that in the same proportion as we follow or abandon the ancients, we approach or deviate from perfection.

It must be acknowledged however, notwithstanding the censure which I have ventured to pass upon modern architecture, that it has produced edifices splendid, rich, and magnificent, with all their defects inferior only to the models of antiquity, and still sufficiently great and numerous to render Rome the first of cities. The grandeur that results from these modern structures, combined with the majesty of the ancient monu-

ments, induced a French writer* to observe, that Rome is a map of the world in relievo, presenting to the eye the united wonders of Asia, of Egypt, and of Greece; of the Roman, Macedonian, and Persian empires; of the world ancient and modern†. But the glory of man, although consigned to marble and bronze, is doomed to perish; even those noble features which it was believed would bloom for ever and confer immortal beauty on the city fondly entitled *Eternal*, have, each in its season, flourished and faded away.

Of the five eras of architecture, four have already departed, and left vast and often shapeless heaps of ruin to mark the spot where their lofty structures once rose: the fifth age is on the decline; some of its proudest palaces are deserted, and not a few of its noblest temples already forsaken and neglected. A century or two will probably strew the seven hills with its splendid embellishments, and the future traveller may have to admire and to deplore the ruins of the Medicean as of

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* Montaigne.

† This compliment is nearly copied from Propertius—

Omnia Romanæ cedent miracula terræ
Natura hic posuit quidquid ubique fuit.
Armis apta magis tellus, quam commoda noxæ.
Famam, Roma, tuæ non pudet historiæ.
Lib. III. *Eleg.* 22.

Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, and some other imperial monsters, nearly deprived Rome of the eulogium contained in the two last verses.

the Augustan age, the fragments of pontifical as of imperial grandeur*.

OBSERVATIONS.

The contemplation of the ancient monuments, and the study of Vitruvius, had first excited attention and then, wakened a spirit of emulation. Bramante and Sangallo began the work of reformation with spirit, and at the same time with singular modesty, and a well-founded apprehension of the danger of forsaking the traces of antiquity. Peruzzi and Raffaello pursued the work with equal intelligence but more boldness. The principles of Vitruvius were reduced into a system, and adapted to modern edifices by Palladio. So far there was

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* The *Villa Manliani*, *Villa Sacchetti*, &c. in ruins; *Villa Medici*, *Palazzo Farnese*, *Palazzo Giustiniani*, &c. &c. uninhabited, unfurnished, almost abandoned.

Vos operum stratæ moles, collesque superbi
Queis modo nunc Romæ nomen inane manet
Vosque triumphales arcus, cæloque colossi
Æquati, Pariis cæsa columna jugis:
Edita Pyramidum fastigia, templa deorum
Digna vel æthereis amphitheatra locis:
Vos ævi tandem attrivit longinqua vetustas!
Vos longa tandem fata tulere die.
At Romæ Æneadum magnam et memorabile nomen
Tempus edax rerum tollere non potuit.
Nec poterit, donec clari monumenta vigebunt
Ingenii, quæ non ulla senecta rapit.
Cætera labuntur tacito fugientia cursu
Calliope æternum vivere sola potest.

Bonamico. ap. Fab.

much to praise, and little to criticise in the new system. But the genius of Michael Angelo, sublime, daring, and impatient of control, is accused of deviating from antiquity and of introducing innovations, which, copied and exaggerated by his followers, soon degenerated into defects, and became at length the bane of the art itself in the following century, when the check of his authority was removed, and the impulse only which he had given, remained. The defects of the style to which this great man is supposed to have given rise, and which Borromini finally carried to the very height of deformity and folly, are principally the following:—1. Pillars that support nothing, that are coupled together and hid in niches and recesses.—2. The repetition of the same order on a different scale, or the introduction of another order in the same story or on the same plane.—3. The same order carried through different stories and the consequent confusion of proportions.—4. Multiplicity of pedestals and pilasters.—5. Prodigality of ornaments.—6. Breaks, interruption, or waving of the cornice.—7. Profusion of pediments, and pediments of various forms, such as curves, semicircles, arcs of circles, advancing, receding, &c.—8. Abuse of the rustic.—9. The introduction of low stories, called Mezzanini, and little windows between the principal stories.—10. The protuberance of columns in the shaft.—11. Multiplication of slips of columns and pilasters, with portions of capitals crowded together in the angles of edifices. Though many more might be mentioned, these are sufficient to give the reader an idea of the censure passed by the rigid admirers of antiquity on the modern style; and certain it is, that if greatness of manner consist in presenting few, and those essential parts to the eye, the more breaks, interruptions, and divisions there are,

the more the appearance of the whole must tend to littleness and deformity *.

THE ROMAN GOVERNMENT.

Of the Roman government the reader may expect some account, although ere these pages become public, that government may cease to exist; all that can be said of it at present is, that though despotic and above all control, it is exercised by the Pontiff with mildness and submitted to by the people with respect. The sacred character of the bishop influences both the sovereign and the subject. The love and reverence with which it inspires the latter may be useful; but its effects on the former are perhaps less beneficial, as the justice of the prince is often suspended, and sometimes defeated by the indulgence of the pastor. But of this inconvenience we ought not to complain; it is not now, nor ever was it, a common or characteristic defect of any government, and few sovereigns recorded in history are reproached with want of severity. The worst consequences of pure unmixed monarchy, the general indolence which it inspires, and the lethargy in which it involves all the powers of the mind, by excluding the nation from all share in the management of its own interests, are felt without doubt in the Roman terri-

* To enlarge upon this subject is the business of a professed architect, whose observation might easily enable him to fill an useful and entertaining volume on the subject. It is a pity that some gentleman of the profession, whose mind has been enlarged, and taste matured by travelling, does not undertake the work.

tory, but perhaps in a less degree than in other countries under the influence of the same perverted system. The government is elective; promotion depends in a great degree upon talents and virtues, and consequently there is a stimulus to exertion, and a scope for honorable ambition; moreover many salutary regulations have been made by the present Pontiff, and some vague reports have been circulated, and have excited an hope that he intends to establish a senate, and govern his states by their advice and with their concurrence. Such a step, the result of an enlightened policy, would contribute more to the prosperity of Rome and the independence and union of Italy, than all the edifices he can erect at home, and all the alliances he can contract abroad. But this report is probably the effusion of patriotism, or perhaps the modest expression of the public wish and opinion. But be it as it may, Rome is now under the iron sceptre of the French ruler: no change can take place without his approbation, and the amelioration of its government, most undoubtedly, forms no part of his system.

As for the origin of the temporal sovereignty of the Popes it may, without any reference to imperial donations real or imaginary, be most honorably and firmly established on the free consent of a grateful and admiring people *. After the expulsion of the Goths, when the arms of the Eastern Emperors had reconquered but were incapable of protecting Italy, when the incursions and menaces of the Lombards kept the city in constant alarm, and pestilence and famine preyed upon it, the

* Gibbon.

Romans naturally turned their eyes to their bishops, and found in them the support which they had vainly solicited from their sovereigns. The Pontiffs had till that period been as eminent for their virtues as for their station, and when forced by public distress to take a considerable share in the administration of the state, they displayed a prudence equal to their sanctity, and a benevolence as extensive as the possessions of the Roman church, even when augmented by their own private fortunes*. We see them in the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries protecting Rome on one side against the attacks of the Lombards, and securing it on the other from the rapacity and treachery of the Exarchs, repairing its walls, feeding its inhabitants, engaging distant princes in its interests, and finally restoring the majesty of its name in the new empire. In fact, Rome seems to owe her existence to her Pontiffs, and had not the chair of St. Peter replaced the throne of the Cæsars, and the seat of empire become the sanctuary of religion, Rome would probably have sunk into a heap of uninhabited ruins, and left to posterity nothing more than the *whistling of a mighty name.*

From the re-establishment of the Western Empire to the tenth century the Popes employed their influence in opposing the growing power of the Saracens, and protecting the coasts of Italy and the Capital itself against the predatory incursions of those barbarians. Shortly after commenced their contests with the German Cæsars, contests which arose more perhaps from Roman pride and a rooted hatred to Transalpine, that is, in their

* If the reader wishes to know how great were the exertions, how extensive the charities, how active the patriotism of the Popes in the sixth and seventh centuries, he need only peruse the epistles of Gregory the Great.

eyes, barbarian domination, than from prelatical arrogance; the cause to which however they are very generally and very confidently attributed. That such arrogance existed is indeed sufficiently evident, and that it operated as a very active principle is equally clear; but it may be questioned whether the singular claims of universal dominion, advanced by Gregory VII. did not originate as much from the lofty spirit of the Roman as from the ambition of the Pontiff. Certain it is, that this extraordinary personage seemed better formed to fill the imperial throne than the pontifical chair, and that if he had been a prince only and not a bishop, he might, with such a daring and intrepid spirit, have restored the grandeur of the empire, and fixed its seat once more on the seven hills. But however we may censure the Popes as ecclesiastics in these bloody and destructive quarrels, as princes and as Romans they may perhaps challenge our indulgence if not approbation, as they struggled against foreign influence, and finally succeeded in freeing Italy from the yoke of a German, that is, a barbarian and absentee ruler. The disputes of the Popes with the barons and the Roman people were founded on the just opposition of a firm government, to the arrogance and tyranny of an aristocratic body on the one side, and to the licentiousness of a turbulent populace on the other; but Rome has just cause to deplore and condemn the folly and perversity of her pastors when they forsook her venerable walls, and instead of discharging in the Vatican the sublime duties of prince and pastor, submitted to while away their unprofitable days in voluntary exile, alternately the instruments and the victims of French intrigue and ambition.

Of all the disasters that befel Rome in the long series of

her eventful history, this, perhaps, was the most pernicious both in its immediate effects and distant consequences, and to it may be ascribed the degradation of some of the noblest monuments, the depopulation of the capital and its neighborhood, and the multiplicity of evils that anarchy and tyranny never fail to bring in their train. These evils continued to operate, as is natural in political as well as physical distempers, long after their efficient causes had ceased to exist; and the Popes, during many ages after their re-establishment in Rome, had to struggle with the restless and unbridled passions excited by the guilt or the folly of their absentee predecessors. Sixtus Quintus at length succeeded in the arduous undertaking, and after having broken the stubborn spirit of the barons, and tamed the people to submission, restored order, peace, and industry in the Roman states.

From this period Rome rapidly increased in prosperity, riches, and population, and became the seat of the arts and sciences, the centre of political negotiation, and not unfrequently, of courtly intrigue. Most of the succeeding Popes did not fail to take an active part in the public transaction of the times, sometimes indeed as mediators, a character well becoming the common Father of Christians, but too frequently as parties concerned, with a view to national interests or family aggrandizement. Their conduct in this respect, though little conformable to the principles of their profession, was however very advantageous to their territories, as it brought wealth to the inhabitants, and reflected lustre on a city, at the same time the metropolis of the christian world and the capital of an extensive and flourishing country.

The reformation produced at the time little or no diminution of the temporal greatness and consideration of the Popes; so little indeed that,in the century following that event, Rome seems to have enjoyed a splendor and prosperity not witnessed within her walls since the fall of the empire. In fact, a judicious historian has observed, that if Pyrrhus' ambassador could with propriety call the Roman senate in his time a congress of kings*, a similar appellation might with equal veracity be applied to the modern senate of Rome the college of cardinals, during the seventeenth century. That assembly was, strictly speaking, then composed of princes, the sons, nephews, brothers, or uncles of the first sovereigns in Europe; men who not unfrequently, as statesmen and ministers, had held the reins of empire at home, or as ambassadors, represented their royal relatives abroad. They either generally resided or frequently assembled at Rome, not only to discharge their duties about the person of the Pontiff, but to support the interests of their respective courts; and in order to attain this object the more effectually, they displayed a splendor and magnificence nearly royal. The officers of their household were often nobles of high rank; their secretaries and chaplains were men of talents, and business; a long train of guards, servants, and retainers attended their persons when they appeared in public, and the blaze of the purple in itself so dazzling, was heightened by all the adventitious circumstances of birth, power, and opulence. The union of so many illustrious personages, vying with each other in talents and magnificence, gave Rome the appearance of an universal court,

* Denina Rev. d'Ita. l. xxiii. 12. or 4 vol. 317.

where all the sovereigns of Europe were assembled to discuss the general interests of Christendom, and display their rival glories in peace and security. Such indeed was its state under the Pontiffs of the Borghese, Barberini, and Panfili families, as it had been before under those of the Medicean and Farnesian houses; nor is it wonderful if at such periods of glory it should have recalled to the memory of the classic spectators the republican era, when Pompey and Cæsar, Crassus and Lucullus were seen to parade the streets and forum, surrounded by their friends and clients.

From this epoch the character of the Pontiffs became more episcopal and pacific; occupied with the government of the Catholic church over which they preside, and with the civil administration of their own territories sufficiently extensive to engross their utmost attention, they seem to have lost sight of foreign or at least, of *ultramontane* politics, and only interfered, as far as decency permitted or necessity required, their interposition. Their fondness for their families, a defect pardonable in an old man, has, where it may have existed, betrayed them perhaps into hasty promotions, but seldom engaged them as formerly, in ambitious and mischievous projects of aggrandizement. The arts and sciences have at all times, but particularly during the latter centuries, met with their special encouragement; and Rome, enlivened by their constant presence, embellished by their munificence, and fed by the produce of several extensive, populous, and well cultivated provinces, had gradually resumed her robes of glory, and began to promise herself once more the return of ease, dignity, and permanent prosperity. She had been great even in her fall, and venerable in her disasters. She had ceased to be the mistress of the world in arms,

but she still remained the mistress of the world in arts; she was no longer the capital but she was the metropolis of Europe, not the residence of the first sovereign but the see of the first pastor. She had not been subjected to slavery as Athens; she had not been reduced to a heap of shapeless ruins as Babylon. She still reigned, widowed, but independent; and still claimed and enjoyed the veneration of kings and nations. Without fleets or armies she reposed in fearless tranquillity: public reverence, more mighty than military power, covered her head with an invisible Ægis, guarded her frontiers, and secured her repose *. Even the nations which had forsaken her communion, and in days of irritation had defied the thunders of her fulminating Pontiffs, now looked towards her with respect, and beheld with affection and reverence the benevolence, the sanctity, and the humility of her pastors †. Such was the state of Rome during the eighteenth century; a state happy in the present enjoyment of peace, plenty, and increasing improvement, and big with the hopes of future and accumulating prosperity. The French invasion closed the scene.

The reader may expect some account of the conduct of the republican army while in possession of Rome, and of the consequences of their invasion. On the first of these topics little need

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* Forti eserciti allor ti armaro; ed ora . . . .
T'arma il rispetto. *Felicaia. Conz.* xx.

† A passage from a speech of Mr. Pitt may explain this observation. Alluding to the suppression of the papal government by the agents of Bonaparte, he says, *a transaction accompanied by outrages and insults towards the pious and venerable Pontiff, in spite of the sanctity of his age, and the unsullied purity of his character, which, even to a protestant, seem hardly short of the guilt of sacrilege.*—Speech of Mr. Pitt, *Feb.* 3, 1800.

be said; the public papers have given various details, and where they are silent, there are accounts in every body's hands that make up the deficiency. From these we learn that the behaviour of the soldiery and subalterns was in general civil and orderly, but that of the generals and their immediate dependents in the highest degree insolent and rapacious. For this assertion we have the best authority, that of the army itself, expressed, first, in a representation to *Massena*, then commander, and next in an address to the citizens of Rome, published the 23d and 24th Feb. 1798.

With regard to the public plunder of the churches and pontifical palaces, as also of some private houses, many of the masterpieces in statuary and painting were sent to Paris, a valuable collection of gold medals dispersed, several inestimable manuscripts purloined, and without doubt much mischief done in every respect. But when the reader recollects that there are sixty thousand ancient statues in Rome, that of most of the masterpieces in painting that have been carried away, there are mosaic copies, superior in coloring and duration to the originals; nay, that the first of paintings, those which form the very school of the art itself, are imprest on the walls of the Vatican, and may indeed be disfigured but cannot be removed; and, in short, that the models of modern skill and the monuments of antiquity stand yet untouched, he will agree with me that so far the evil is neither very great nor irreparable. Rome is still the seat of the arts; and the painter, the sculptor, the architect, must frequent its schools, if they wish to attain perfection and aim at any reputation. I mean not to excuse, much less defend, the atrocious deed of the French government or the conduct of its generals. How

far such acts of plunder are justifiable even in a legitimate war, carried on according to the lenient maxims of modern times, I know not; but neither Louis XIV. nor Louis XV. thus pillaged the libraries, galleries, or churches of the Netherlands, notwithstanding the allurement which the works of Vandyke and Reubens held out to them, particularly at Brussels and Antwerp. Nor did Frederic of Prussia, though passionately fond of pictures, and not easily controlled by considerations of justice and humanity, take from the gallery of Dresden one painting, not even the *Notte* of *Correggio*, notwithstanding his enthusiastic admiration of that masterpiece. But the war which the French waged on Rome (I may add, on Venice, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, &c. &c.) was an unprovoked attack, a speculation of rapacity, an act of wanton violence, an abuse of confidence, and a cowardly stratagem, where every means had been employed first to deceive, and then overturn an unsuspecting and, as they themselves at their first entrance into Rome called it, a friendly government. In such a ruffian aggression, for it merits not the appellation of war, every subsequent deed of rapacity is a violation of the law of nations, and every life sacrificed to usurpation is a murder.

The example of the Romans has, I know, been adduced in justification or at least extenuation of this national felony. But, in the first place, the Romans did not take one statue from the Greeks during the first war, nor even the second, till the Etolians and their allies brought down upon themselves a reluctant and long-suspended chastisement. In the next place, this high-minded and generous people never by public authority compelled the Greeks to surrender the masterpieces that adorned their cities; they never entered as friends

and acted as enemies; they never employed cunning and intrigue, to deceive their enemies, but open declaration to caution them, and power and wisdom to subdue them. The destruction of *Corinth** was a signal act of vengeance justifiable by the laws of war as then admitted, but yet it was more the act of the General than of the Roman people, and not altogether sanctioned by the senate†. When the Romans became corrupt, their prætors and proconsuls were often personally unjust, but never was such pillage publicly authorized till the maxims of Roman justice were neglected, and the majesty of public rule was abused and turned into an instrument of tyranny by the Emperors. The French since the revolution have indeed

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* That very Mummius, who destroyed *Corinth*, rebuilt the temple of Jupiter on or near the site of that city, erected a brass statue to Jupiter at *Olympia*, and contributed very largely to the embellishment of the temple of Delphi. In fact, the Romans were so far from depriving the cities which fell under their power of their statues and public ornaments, that they even restored to the owners those which had been carried away. Thus when Scipio took and destroyed Carthage, he restored to the Sicilian cities the various articles, and particularly the statues and paintings, which the Carthaginians, a cruel pilfering people, had deprived them of. He extended this benefit not to Italy only, as that was just and natural, but even to Africa, and directed that every community should be allowed to resume all the articles of public property which it could identify.—*Liv. Supp.* LI. 50.

We find moreover, that so late as the era of Pliny, when Greece had felt not the resentment of Sylla only, but the madness of Caligula, Nero, and Domitian, the different cities were in possession of several of the masterpieces which had distinguished them at an earlier period.—*Lib.* XXXIV. & XXXV.

† Cicero hints censure of this act of severity.—*De Off.* I. 11.

often compared themselves to the Romans, but the resemblance is only in vice; here they equal the original*.

But to come to the consequences of the French invasion; the evil here is of very different, and indeed of very alarming magnitude. In the first place, they have separated the opulent city and territory of *Bologna*, and almost all the Adriatic coast from the Roman state, thus retrenching near one-half of its income and one-third of its population; a defalcation which must considerably affect the dignity and resources of the Capital, and consequently reduce the number of its inhabitants. In the next place, by the enormous contributions which they raised, they annihilated the credit, and swallowed up the income of the state, burthened the rich with debt, and deprived the poor of employment. The fall of public credit occasioned the ruin of the greater part of the hospitals, schools, and charitable establishments, which, generally speaking, derived their income from the apostolical exchequer. However the fertility of the soil, and the industry of the inhabitants, aided by the exertions of government, might perhaps repair even this evil; and it is said that Cardinal *Ruffo*, by an improved system of finance, the suppression of exemptions, and a more equal distribution of burthens, has already made a very considerable progress towards that desirable object.

But another and greater evil still remains. A secret and, it is much to be feared, a well-founded suspicion exists that the

* Nero, it is true, took *five hundred* statues from Greece in the course of his reign (fourteen years). The French took twice as many from Italy in one year.

French have other and, if possible, far more mischievous designs in contemplation than any they have hitherto attempted to execute; and so deep is the policy and so great the influence of the First Consul, that the success of his projects, whatever they may be, is scarcely problematical. In such circumstances, when the last years have been all calamity, and the future are all uncertainty, there can be no energy, no decision, and little dignity in public administration. To what purpose, it will be said, are ameliorations in a system not destined to last? or regulations shortly to be abrogated? why ornament a city which may be plundered again next year? why repair ancient monuments to be disfigured by a barbarian soldiery? or why discover and restore statues to see them borne away by our enemies? While such are the fears of government, individuals cannot indulge themselves in much security. Why embrace a profession, one may say, from which I may perhaps derive no adequate provision? why, says another, build a house in a city open to a second attack? The nobles partake, as may well be supposed, the general apprehension, and while on the one side they are obliged to sell the valuable furniture of their cabinets and galleries to meet the exigencies of the moment; on the other hand they have no means to replace them, nor indeed can they have any inclination to amass with great difficulty and expense objects to allure and gratify foreign rapacity. The French therefore have deprived Rome of its credit, its resources, its dignity, and its independence; they have robbed it of all that constitutes the prosperity and security of a state, and have thus caused it more real and permanent injury than the predatory attacks of Genseric and Bourbon, or the transient fury of Odoacer and Totila.

The Gauls have, indeed, at all times been the bane of public felicity, and the torment of the human species; in ancient times, restless, bold, and ferocious, they invaded and ravaged Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor. Tamed by the power and civilized by the arts of Rome they slumbered for a few centuries, till they were conquered and barbarized again, first by the Franks and then by the Normans, when they arose with redoubled impetuosity to disturb the neighbouring states, and convulse all Europe with an uninterrupted succession of ambitious projects, plundering excursions, and unprovoked attacks. One consolatory reflection is suggested by the history of this turbulent race, and upon its solidity we must for the present rest all hopes of liberty and independence in Europe. It is this, that while the ardor, impetuosity, and numbers of the French have almost constantly given them the advantage in the beginning, the insolence and frivolity, apparently inseparable from the national character, have as invariably foiled them in the end, and involved them in shame and disaster. Their present leader, it is true, is an Italian: his depth, perseverance, and solidity may perhaps fix for a time the volatility, and with it, the fate of the nation over which he presides; but durability, so seldom granted to the wisest of human institutions, can never be annexed to French domination.

It may perhaps be asked, what will be the probable fate of Rome? Is it destined to be a dependence, or the capital of the Italian republic? or rather may it not be left in its present state as the destined seat of the Consul's uncle, when placed by his influence in the papal chair? Rome, if united to the Italian republic, would probably in a short time become

the capital of all Italy, and form as anciently a state of such power and magnitude as might rival and perhaps humble France herself*. To raise such a rival cannot be the object of the First Consul. To keep Rome in a state of dependence is certainly his intention, but whether as a republic under the government of one of his brothers, or as the pontifical residence of his uncle, is still a matter of mere conjecture. The latter may be the most probable destination of Rome.

As the catholic religion is the most extensive christian communion, and has numerous votaries, not only in the countries where it is exclusively established, but even in those where the reformation prevails, it is without doubt the interest, of every government, that the head of such a body should be independent, and that his residence, for different motives, should be regarded as sacred. Here the piety of the catholic and the prudence of the politician must agree. To this consideration another may be added. The residence of the common Father of Christians ought to be the seat of universal charity and untroubled peace; its gates ought to be open to all nations; and all tribes of the human species, whatever their variances and wars may be elsewhere, ought there at least to meet as brethren, and find the comforts of a common home. It would indeed be an inestimable advantage to have one city thus exempt from the destructive influence of human passions, impervious to the horrors and alarms of war, and wholly consecrated to peace, benevolence, and humanity, to the study

* To realize this event is the interest and ought to be the grand political object of England, of Austria, and of Russia.

of religion, the improvement of science, and the perfection of art.

CAMPAGNA DI ROMA.

One of the most striking objects in the approach to Rome is, as I have elsewhere observed, that vast uninhabited, and in many places uncultivated extent of country that surrounds it on all sides, and is called the *Campagna*. Its present state of desolation is certainly singular, and naturally calls for enquiry. Some travellers attribute it to the destructive influence of papal government and catholic superstition working here as in their very focus, and with all their pernicious activity. It must appear fortunate in the eyes of such *observers*, that causes which strike the earth with barrenness and taint the air with pestilence, have not also darkened the face of heaven and involved Rome in clouds and tempests. And singularly lucky it must be considered that their malignity is restricted to the plains, and that while it extends on one side to thirty it is on the other confined to twelve or sixteen miles; that they sometimes spare certain favored regions, and now and then fix on others apparently more distant from their sphere of action; and in short, that they are not very regular and systematical in their progress, as otherwise they must have reached the mountains of *Albano*, *Tibur*, and *Sabina* extended over *Umbria*, and spreading from the Tuscan to the Adriatic Sea, from *Bologna* to *Terracina*, they must have long since turned one of the most fertile countries in the world into a dreary desert. But as these causes, so active in the *Campagna*, are perfectly inefficient in every other part of the Roman territory, and particularly at *Loretto*, *Ancona*, *Fano*, and in all

the delicious environs of *Bologna*, though as much under their deadly influence as Rome and its immediate neighborhood, the reader may be disposed to seek for some more satisfactory solution of the difficulty. To obtain it we must go back to antiquity.

Strabo observes, that the coasts of *Latium* were in some places unhealthy, and ascribes that quality to the marshes that border them*. It naturally follows that in ancient as well as in modern times the air of the coast must not unfrequently be carried by sea breezes into the interior, and as the *Campagna* is surrounded by mountains on every other side, these vapors may, particularly in the calm and sultry months of summer, remain suspended in the air, and considerably affect its salubrity. The same effect is produced in the gulph of *Corinth* by a similar cause, every autumn, when the exhalations from the swamps and marshes at the mouth of the *Achelous*, are carried up the gulph, and being confined by the high hills and mountains that border it, hang brooding over the sea and neighbouring shore, and oftentimes rise so high as to render *Corinth* itself, though seated on an eminence, for some months almost uninhabitable. To confirm this conjecture, I need only observe, that several ancient writers, and among others Horace, Martial, and Frontinus represent the air of Rome itself as unwholesome during the great heats, and at present, the wind which blows from the coasts in summer, particularly since the forests that formerly covered them have

* Lib. v.—Columella indeed seems to consider the vicinity of the sea as generally insalubrious. "Præstat," says he, "a mari longo potius intervallo quam brevi refugisse, quia media sunt spatia gravioris halitus.

been thinned by the late Pope, is considered as peculiarly noxious*. In fact, a marshy soil, under the influence of a warm sun, must naturally emit gross exhalations, and the more serene the sky, the more permanent and destructive must be their influence.

We must recollect at the same time, that the *Campagna* is not the only unhealthy tract in Italy; that *Etruria* has its *maremnæ*, and that its coasts were never remarkable for salubrity. "Est sane," says the younger Pliny, "gravis et pestilens ora Tuscorum, quæ per littus extenditur†. Rutilius confirms this observation when he describes *Graviscæ* and *Cosa*.

Inde Graviscarum fastigia rara videmus
Quas premit æstivæ sæpe paludis odor . . .
Cernimus antiquas, nullo custode ruinas,
Et desolatæ mœnia fœda Cosæ . . . .

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* Agues, intermitting fevers, and pthisical symptoms were common in Rome anciently as well as now, according to Asclepiades, who flourished in the time of Pompey, and is quoted by Galen, who confirms his report.

Of the insalubrity of the immediate neighbourhood of Rome we have a striking instance in Columella, who, speaking of Regulus, says—Nam Pupiniæ pestilentis simul et exilis agricultorem fuisse eum loquuntur historiæ. Now this tract gave its name to the *Tribus Pupinia*, and was only seven or eight miles distant from Rome towards *Tusculum*.

The Vatican valley, now called *Val d'Inferno*, and anciently *Vallis Infera*, was formerly, as it is at present, though close to the city, deserted because unhealthy.—*See Tac. Hist.* II. 93.

† L. v. Ep. 6.

Silius, speaking of another town on the same coast, alludes to the same insalubrity produced by the same cause.

. . . . obsessæ campo squalente Fregenæ. *Lib.* VIII.

Even in England, where the summer heat is so moderate, and of such short duration, and where the wind blows strong from one point or other ten months out of the twelve, the fens, marshes, and low lands in Essex, Cambridgeshire, and Lincolnshire, diffuse their influence wide enough to enable us to calculate its effects in a hotter climate. Freedom and industry united have not yet been able to purify the air of the fenny islands of Zealand.

From these observations I am inclined to infer, that the air of the *Campagna* could never have been much more healthy than it is at present. I admit however, that cultivation and population might then have counteracted the causes above mentioned; and I must observe also, that at a very remote period those causes did not perhaps exist, and that many portions of land, now marshes, might then have been covered with the sea, as the flatness of the coast and the consequent shallowness of the water must have been considerably increased in the course of time by the perpetual depositions of the *Tiber*. The population of this territory seems to have been greatest during the infancy of the Roman republic, whose energies were first displayed in contests within her immediate vicinity, and almost in sight of the Capitol.

Not to mention *Gabii*, *Fidenæ*, *Collatium*, &c., Pliny enu-

merates more than fifty nations inhabiting *Latium* at the same time; and what must appear more extraordinary, places thirty-three towns within the narrow compass of the *Pomptine* marshes. These towns, like the cities mentioned in the Scripture during the time of Abraham, were probably little more than our ordinary villages. But whatever they were, the fifty nations and the thirty-three cities had disappeared, and scarcely left any trace behind.—Ita, ex antiquo Latio * populi interiere sine *vestigiis*†.

Among these tribes Pliny enumerates the *Albans*, the *Fidenates*, the *Coriolani;* and indeed of the depopulation of the *Campagna* during the most flourishing period of Roman prosperity, we have sufficient and unquestionable evidence. Horace, to give a full idea of a lonely deserted spot, says,

Gabiis desertior atque,
Fidenis vicus——

It is to be observed that *Fidenæ* was five, *Gabii* ten miles from Rome‡. Propertius expresses the solitude of *Gabii* in a very concise but emphatical manner.

Et qui nunc nulli, maxima turba *Gabi*. *Lib.* 4to.

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* LIII.

† Lib. III.

‡ It is probable, that most of the persons killed by the fall of an amphi-

Strabo, who lived in the time of Tiberius, represents the cities of *Ardea* and *Laurentum* as having been destroyed by the *Samnites*, and still in ruins in his time. To these he adds many others, such as *Lavinium*, *Collatia*, *Antemnæ*, *Fregellæ* *, &c. which he says had dwindled into villages; so that the central regions of Italy, and *Latium* itself, do not appear to have abounded with population, even during that prosperous period. That *Ostia*, though the sea-port of Rome, should lose almost all its inhabitants, when the capital was on the decline, must appear very natural, when we consider that the air was infected by the neighbouring marshes and the harbor nearly choaked up with sand. Every reader is acquainted with the beautiful description of Lucan, who, as a poet, affects to foretel at the battle of *Pharsalia*, the desolation which he himself witnessed †. Juvenal represents the *Pomptine* marshes as a receptacle of

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theatre at *Fidenæ* in the reign of Tiberius, were Romans, who flocked from the capital to the amusements of a neighbouring village or rather suburb.—*Tac. Ann.* III.

* Strabo, Lib. v.

† Gentes Mars iste futuras
Obruet, et populos ævi venientis in orbem
Erepto natale feret. Tunc omne Latinum
Fabula nomen erit: Gabios, Veiosque, Coramque
Pulvere vix tectæ poterunt monstrare ruinæ;
Albanosque Lares, Laurentinosque penates
Rus vacuum, quod non habitet, nisi nocte coacta
Invitus.

Lucan, Lib. VII.

robbers, and speaks of guards employed for the protection of travellers*. I need not repeat what I have related elsewhere, that Cicero mentions an attack made upon a friend of his at the foot of *Mount Albanus;* that the *Via Appia* was lined with tombs and mausoleums from the very walls of the city to the neighbourhood of *Alba*, that the other roads were by no means void of such gloomy decorations, and that amidst this crowd of monuments little room was left for habitable mansions.

From all these circumstances I should be led to suspect that the population of the *Campagna* was not very great even in the time of Augustus and Trajan; and if this should really have been the case, I know of no satisfactory method of accounting for a deficiency so extraordinary in the neighbourhood of such an immense capital other than the unwholesomeness of the air. That there were anciently a very great number of villas rising in every part of this region I admit, but this multiplicity of country houses cannot be adduced as a proof of its general salubrity because many of them were erected in places acknowledged even then to be unwholesome, and were moreover designed for temporary accommodation, and as occasional retreats in winter, spring, and the beginning of summer, seasons when the whole *Campagna* is perfectly salubrious. The *Laurens* or *Laurentine* villa of Pliny seems to have been of this description, as we may very fairly infer from the many precautions taken to catch every gleam of

* Sat. III.

sunshine, and exclude all the cooler winds. He speaks also of the convenience of one particular apartment, especially during the *Saturnalia*, that is, in December.

As for the cultivation of this territory, a very considerable part was anciently, as it is now, entirely given up to pasturage. Such in particular was the territory of *Laurentum*, *multi greges ovium*, *multa ibi equorum*, *boumque armenta**, says Pliny the younger, when describing his villa near *Laurentum*; he also in the same epistle alludes to the woods which covered the coasts, and extended in various directions around his house. *Modo occurrentibus silvis via coarctatur*, *modo latissimis pratis diffunditur et patescit*, are his expressions when describing the way to it. *Suggerunt*, adds he, *affatim ligna proximæ silvæ.* Such is precisely the present appearance of the coast from *Ostia* to the promontory of *Circe*, a vast extent of plain covered in many places with forests, and in others expanding into wide meadows and pastures. Much does not seem to have been anciently under corn, as immense supplies were regularly conveyed to Rome from Sicily, Egypt, and Africa, supplies which the fertility of the plains of *Latium* and *Etruria*, if called forth by the arts of cultivation, would have rendered unnecessary †.

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* Plin. II. Epist. 17.

† We find in ancient historians frequent mention made of years of scarcity at Rome, an evil which could not have occurred so frequently, if Italy had been as well cultivated anciently as it is at present. Thus in the earliest ages of the republic we find Rome reduced to the greatest distress for want of corn, as in the

At present several extensive tracts are cultivated, particularly on the left of the *Via Tiburtina*, and of the *Via Appia*, in the *Pomptine* marshes. The fields in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome, and on the banks of the *Tiber*, excepting however the gardens that lie between that river and the *Monte Mario*, are used as meadows, and produce vast quantities of the finest hay. It is in fact a grievous mistake arising partly from inattention and partly from prejudice, to imagine that the *Campagna*, because uninhabited, is therefore totally neglected and unproductive. At stated periods the population of the neighbouring towns is employed in its cultivation, and the yearly produce, if I may believe the assurance of a very intelligent Scotch gentleman, who had passed twenty years at Rome, and was thoroughly acquainted with the state of the capital and the country around, was upon an average valued at two pounds per acre. Such a produce seems to imply no small attention to cultivation, especially when it is considered that in some parts, the soil neither is nor probably ever was very fit for

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year U. C. 301, again in the year 314 and 343. I am aware that the scarcity on both these occasions is ascribed by Livius to other causes than the sterility of the soil, such as the dissensions that occupied the minds and time of the people, and the harangues of tribunes that captivated and rivetted them to the forum. But this cause of neglect must be confined to citizens, or at least to freemen, and they were only a part, or rather the masters of the cultivators, who were in general slaves or bonds-men. But the same scarcity returned more frequently, without the same or any similar cause, under the Emperors, twice during the reign of Tiberius, as often under Claudius, &c. &c. A similar evil is seldom heard of in Rome in modern times, though its population exceeds one hundred and eighty thousand souls.

agricultural purposes. Such at least is the opinion of a very candid, learned, and most worthy author, who viewed it without prejudice, and examined it with scientific minuteness. His words are—"I will boldly affirm, that the most striking parts, the whole plain between Rome and Tivoli, and the Pomptine marshes, never were or could be in a much better state than at present. I have walked over in shooting great part of the plain between Rome and Tivoli, and the soil, which consists of a deep white crystallized sand, generally covered with a coat of black sand not half an inch, and oftener not a quarter of an inch deep, evidently proves that it never could be in a state of ordinary cultivation. Immense expense may have carried soil to some spots to make gardens; but even that adventitious fertility could not be of long duration, it would soon disappear through the hungry unconnected sand beneath*.

Whether any, or if any, what degree of blame may attach to the papal government, it is difficult to determine, because it is not very easy to discover what right the sovereign has to interfere in the management of individual property, and the cultivation of private estates. That the Roman government and nobility have hitherto, like all continental governments and nobles, paid little attention to agriculture is I believe generally admitted, and that the system of corn laws established in the papal territory was impolitic and pernicious, is equally acknowledged on all sides; but the last of these defects has been removed by the recent suppression of all the ancient

* Theory of the Earth, by Philip Howard, Esq.

regulations on this head, and the introduction of a new code, founded upon more enlightened principles; while the former can only be remedied by time, and a very general revolution in continental manners and feelings. The papal government is not indeed in its very nature active, and that agriculture is not, or rather has not hitherto been one of its principal objects is undeniable; a defect which is the more to be lamented, as few territories are better calculated for all the purposes of cultivation, in consequence of the fertility and variety of the soil, the profound peace which the character of the Pontiff generally insures to his subjects, and the site of the country itself, in the very centre of Italy, commanding two seas, and affording all the means of easy exportation *.

A spirit of improvement is at present gone abroad in the various states of Italy, and as it has reached Rome in its progress, it is to be hoped that its influence will be active and efficient. One means of amelioration the authority of government might without any difficulty introduce into the *Campagna*, by planting the road sides, and increasing the growth of the forests, which belong to it, along the shore, and giving by premiums and every other incentive, all possible encouragement to that

* Non sine causâ dii hominesque hunc urbi condendæ locum elegerunt, saluberrimos colles, flumen opportunum, quo ex Mediterraneis locis fruges devehantur, quo maritimi commeatus accipiantur; mare vicinum ad commoditates . . . . . regionum Italiæ medium, ad incrementum urbis natum unice locum.—*Tit. Liv.* lib. v. 54.

particular branch of agriculture. The multiplication of trees ornamental and useful in most countries, would be particularly so in the *Campagna*, where wood only is wanting to complete the picture, and shelter at the same time the capital and inland tracts from the exhalations of the marshes along the coast*.

The *malaria* or unwholesomeness of the *Campagna* is supposed to commence with the great heats or dog-days, and lasts till the autumnal rains precipitate the noxious vapors, refresh the earth, and purify the atmosphere. During this period of time, that is during the space of two months, the country is deserted, and except the delightful retreats of *Tivoli* and the *Alban Mount* placed by their elevation above the reach of infection, every villa, casino, and even abbey and convent is deserted. So strong is the prejudice of the Romans in this respect, that it is considered as dangerous and almost mortal to sleep out of the walls, though perhaps not twenty yards from the very gates of the city †. It is certainly reasonable to allow that the natives of a country are the best judges of its climate, and it is prudent and right that strangers should follow their advice and example in guarding against its inconveniencies; yet it is impossible not to suspect that there is on this occasion a considerable degree of groundless apprehension. In fact, if a cold is taken in a rural excursion during the hot months, it is attributed to the *malaria*. Every

* See Venuti on the Cultivation of the *Campagna*.

† As in the Villa Borghese for instance.

fever, and indeed every indisposition caught by travellers who pass the *Pomptine* marshes, or the *Campagna* during the summer months, is ascribed to the influence of the air; while such disorders might very naturally be supposed to arise from heat and fatigue, causes sufficiently active to produce fatal distempers in any climate.

The conclusion which I am inclined to draw from these observations is, that the *Campagna di Roma* may, from very obvious causes, be in some places and at certain seasons unhealthy; that active cultivation, draining, extensive plantations, and, above all, an increase of population, might in a great degree remedy this insalubrity; but, that it is unjust and uncandid to attribute to the Popes an evil which the ancient Romans either did not or could not remove, though they might command and combine for that purpose all the skill, and all the riches of the universe*. In fine, if there be any difference between ancient and modern Rome in point of healthiness, I am inclined to think that the latter must have the advantage, as the site of the modern city is considerably raised by the ruins,

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* The appearance of the few peasants that inhabited the *Campagna* is frightful and disgusting; bloated bellies, distorted features, dark yellow complexion, livid eyes and lips, in short, all the symptoms of dropsy, jaundice, and ague, seem united in their persons. But though I am far from maintaining that the qualities of the air have no share in the production of these deformities, yet I am inclined to attribute them in some degree also to bad water and bad diet. The first of these causes produces similar appearances in several mountainous countries, particularly in Switzerland, and the latter disposes the constitution to receive with tenfold effect the action of the air, and the impression of noxious exhalations.

and consequently the inundations of the *Tiber* are less frequent and less mischievous, and the quantity of stagnant water much diminished. In fact, whatever the air of Rome may be for infants and youth, it is now considered as peculiarly favorable to riper age, and said to be as anciently highly conducive to longevity.

CHAP. V.

DEPARTURE FROM ROME—CHARACTER OF THE ROMANS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

AT length the day fixed for our departure approached, and on the second of August we made a last visit to the Forum, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, and the Capitol. We once more hailed the genius of Rome in the colonnade of St. Peter, and retired after sunset to the gardens of the *Villa Medici* on the *Pincian Mount (Collis Hortulorum.)* There we seated ourselves under a cluster of pines and poplars that hung waving over the ancient walls of the city, and as we enjoyed the freshness of the evening air, reflected upon the glorious objects we had seen, and the many happy hours we had passed in this grand Capital of the civilized world, the seat of taste, literature, and magnificence. We were now about to take our leave for ever probably, of these noble scenes, and felt, and who would not have felt? no inconsiderable degree of regret at the reflection, that we now beheld the towers of Rome vanishing in darkness for the last time! It is indeed impossible to leave this city without emotion; so many claims has it to our attention; so many holds upon our best passions.

As the traveller paces along her streets, spacious, silent, and majestic, he feels the irresistible genius of the place working in his soul, his memory teems with recollections, and his heart swells with patriotism and magnanimity; two virtues that seem to spring from the very soil, and flow spontaneously from the climate—so generally do they pervade every period of Roman history. While the *great republic*, the parent of so many heroes rises before him, he looks around like Camillus at the hills—the plain—the river—for ever consecrated by their fame, and raises his eyes with reverence to the sky that seemed to inspire their virtues. In truth, no national character ever appeared so exalted, rose with such an accumulation of honor from so many trials, or retained its hard-earned glory for so long a period, as that of the Romans. *Nulla unquam respublica nec major, nec sanctior, nec bonis exemplis ditior fuit*, says Titus Livius *, and the assertion was not the effusion of national vanity, for the Romans were too great to be vain, but the result of well-grounded conviction. That deep sense of religion which distinguished the republic from every other state, and was according to Cicero one of the sources of its grandeur; that benevolence which taught them to respect human nature in their enemies, at a time when to slaughter or at best enslave the conquered, was deemed even by the Greeks themselves the right of the victor; that strict attention to justice and the law of nations in proclaiming and carrying on war†; that contempt or rather defiance of danger and calm perseverance in spite of difficulties and obstacles; that disinterestedness and neglect of all personal indulgence, and above

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* Lib. 1. Prof. † Cic. de Off. lib. 1. cap. xi.

all, that manly and unalterable consistency which in a peculiar manner marked and supported their conduct both in public and private*: these were the grand and distinguishing features of the Roman character, features which they have imprinted on their edifices, their writings, their laws, and their language, and bequeathed to posterity as an endless claim to its gratitude and admiration. That each of these qualities may have shone forth most conspicuously in other nations, and in many individuals, must be admitted; but never were they so intimately interwoven with the whole existence and being of an active people either before or since, and in consistency in particular they must be acknowledged to stand unrivalled. The Greeks, more lively and ingenious, but at the same time more changeable and fantastic, appear when compared to the Romans, as children put in contrast with men; and Virgil has most philosophically as well as poetically struck off the characters of the two nations, when to the acuteness and subtlety of the Greeks he grants superiority in the arts and sciences, while to Roman firmness and wisdom he consigns the sceptre of the universe†.

To seek for parallels in modern history, would be a vain pursuit, though our sprightly neighbours are wont in a delirium of self-complacency, to compare themselves to the Greeks and Romans alternately, and interweave the virtues of both these renowned races, in the texture of modern French perfection.

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* Maxime ipse populus Romanus animi magnitudine excellit.
Cic. Off. i. 18.

† Excudent alii, &c. Tu regere, &c.—*Æn.* vi.

But while we give them in unison with the voice of Europe, much of the valor and ingenuity, with all the levity, and all the vanity of the Greeks, we cannot allow them one spark of Roman magnanimity. The Roman Pontiffs have occasionally emulated the firmness of the Consuls, and the Venetian not unfrequently displayed the wisdom of the senate, while owing to the manly and generous spirit of a free government the British nation may be allowed to possess a considerable portion of the patriotism and intrepidity of the Roman people.

The ambition with which the Romans are so often charged, cannot with justice be considered as a flaw in their character, as no great nation, or illustrious individual, ever was or indeed, can well be entirely exempt from that active passion, that *vivida vis animi*, which always accompanies great talents, and is designed by Providence to develop and bring them into action. To which we may add, that a spirit of conquest generally originates from the necessity and success of self-defence; and it must be admitted that the far greater part of the early wars in which the republic was engaged, arose from the jealousy of the petty states in her vicinity. The subjugation of these states and their incorporation with the victors, awakened the suspicion of more distant and powerful rivals, and brought the Samnites, the Lucanians, and the Bruttii successively into the field, till the war of Pyrrhus showed the necessity of uniting Italy under one head, to prevent her jarring cities from introducing foreign powers into her provinces, and from thus sacrificing her independence to a momentary interest. This struggle tried and proved the strength of Rome, enabled her to unite all the energies of Italy, and prepared her for the more dangerous and more extensive contest with

the Carthaginians. The Punic wars originated from sound policy, which pointed out the necessity of keeping so powerful a rival at a distance from the coasts of Italy, and were at the same time the unavoidable effect of two states, whose interests and views were so opposite, coming into immediate contact. The first was an essay and a mere prelude to the second, which decided the contest, and in fact laid Carthage at the feet of her more magnanimous rival. Never did a more arduous struggle engage two powerful nations, and never did mortals witness a more splendid display of the heroic virtues than that which Rome then exhibited to the astonished universe.

The dissensions among the Greeks, and the far-famed Peloponesian war itself, sink into insignificance when compared not only with the mighty weight, and wide sweeping desolation of the second Punic war, but with the perseverance, the wisdom, the spirit, and the magnanimity with which it was prosecuted; nor is there a period in the annals of the world which furnishes more instruction, or presents human nature in a nobler point of view, than the history of this most sanguinary contest. Every page of it is a record of heroism that sets the soul in a blaze; it ought to be read over and over again, and every line committed to memory by the youth of every free state, and particularly of Britain, that they may learn how to appretiate the liberty and independence of their country, how to fight, and how to die in its defence.

The insidious policy of *Macedon* next engaged the attention of Rome, and the punishment she inflicted upon its temporizing despots cannot but deserve our applause. In her conduct towards

the Greeks the republic first displayed its moderation and generosity, and on the glorious day when at the Isthmian games she proclaimed the liberty of Greece by her victorious general, gave an instance of magnanimity that even now melts the soul into fond admiration. But the age of heroes and of sages was passed in Greece. Incapable alike of liberty and control, proud of their former power, and unconscious of their actual weakness, jealous of each other's prosperity, and perpetually engaged either in open hostility or secret intrigue, her states alternately flattered and insulted, invited and betrayed their benefactors, till at length they extorted from the reluctant Romans the chastisement due to folly and ingratitude. In fact, in all transactions between these two extraordinary nations the former seem uniformly to have acted like froward children spoiled by flattery and indulgence, and the latter like men habitually mild though sometimes teazed into resentment.

So far the Roman character shone unclouded; that at subsequent periods its splendor was sometimes tarnished by the ambition or the avarice of its chiefs may be admitted; but even when intoxicated by power and corrupted by luxury the city had become a vast theatre of opposite factions and turbulent passions, yet the greatness and magnanimity inherent in the national character still predominated, and shewed itself even in the vices and crimes of its perverted citizens. Though fired with lawless ambition and stained with civil blood, Marius and Sylla, Cæsar and Pompey, Augustus and Antony, were lofty and towering minds that soared far above the usual reach of human greatness, and stand yet unrivalled in the lists of fame. Even Catiline and Cinna, with much of the malignity,

have also much of the greatness of Milton's demons, and like those tremendous phantoms excite by the magnitude of their crimes our terror rather than our contempt. Nor was this magnanimity extinguished, or indeed always repressed by the despotism of the Emperors. Though subdued and chained, yet the Roman glared at his tyrant, and made him feel not unfrequently the effects of his indignation. Cherea and Sabinus, Corbulo and Vindex, displayed the courage and the virtue of Brutus and Cassius; the softer sex emulated the fame of Clelia and Lucretia; and Arria and Epicharis continued to shew the influence of Roman firmness on female minds. The imperial race itself was distinguished above all other royal lines, not only by pre-eminent vices but fortunately for mankind by pre-eminent virtues also; and if Caligula and Nero, Domitian and Caracalla, surpass in cruelty all other tyrants, so Titus and Trajan, Aurelius and Antoninus, excel all other monarchs in wisdom and benevolence.

Of the character of greatness which the Romans have given to their works I have already spoken; here I need only remind the reader that while in the pyramids of Egypt we admire massive vastness, and in the edifices of Greece, just proportion, in Roman structures, we applaud the union of magnitude and beauty with convenience and utility. In her temples Rome was more magnificent, because more opulent than Greece, but her temples however splendid were not her noblest works. Behold that vast amphitheatre, equal in size, but how superior in form, grace, and destination to the useless bulk of the pyramids. See those aqueducts that bestride extensive regions, and convey rivers into distant cities to re-

fresh nations and fertilize a whole country. Their arches still stand gracing not the capital only and its vicinity, but the most remote provinces, and astonish travellers by their solidity and their elevation. Consider those bridges which eighteen centuries, aided by inundations and earthquakes, have not in many places even shaken; and see the Danube itself for once submitting to the yoke, and still respecting the traces of his subjection. See their almost interminable roads intersecting the immensity of the empire, from the borders of *Persia* to the *Orcades*, from the *Tanais* to the *Nile*, and opening a free communication through all parts of the civilized world. These are monuments which no other nation has left behind, monuments not of taste and art only, but of wisdom and benevolence, which claim not merely our admiration but our gratitude, and rank their authors among the best benefactors of mankind.

> Inventas qui vitam excoluere per artes
> Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo. *Æneid* VI.

To apply this remark to works of genius would be to enter a field of criticism too extensive for the present work, but we may be allowed to assume that there is in all the great Roman authors, whether in verse or prose, a certain loftiness of thought peculiar to themselves, and very different from the terseness of the Greek, particularly the Attic writers. Majesty, though the characteristic of Virgil, and more eminently conspicuous in his divine poems, is yet strongly perceptible in Lucretius, Lucan, and Juvenal. The subjects of Horace and Ovid were not in general very susceptible of this quality, and yet even in

them it occasionally transpires, and gives a certain weight and dignity to their *nugæ canoræ*. Their muse is still the Roman muse, like Minerva reserved, and majestic even when playful. But this distinctive feature of the Roman mind is most apparent in the historians, for however different Sallust, Cæsar, Titus Livius, and Tacitus may be in style, yet there is in them all an elevation of thought, a boldness of sentiment, and a dignity of language, superior, I will not say, to modern historians, but even to the compositions of the Greeks, in every other respect so perfect. In perusing them the reader finds himself raised above the common level of human thought, and placed out of the reach of ordinary feelings; he is conversing with an intermediate race of beings, a species of heroes and demigods.

Magnanimi heroes nati melioribus annis. *En.* VI.

Virtue, patriotism, benevolence, the love of his country, and of mankind, rise in his estimation, and engross his whole soul. Self-preservation and self-interest, the cares and the pleasures of life shrink in comparison into trifles almost beneath his attention. His heart glows as he reads, and every page he turns over makes him a better and fits him to be a greater man. But above even these exalted spirits, *above all Greek and Roman fame*, towers the immortal genius of Cicero, collecting in itself all the lights of human intellect, and scattering them over every subject on which it shines—Orator, Philosopher, and Statesman, and in all these characters unrivalled, he makes them all subservient to that of Roman and Consul, and whatever topic he treats, he never fails to display the spirit of the one, and the majesty of the other.

The Greek philosophers, Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, &c. passed their days, if not in absolute retreat, at least in learned leisure; speculation was the business of their lives, and their works were the result of a long life of study and reflection.

Cicero devoted his youth only to study; his riper years he gave to the active duties of Roman magistracy, the direction of the senate, the management of the people, the command of legions, and the government of an empire. In the midst of these occupations, each of which seems sufficient to absorb all the time and engross all the attention of the most vigorous mind, he found leisure to plead the causes of his friends, to prescribe the laws of eloquence, and to sound the depths of philosophic inquiry. Thus he excelled his master Plato, and by uniting practice with theory, brought philosophy from the shades of retirement into public life, introduced her into the forum, and seated her in the senate. In perusing the varied compositions of this illustrious Roman, it is impossible not to feel and admire that national magnanimity, that senatorial and consular dignity which pervade them, ennobling every subject, whether public or private, literary or political; and communicating to the mind of the reader a congenial elevation and grandeur, well calculated to counteract the narrow contracted views and selfish passions of these degenerate days*.

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* Rousseau has ventured to call Cicero a mere rhetorician, and asks insultingly whether, without the writings of Plato, he would have been able to compose his Offices? Without doubt the Roman philosopher owed much to the sublime doctrines of Plato, and seldom omits an opportunity of acknowledging the obligation;

I have already alluded to the Roman laws, and will therefore confine myself at present to one single remark. The laws of the Greeks were either the result of the meditations of a particular legislator, Lycurgus, Solon, &c. or the dictates of some momentary emergency; not unfrequently the effusion of popular passions, and in most cases applicable only to the commonwealth or country for which they were originally enacted. Hence, though Liberty was in general their object, and so far their effects were beneficial; yet their duration was short, and their influence contracted. But the Roman code was compiled with the same view indeed, but on principles far more permanent and universal. It was founded not upon the convenience of the moment, nor upon the interest of one particular commonwealth, but upon the comprehensive basis of the law of nature, embracing alike all times and all places, and applicable to all governments and to all emergencies. Hence Cicero declares that the *Twelve Tables* contain a system of morality, superior, in his opinion, to the writings of all the philosophers, and

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but though a disciple of Plato he often surpasses his master, and gives substance and body to the refined and ideal visions of the Athenian. That very treatise De Officiis is an abridgment of morality more perfect and useful than any particular work of Plato. Surely his Epistles are not imitations of Plato, and yet they alone are sufficient to establish Cicero's reputation, and place him among the first of statesmen, and of authors. As for the contemptuous term *rhetor*, if Cicero was not an orator in the highest sense of the word, who ever was? But the eloquent Genevan loved singularity, and sought for it by paradoxes; he seems to have read but little of Cicero, and if we may credit the account he gives of his own education, could not have had a very perfect knowledge of Cicero's language.

form a code of laws at the same time, that transcends all the institutions of the Grecian legislators*.

Hence the Roman became the *universal* law, the code of nations, and to its prevalence over Europe we may perhaps in part ascribe the superior advantage in liberty and property which its inhabitants enjoyed during the darkness and barbarism of the middle ages. In fact, the Roman laws and language were the two great barriers that resisted and repelled the violence and ignorance of those savage times, and conveyed down to us the maxims and the sciences of the preceding more enlightened generations.

Of that language I may now be expected to speak, but as I have treated the subject elsewhere, my remarks shall be few and cursory. It is a trite observation that the language of each nation is attuned to its feelings, habits, and manners, or in other words to its character; and it has consequently been remarked, that Italian is soft and musical; Spanish, stately; French, voluble; German, rough; and English short and pithy. To apply this common observation to the subject before us, the language of the ancient Romans is a manly and majestic dialect, full, expressive, and sonorous, and well adapted to the genius and the dignity of a magnanimous and imperial people. Inferior in some respects, but in the qualities just mentioned

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* Fremant omnes licet, dicam quod sentio: bibliothecas mehercule omnium philosophorum, unus mihi videtur XII. tabularum libellus, si quis legum fontes et capita viderit, et auctoritatis pondere, et utilitatis ubertate superare, &c. *De Orator. Lib.* I. 43, 44.

superior to the Greek, it corresponded well with its object, and became the vehicle, first of the edicts of the conquerors, and then of jurisprudence, philosophy, and the sciences in general, that is, the grand instrument of civilization, the universal language, and the parent of all the more refined dialects of Europe*.

Such were the Romans: born as it were to empire they had nationally the same elevation of mind and dignity of sentiment as the heirs of kingdoms and principalities are observed to possess individually; and this grandeur of thought and manners they communicated to all their achievements, and stamped on all their monuments. Who can reflect on those achievements without astonishment? who can walk amid those monuments without emotion? the very ground trod by such a race is sacred, and were Rome with all its magnificent edifices and noble remains annihilated, the seven hills would be still dear to genius and to virtue. The pilgrim would still come from distant re-

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* "Ita sentio," says Cicero, "et sæpe disserui, Latinam linguam non modo non inopem, ut vulgo putarent, sed locupletiorem esse quam Græcam."—*De Finibus*, Lib. 1. 3. He repeats the same assertion in the third book, cap. 2.

Gibbon has exemplified its superior majesty when compared to Greek, in the two names Diocles and Diocletianus, and it may be exemplified still more satisfactorily in contrasting certain passages of Virgil with the corresponding verses, from whence they are copied in Homer; to which I may add, that if the vowels and dipthongs were pronounced by the ancient Greeks as they are by the modern, and there are many reasons for supposing that they were, Latin must have had at all times, in fulness and variety of sound, a decided superiority.

gions to visit with reverence the spot on which once stood the first of cities—"*quæ una in omnibus terris domus fuit virtutis, imperii, dignitatis**."

But, of the heroic qualities of the ancient Romans, what share do the modern inherit? are they high-spirited and inflexible as their ancestors? or are they not rather a tame, pusillanimous race? not the descendants of the masters of the world, but the mongrel offspring of every invading tribe? or as a French writer expresses it, not Romans, but worms that prey upon the carcase of fallen Rome? It is easy to supply the want of observation by sarcasm and antithesis; let us endeavor to follow a different process. National character, though it may be influenced both by the soil and the climate, is not the effect of either. Government and education, as I have elsewhere observed, are the grand and efficient causes in the formation of character both public and private. Is that government free, and that education liberal? the character will be open and manly. Is the one oppressive, and the other confined? the character will necessarily be abject and contracted. Rome is no longer mistress of the world; she is not even free; her sons of course have not from their infancy a brilliant career open before them; public honors are not held out to them as incentives to exertion, nor are their labors and sacrifices rewarded by triumphs and titles of glory; they are not now as anciently taught even by their nurses to raise their heads, to tread with dignity, to look,

* Cic. De Orat. i.

move, and feel as *lords of human kind.* To submit to the will of a sovereign without sharing his counsels is their fate, and domestic concerns are their only occupation. To conform them to this humble destiny is the object of education, and when they have passed some years in college confinement under the superintendency of suspicious and prying masters, they return to their families to pass their days in indolent repose. Yet notwithstanding these disadvantages some features of the ancient are still strongly marked in the character of the modern Roman; as amid the palaces of the present there still arise many traces of the former city. This resemblance is very naturally preserved by various circumstances; in the first place as the language of their ancestors is an essential part of their education, and as their application to it commences at a very early period, they soon become acquainted of the ancient glories of their country, and with its history imbibe a certain generous pride not totally devoid of magnanimity. The same effect is necessarily produced by the contemplation of the grand monuments that tower around them, and force themselves upon the observation of the most inattentive. In the next place, the superiority which Rome has always enjoyed in the liberal arts, such as architecture, painting, and sculpture, and consequently her superior beauty and magnificence, which, while they attract strangers from the most remote countries, must unavoidably awaken in the bosom of a citizen some emotions of self-importance and complacency. Thirdly, Rome has always been considered as the capital of the empire and the metropolis of Christendom. In the first quality she gives title and precedency to the first sovereign in Europe; and in the second, she confers upon her bishops rank and pre-eminence above all others even though primates

and patriarchs; privileges in both cases so brilliant as to reflect upon Rome a lustre still unequalled, and inspire her inhabitants with lofty sentiments of her grandeur and their own dignity. Rome is still the *holy*, the *eternal* city, the *citadel of imperial* power, the *centre of christian unity*—"Deorum domicilium, arx orbis terrarum, portus omnium gentium." Crowds of strangers flow through her gates, attracted by the magnificence of her monuments, the sanctity of her temples, or the glories of her name. *Et antiquitas amabilis, sed et religio venerabilis sæpe eo vocant*, says *Lipsius*, speaking of Rome. The S. P. Q. R. that still blaze on the edicts of her magistrates, and ennoble her public edifices, though now a sound only, is yet an awful and venerable sound, which brings with it a train of ideas formed of all that is grand and impressive in history.

The natives of a city, whose destinies are so glorious, neither are, nor can be altogether a low-minded grovelling race; they are proud of their birth, and inherit some portion of the dignity and elevation of their ancestors. If it be asked on what occasion the modern Romans have displayed this noble spirit, or what instances of magnanimity we find in their history, the answer is obvious. Not to speak of the courage and perseverance with which they so long and so successfully resisted the Lombards, because that era may perhaps be supposed to belong rather to ancient than modern history: I come to the year eight hundred, which may fairly be considered as the period of the calamities of Rome; and though her language was still in a state of deterioration, yet her political situation began from that epoch to improve, and continued in a progress of amelioration with little interruption, except that occasioned by the absence of her

bishops, till the late French invasion. From the restoration of the Western Empire we may therefore date the commencement of modern Rome, and take it for granted that as no event has since occurred to break the spirit of the Roman people, their character cannot be supposed to have undergone any change materially to its disadvantage.

Now from this era, to the Pontificate of Leo X. the Romans seem to have displayed rather too much than too little spirit, and distinguished themselves rather by a lawless rage for independence than by a tame submission to rulers. In fact, their history during the space of seven hundred years that elapsed between the two epochs mentioned above, is little more than a series of contests with the German Cæsars, the Popes, the Roman Barons, and the cities in the neighbouring mountains. These contests, which were carried on with much violence and great slaughter, even in the streets, squares, and sometimes the very churches themselves, contributed much to the ruin of the city, and the destruction of its ancient monuments, but terminated not unfrequently to the advantage of the Roman people, and prove at least that in courage they were not deficient. Their occasional battles with the Saracens at that time a most warlike and formidable nation, always ended in the defeat of those infidels, and reflect no inconsiderable honor on the victors, who never allowed them, as the Sicilians and Neapolitans had done, to take possession of their towns, and make settlements on their coasts. Their resistance to the German Emperors may be ascribed to some remaining sparks of Roman spirit, scorning to bend to the pride and insolence of barbarian sovereigns, who, though they owed their rank and

titles to the acclamations of the Roman people, sometimes presumed to approach the city in hostile array, and impose laws on its inhabitants.

The liberties of the Romans sunk under the genius and spirit of Sixtus V. and of Julius II. and were finally suppressed by the authority and arts of the two Pontiffs of the Medicean family, (to which literature owes so much and liberty so little), Leo X. and Clement VII. Since that period every circumstance has contributed to turn the attention of the Romans to the arts of peace, to the contemplation of religion, the study of antiquity, and the embellishment of the city. Few opportunities have occurred that could call their courage into action, or awaken their ancient magnanimity. The storming of the city by the Constable *Bourbon*, and the battle of *Lepanto*, are perhaps the only occasions. In the former, though taken by surprise and treachery, the Romans protected only by the ancient walls, resisted the attacks of a veteran and regular army, and were at length overpowered by the numbers of that truly barbarian horde; while Bourbon the General

> . . . . . giganteis urbem tentare Deorum
> Aggressus furiis . . . . . .
>
> *Claudian.*

perished, as is well known, in the very act of scaling the walls. In the battle of *Lepanto* the Roman gallies, commanded by the gallant *Colonna*, led the Christian fleet, and were acknowledged to be the principal agents on that glorious day, which checked the victorious career of the Sultan, and broke his naval strength for ever.

It may further be inquired, why the Romans made little or no resistance on the late invasion, which was accompanied with circumstances sufficiently insulting to rouse even the spirit and energies of a coward? The Romans themselves though undisciplined and unprepared, were ready to take arms, and even made a tender of their services to the government; but the Papal ministers, and perhaps the Pontiff himself, were duped by the declarations and solemn promises of the French generals, and in opposition to the wishes and suspicions of the people, consented to receive the hostile army within their gates. Yet when thus betrayed and enslaved, the people more than once rose upon the French troops, and the *Trasteverini* in particular, on one occasion, made considerable havoc, and excited the greatest alarm among them. Insomuch that the French had recourse to their usual arts of promises, protestations, appeals to *liberty*, to the *genius of Brutus*, and to the *Roman name*, to induce these generous patriots to quit the bridges, capitol, and other strong posts of which they had taken possession. Similar insurrections took place at *Albano* and in *Sabina*, where the peasants undisciplined and half armed, resisted and sometimes routed their enemies. These efforts, unavailing as they were, and as from the unfortunate situation of the papal territory, and indeed of all Italy at that time, must necessarily have been, are still so many proofs that the Romans are not, as has been so often asserted, a race of abject dastards.

The truth is, that want of courage is not the predominant vice either of the Romans or of the Italians, or indeed of any other nation: courage is a quality inherent in man, but its

exercise is the result of calculation. Give an individual that which is worth defending, and he will defend it; give a nation liberty with all its blessings, and it will fight for them; a bad government has no value, and excites no attachment—who then will expose his life to support it?

To proceed.—The modern Romans are accused of habitual indolence, and a disposition to mendicancy; a reproach founded upon hasty and partial observation. To repose during the heat of the day is a custom established in all southern countries, is conformable to the practice of the ancients, and is both useful and wholesome, as by sacrificing hours when exercise is dangerous or oppressive, it leaves the morning and evening, that is, all the cool and delightful part of the day, with much of the night, open to business and amusement. The time given to labor and rest is in quantity the same as in northern regions, but divided in a different manner. As for mendicancy, I have already observed, that in countries and cities where the poor are supported by voluntary contributions, mendicancy is not easily avoidable; in favor of Rome I must add, that the number of beggars is not greater there than in other capitals of the same population, and that the wretches who infest the churches and public edifices are in general strangers, attracted by the facility of gathering alms in a city frequented by so many rich travellers, and filled with so many convents and pious establishments. The extreme misery which we witnessed was owing to the entire spoliation of all the hospitals and asylums, to the ruin of public credit, the impoverishment of the clergy, nobility, and householders, by the exactions of the soldiery, and in short to the general system of plunder exercised by the French while in possession of the city.

I come now to the morals of the Romans, and must, in the first place, acknowledge that it would be presumption in a traveller who passed three months only in Rome, to pretend to speak upon this subject from his own observation. However from inquiries, and the statement of impartial and judicious strangers long resident in Rome, we collected, that among the higher classes there is less room for censure here than perhaps in any other Italian city; that *cicisbeism*, which in its most qualified practice is an insult to decency, is neither so common nor so flagrant; that the morals of the cardinals, prelates, and clergy, and even of the middling class of citizens, are pure and unimpeachable; and that the people in general are mild, open-hearted in their intercourse, and in their manners extremely decorous and even stately. This latter quality of the Romans cannot escape the notice of the most superficial observer; while the classic traveller sees, or seems to see, in this unaffected gravity and dignified deportment some traces of the majesty of the ancients, and fancies that he can still discover in their fallen descendants—

> Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam *.
>
> *Æneid, lib.* I.

But how far the tide of Roman blood has run pure and unmixed during the lapse of so many centuries, and the course of so many revolutions, it is difficult to determine. The capital of

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* The Roman character, both ancient and modern, may be expressed with great precision by that beautiful antithesis of Lanzi, Vi e un grande che si piega a ogni bello; vi e un bello che si solleva a ogni grande.

an empire including many nations in its pale, must necessarily be crowded with strangers, and perhaps half peopled by the natives of the provinces. Such is the state of the great British metropolis at present, and such was that of Rome anciently; in fact, the latter was more likely to attract strangers, or rather provincials, than the former, as many or most of the inhabitants of the great cities enjoyed the rights of Roman citizens, and were even admitted, as the Gauls were by Julius Cæsar, into the senate itself*. Cicero who beheld the evil, if it deserve that name, in its origin, complains that even in his time the influx of foreigners had infected the purity of the Latin language†; and if at a period when the honors and offices of the state were confined to the native Romans, the number of strangers was so considerable, what must it have been

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* Religiosa patet peregrinæ curia laudi
Nec putat externos quos decet esse suos.
Rutil.

Aspice hanc frequentiam, cui vix urbis immensæ tecta sufficiunt; maxima pars illius turbæ ex municipiis, ex coloniis suis, ex toto denique orbe terrarum confluxerunt—nullum non hominum genus concurrit in Urbem—Seneca ad Helviam.

Populis, victisque frementem
Gentibus . . . . . .
Nulloque frequentem.
Cive suo Romam sed mundi fæce repletam.
Lucan, lib. VII.

† Cicero De Claris Orat. *cap.* 74.

under the Emperors, when all distinction was done away, and the privileges of the capital were communicated to the whole empire?

As Rome continued even after the fall of her empire the metropolis and capital of Christendom, and has considered herself at all times as the common parent of Christians, and peculiarly so of men of genius and learning, the influx has never ceased to pour new inhabitants and with them fresh supplies of vigor and genius into the bosom of the *Eternal* City. This influx instead of being a reproach is an honor; it was the destiny of Rome from her foundation to be the asylum of mankind, the receptacle of nations, "*portus omnium gentium.*" But it must be remembered, that Rome, though taken and plundered by barbarians, has never been possessed, colonized, or repeopled by them, and that the change (if any) which has taken place in the breed is the inevitable consequence of wide-extended influence, whether of power or of opinion, and must have occurred even if Rome had retained the sceptre of the universe. All that can be inferred from such a change is that the Romans of the nineteenth are not the Romans of the first century, as these latter were not those of the era of Romulus. But they inhabit the city founded by Romulus, they are the descendants of the masters of the world, as much as these were the offspring of the Sabine race, or of the shepherds that accompanied the twin brothers, or of the fugitives who flocked to the asylum. They speak a language more resembling that of Cicero and Virgil, than the dialect of Cicero and Virgil resembled that of Tatius or Numa; in short, they are as much the descendants of the Romans as the modern French are the descendants of

the Franks under Clovis, or Charlemagne, and as the English are of the Saxons who invaded and conquered Britain. As such, the modern Romans may be allowed to excite interest, and perhaps almost deserve respect, especially as their virtues and their genius are their own; their vices, which are neither more numerous nor more scandalous than those of other nations, are owing to their circumstances, and may be ascribed to mistaken policy, an imperfect government, foreign influence, and in part perhaps to a narrow system of education.

August the third, at two o'clock in the morning, we set out. As we rolled under the arch of the *Porta del Popolo*, and heard the gates close behind us; as we passed the *Ponte Milvio* and looked down on the *Tiber* flowing dimly beneath, our regrets redoubled, and all the magnificence of Rome, now left behind us for ever, presented itself once more to our recollection *.

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* The feelings of an ancient provincial in the moment of departure from the capital which he had visited with veneration and enthusiasm, are expressed in language both passionate and poetical by Rutilius.

Crebra relinquendis infigimus oscula portis;
Inviti superant limina saera pedes . . . . .
Exaudi Regina tui pucherrima mundi
Inter sidereos Roma recepta polos!
Exaudi genitrixque hominum, genitrixque deorum,
Non procul a cælo per tua templa sumus.
Te canimus, semperque sinent dum fata canemus,
Sospes nemo potest immemor esse tui . . . .
Auctorem generis Venerem, Martemque fatemur
Æneadum matrem, Romulidumque patrem

Mitigat armatas victrix clementia vires,
Convenit in mores nomen utrumque tuos . . . .
Tu quoque legiferis mundum complexa triumphis
Fædere communi vivere cuncta facis
Te Dea, te celebrat Romanus ubique recessus
Pacificoque gerit libera colla jugo . . . . . .
Quod regnas minus est quam quod regnare mereris
Excedis factis grandia fata tuis.

CHAP. VI.

ETRURIA—THE CREMERA—VEII—FALERIUM—MOUNT SORACTE—FESCENNIUM---MEVANIA----ASISIUM----LAKE OF TRASIMENUS---ENTRANCE INTO THE TUSCAN TERRITORY---CORTONA---ANCIENT ETRURIANS---ARRETIUM---VAL D'ARNO.

THE weather was serene, the air cool and delicious, the stars sparkled with unusual brilliancy, and the night appeared in all the freshness and beauty of the climate.

> Aure lievi portando, e largo nembo
> Di sua rugiada pretiosa e pura;
> E scotendo del vel l'humido lembo
> Ne spargeva i fioretti e la verdura;
> E'i venticelli debattendo l' ali
> Lusingavano il sonno de mortali.
>
> *Gierusalemme liberata, Canto* XIV. 1.

We had now entered *Etruria*, and were traversing a country celebrated in the early records of Rome for many a furious combat, and many an heroic achievement. On this ground the Romans defended their newly acquired liberty with all the intrepidity which the first taste of such a blessing must inspire. Here they triumphed over Tarquin and his Etrurian allies, and here their leader and consul, Brutus, sealed their freedom with

his blood. This region was the theatre of the Veientan war, and witnessed all the glorious deeds that graced that long protracted contest—the victories, and the disasters of the generous Fabii*.

All this territory, the object of so much contest and bloodshed, is now a desert. Even the capital itself, which stood so long the rival and terror of Rome, and would have been preferred to it, if the authority of Camillus, and an omen, that is, a lucky coincidence of a military order with the subject debate of the senate, had not prevailed over the representations of the tribunes, even *Veii* itself has perished, nor left a vestige to mark its situation. Hence even antiquaries differ as to the real spot. Some place it at *Civita Castellana*, and others, with more probability, at *Scrofano*, on a rocky hill called *Monte Musivo*, about six miles on the right from the road between *La Storta* and *Baccano*, and of course about twelve from Rome†. The distance and natural strength of this site correspond with the description of *Veii*, and some shapeless masses of rubbish are pointed out as the remains of a city once superior even to Rome in magnificence, and capable, like Troy, of resisting for ten years the efforts of an army of fifty thousand men. But how vain it is to explore the situation of a place, which has been a solitude for more than two thousand years.

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* The *Cremera*, on the banks of which they fell, intersects the plain on the right.

† Others again place *Veii* in a little island about a mile and an half to the right of *La Storta*.

Nunc intra muros pastoris buccina lenti
Cantat—et in vestris ossibus arva metent.
Propertius IV. 11.

The flocks had fed in the streets, and the share had furrowed the sepulchres of the fallen *Veientes;* a melancholy observation, applicable not to *Veii* alone, but to all the early rivals of Rome, *Fidenæ*, *Cænina*, *Corioli*, *Ardea*, *Alba*. Not the site only but almost the memory of *Veii* was obliterated in the time of Florus,—*Nunc Veios fuisse quis meminit? quæ reliquiæ? quodve vestigium?**

At length the morning dawned, and Aurora, such as *Guido* contemplated, and vainly endeavoured to represent in earthly colors, shed over the *Sabine* mountains a rich glow gradually softening as more distant into purple, lined with gold a few fleecy clouds that strewed her paths, and at length poured a stream of the brightest saffron over all the eastern sky. The tints that gild the clouds, even in our northern climate, are as rich and as varied as can be imagined, but the deep purple distances of the horizon, and the glowing yellow of the firmament in Italy, far surpass ours in hue and splendor, and produce that airy perspective, that lucid atmosphere called in painting an *Italian* sky. In the contemplation of this beautiful and ever varying phenomenon, we drove till we reached the first post, *La Storta*, and then enjoyed the glories of the rising sun, till concealing himself in a *golden fringed* cloud, as in a chariot, he darted his rays from behind it, and set the whole firmament in a blaze.

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* Lib. I. 12.

At the foot of the little eminence of *Baccano*, (the second stage,) which still retains its ancient name, we crossed the *Cremera*, fatal stream! and walking on while they were changing horses, ascended the hill, took a last view of Rome then glittering with the rays of the sun that played upon its palaces, towers and domes, and displayed its whole extent in all its magnificence*.

> Quisque
> Hæsit et extremæ tunc forsitan Urbis amatæ
> Plenus abit visu. . . . .
>
> *Luc.* 1. 509.

From *Monte Rosi* the country began to improve, and appearances of cultivation increased as we advanced. A few miles north-west of *Monte Rosi*, on a hill, stands *Sutri (Sutrium,)* an ancient town and Roman colony.

At *Civita Castellana* we had time to examine the site and ancient walls which, though curious, we had been obliged on our first visit to pass unnoticed, on account of our late arrival and early departure. This town is supposed by many to be the ancient *Fescennium:* it stands on an insulated rock, surrounded on all sides with a precipice nearly perpendicular, forming a deep dell, at the bottom of which through a stony channel, rolls a clear and constant stream. The walls both of the town and citadel rise on the edge of the precipice, are formed in general of large blocks of stone, and probably

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* This view of Rome at a very early hour is one of the finest that can be taken, as it shows off to the best advantage those long lines of buildings, and vast majestic masses, which constitute one of the principal features of this capital.

are the remains of the ancient rampart. The strength and position of *Civita Castellana* have induced, as I have before observed, many antiquaries to conjecture that it occupies the site of the ancient *Veii*, and the inhabitants have very readily adopted an opinion so honorable to their city. But the more general persuasion that *Veii* was much nearer Rome is founded upon arguments so very solid and satisfactory, that to doubt on the subject seems difficult.

About two miles and a half to the west of *Civita Castellana*, on a hill stands a little town, now called *Sta. Maria dei Fallari*, supposed by some to be the ancient *Falerii*, capital of the *Falisci;* a name that always revives the recollection of an anecdote highly honorable to the feelings of Camillus, and to the generous character of the Romans *.

We were now in the midst of regions once inhabited by warlike tribes, well known in the early periods of Roman history, and not unfrequently recorded by the poets.

> Hi Fescenninas acies æquosque Faliscos,
> Hi Soractis habent arces, Flaviniaque arva
> Et Cimini cum monte lacum, lucosque Capenos.
>
> *Virg. En.* VII. 695.

We were in the very capital itself, *Fescennium*, about six or seven miles from *Soracte*, as many from the mountains and lake of *Ciminus*, and close to *Falerium*†. Some days

* Liv. v. 27.

† Perhaps *in it*, as Cluverius supposes, that *Civita Castellana* occupies the site of that city, and that *Fescennium* lay nearer the *Tiber*.

might have been passed here with pleasure, and perhaps with improvement; we might have ascended *Soracte*, and endeavored to discover the remains of the temple of Apollo—"*Sancti custos Soractis**;" we might have explored the *Ciminian* forest, which the Romans once beheld with awe and even terror, as impenetrable to human steps†; ranged along the borders of its lake, which is said to have swallowed up a city; and in fine, visited the shattered walls of old *Falerium*, and wandered over its now deserted hill. But these excursions we must leave to future travellers who may have more leisure, and as the season advances we must hasten on. Just out of the gate of *Civita Castellana* is an aqueduct, still kept up in good repair.

After having crossed a high hill covered with wood we entered *Borghetto*, an insignificant village; the only object that attracts the eye is an old castle, standing in picturesque ruin on the summit of the neighbouring eminence. We crossed the *Tiber* over a fine bridge, the *Ponte Felice*, erected by Sixtus Quintus, and shortly after began to ascend the ridge of cultivated hills that border the vale intersected by that river. As we advanced, the hills increased in height, till passing over the deep but dry channel of a wintry torrent, we turned and proceeded under the shade of the mountain and its forests, then peculiarly grateful. The scenery round *Narni* the reader is acquainted with; its beauties were not altered by the scorching heats of the season. Descending the hill, we once more visited the *Ponte D'Augusto*, and traversing the delicious vale of the *Nar*, entered *Terni* about six in the evening.

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* Æneid xi. † Liv. lib. ix. cap. 36.

Next morning early we made another and final visit to the cascade; we took the lower path, and proceeded along the *Nar* under the shade of groves rising on its banks, and woods hanging from the shelving sides of the mountains. The mass of water was considerably diminished, and of course the grandeur of the fall somewhat impaired; however as the *Velino* is fed by two lakes it retains a sufficient quantity of water to form at all times a most noble and interesting object, particularly when combined with the surrounding scenery. I must here observe, that if the traveller should not have leisure to visit the *Caduta delle Marmore* twice he would do well to prefer the view from above to that from below, as in the latter the first grand fall is not a little concealed by the cloud of spray, and the *Iris* playing over it, so much indeed that little more than one-third of its elevation is perceptible.

Leaving this singular and magnificent scene with regret, we continued our route, and entering the defiles of the mountains, began at the second post to ascend *Monte Somma*. We changed horses at *Spoleto;* we then rolled over the plain below, the delicious *Valle Spoletana*, feasted our eyes with the windings of the *Clitumnus* as we drove along, looked down upon his sources, visited once more his temple, again admired the picturesque position of *Trevi*, anciently *Trebia*, and the *Monte Petino* on our right, and entered *Foligno*. From this town the country became new to our eyes, and to its continued beauty superadded the charms of novelty.

On the left of the road from *Foligno*, at the distance of about six miles, the towers of *Mevania* (now with a slight alteration

*Bevagnia) latis projecta in campis** arise visible above the woods. The river on which it stands still nearly retains its ancient name *Timia*†, and with the *Clitumnus* contributes to water and fertilize the vale over which *Mevania* seems to preside. Propertius was born in this town and indulges the vanity of a poet in describing the lustre which it derives from that circumstance.

> Scandentes si quis cernit de vallibus arces
> Ingenio muros æstimet ille meo. *Lib.* IV. *Eleg.* I.

On the right on the side of a hill stands the little town of *Ispello (Hispellum)*, a Roman colony, whose sons, if a poet may be believed, once ranked among "*celeberrima nomina bello*‡." A little further, at the foot of the same hill are the ruins of an amphitheatre, shapeless, and uninteresting.

Asisium, now *Assisi*, on the side of a hill on the right, makes a fine appearance, and preserves it on a nearer approach. It gave birth to St. Francis, the founder of the Franciscan order, is the metropolis of this order, and owes to it its size, its splendor, and its fame. The *Sagro Convento*, where the body of the saint is said to repose, presents an immense front, and is considered as a very extensive and superb edifice. At the foot of the hill

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* Silius Italicus, lib. VI.

† Cluverius mistakes when he calls this river the *Topino*, a stream which, flowing from *Foligno*, joins the *Timia* at a town called *Cannara*, about six miles north of *Mevania*.

‡ Silius Italicus, lib. III.

on the road there is a village or rather little town, called *Madonna degli Angeoli*, from a rustic chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and angels, in which St. Francis was accustomed to offer up his devotions, and is supposed to have received the first call to perfection. This oratory became afterwards an object of great veneration, and still continues to be resorted to by pilgrims, especially on the second of August, when multitudes flock to it from all the neighbouring provinces. In order to satisfy the devotion of so great a concourse of people, a very spacious and noble church has been erected, in such a manner as to cover the original oratory, which stands in its centre and under its dome.

We passed on the second day after this festival, and were informed by one of the fathers, that more than ten thousand persons had attended service on that day, and that owing to the heat of the weather and the blind enthusiasm of the crowd pressing forward to touch the altar, no less than ten persons were suffocated, pressed or trampled to death. A practice which not only draws so many laboring persons from their homes and occupations, but occasions such tragical accidents, becomes a mischievous superstition, and ought to be suppressed by public authority. This church, or rather the chapel, enclosed within its precincts, is also called the *Portiuncula*, because it was the first *portion* or property annexed to the order. I regretted much that our arrangements did not permit us to visit *Asisium*, not only on account of the convents which are said to contain several valuable paintings, but particularly on account of the portico of *Santa Maria di Minerva*, composed of six Corinthian pillars of the finest proportion, which supported the front of the ancient temple of Minerva.

Here the reader may perhaps expect some account of St. Francis of *Asisium*, the founder of an order more extraordinary perhaps and more numerous, though less useful and less respectable than that of the Benedictines. A man who has imposed upon so many thousands of voluntary disciples, laws far more severe than those of Lycurgus, and given to his laws a longer duration, as well as a far more extensive influence than that legislator or indeed most others have been able to impart to their institutions, must certainly have been a very extraordinary person, and must have possessed means of persuasion derived either from his virtues or his accomplishments unusually efficacious. His birth and education were naturally calculated to confine him to mediocrity; but an ardent piety and a disinterestedness that knew no bounds, soon raised him into notice, and made him an object of contempt to some, of admiration to many. The solemn determination taken at the age of twenty-one to practise strictly and literally the sublimest lessons of Christian self-denial, and the courage to support that resolution without the least deviation during a life of forty-six years, may be considered as proofs of most extraordinary energy and consistency of character. When to these qualities we add two others of a very different and almost opposite nature, the simplicity of a child, and a humility that almost seemed to border upon pusillanimity, we shall make the picture still more wonderful without diminishing its resemblance. To renounce every species of property, every honorable distinction, every mark of respect from others, nay, even to stifle every emotion of self-complacency, every sentiment of self-applause, and consequently to extinguish every spark of self-love in his own bosom, and then to replace this active principle by a love of God and Man still more active and more efficacious, was the perfection to

which this singular personage aspired, and which he appears in some measure to have attained. Hence his whole life was a series of generous sacrifices, patient sufferings, and above all, of acts of devotion ardent and almost impassioned. To the warmth of this sublime affection the Italian language owes two of its earliest poetical flights, which as they shew the mind and talents of the composer as well as the language and versification of the age, I may insert elsewhere, especially as they are uncommon, or at least not likely to fall in the way of the greater part of my readers.

But the most singular part of the character of St. Francis was that he could communicate the fire that glowed in his own bosom to his hearers, or rather to the spectators of his virtues, and by his example more than by his words prevail upon thousands of his contemporaries, and among them many of rank, talents, and education, to adopt the same most austere and laborious mode of living. The Spartan legislator is supposed to have given an astonishing proof of his influence and address in prevailing upon his countrymen to adopt laws that imposed a few restraints, but proscribed no pleasures and stifled no passions; and Cicero is said to have carried the powers of eloquence to the utmost pitch when he engaged the Roman people to forego the advantages of the Agrarian law. What then must we think of the persuasive powers of St. Francis, who triumphed over the most powerful passions that rage in the human breast, and induced so many myriads of disciples to renounce property, name, pleasure, nay, their very will itself, to follow him in the rugged path of self-denial and mortification? Either his talents or his virtues, or both must have been transcendent; and, without being his disciples, we may very safely

consider him as a great and wonderful personage. St. Francis was born about the year eleven hundred and eighty, and died about twelve hundred and twenty-five, having witnessed the rapid propagation of his order, which contained previous to his death more than fifty thousand persons.

I know full well that to ascribe virtue and talents to a saint or a friar, may be considered by some of my readers as an attempt to impose upon their credulity, and that an Italian *Religious*, and a Mahometan dervise are, as to personal merit and qualifications, placed by many nearly upon a level. Yet we may venture to assure such readers that both virtue and talents in a very transcendent degree have been found lodged under a cowl and a hood; how they came there they *may with Yorick wonder*, but as they are certainly found there we may be allowed to treat them with the love and reverence which they deserve. Gray imagined that St. Bruno, the founder of the Carthusian order, must have been a man of genius; we may extend the compliment to his master St. Benedict, to St. Bernard, St. Francis, and many of their disciples, men who in ages of ignorance endeavored to light up the beacons of science, and in ages of vice struggled by word and example to repress the debauchery, the cruelty, and the boundless licentiousness of the times.

> Hæc igitur qui cuncta subegerit, ex animoque
> Expulerit dictis, non armis; nonne decebit,
> Hunc hominem numero divum dignarier esse?
>
> *Luc.* v. 50.

The same plain still continues with all its fertility and beauty beyond *Asisium*. A little to the north of *Bastia* it is intersected by a stream called the *Chiascio*, anciently *Clasius*, and further on

by the *Tiber* itself, still a very noble river. We passed it, a little after sun-set, and began to ascend the mountains of *Perugia*, where we arrived about ten o'clock. I need not inform the reader that on crossing the *Tiber* we re-entered *Etruria*.

Perugia, anciently *Perusia*, is one of the most ancient and most distinguished cities of *Etruria*; the era of its foundation long preceded that of Rome, and like the origin of *Clusium Cortona*, &c. is almost lost in distance of time. In conjunction with all the other *Etrurian* states it long resisted the Romans, and when subjected, or rather reconciled to them, it became a faithful and a courageous ally; it defied the power of Hannibal, and flourished in peace and opulence till the reign of Augustus, when unfortunately it engaged in the rebellion of Lucius Antonius, uncle of the Triumvir, and under his command shut its gates against Augustus who took it, and as it is reported, wished to spare it; but one of its principal citizens setting fire to his own house, which he intended as a funeral pile for himself and his family, the flames communicated to the neighbouring buildings, and spreading rapidly around, reduced the city to ashes. *Perugia* however rose immediately from its ruins; and on its restoration, by a strange inconsistency, chose for its patron Vulcan, a divinity to whom it seems to have had very few obligations, as the god had spared his own temple only in the general conflagration. In the Gothic war it displayed much spirit, and stood a siege of seven years against these barbarians. It afterwards with the whole Roman state submitted to the Pope, and with some intervals of turbulent independence has remained ever since attached to the Roman See.

Perugia is now a large, clean, well-built, and well-inhabited

city. Seated on the summit of a mountain, it commands from its ramparts, and particularly from its citadel, an extensive view over a vast range of country, fertile, varied with hill and dale, and enlivened with villages and towns. In this rich landscape the plain which we had traversed made a very conspicuous figure, watered by the *Clitumnus*, and bounded by the Apennines. There are many churches, convents, and palaces in this city, most of which were adorned with the paintings of *Pietro Perugino*, the master of *Raffaello;* of these the French carried off a considerable number, and defaced others, particularly such as were painted on walls and could not be removed. The cathedral is in itself a very indifferent edifice, and its deformity is increased by the bad taste that seems to have prevailed in its repair and decorations. Several other churches merit attention, particularly that of *S. Pietro*, belonging to a Benedictine abbey; it is supported by eighteen pillars of fine marble, and adorned with an altar of the same materials very rich and well disposed. *Perugia* has an university supplied with able professors, and several academies, all of which can boast of illustrious names, and it is upon the whole an interesting city, capable of entertaining the curious and inquisitive traveller for several days.

The road from hence is over a hilly country, planted principally with olive trees, and of course not very shady. Descending the high hill of *Magiona* we first discovered, gleaming through a wood of oaks, the lake *Trasimenus*, and at the village of *Torricelli* at the foot of the hill we found ourselves on its banks. This lake is a very noble expanse of water, about ten miles in length and about seven in breadth. Three little islands rise in it, the largest and the least about a mile from the northern

shore, the other near the southern extremity. The name of this island is *Polvese*. The two others are denominated from their size *Minore* and *Maggiore;* the latter is adorned with a church. The banks of the lake ascend gradually, but in some places rapidly, from its margin; and as they are clad with wood and speckled with villages form an outline both bold and lively*. But if in extent and beauty the lake *Trasimenus* yield to many, in celebrity it is inferior to none; the fall of fifteen thousand Romans and the death of a consul ennoble its name, and cast an awful solemnity over its scenery.

From *Torricelli* the road winds along the margin of the lake to a village called *Passignano*, which occupies a very narrow defile, closed on one side by the lake, on the other by a rocky precipice. Beyond this defile the road crosses a plain, bounded by the lake on the left, and on the right by a semicircular ridge of hills and mountains. This ridge, which falls back in the centre, advances again on the sides, and closes on the lake at *Passignano* in a precipice; and at *Borghetto* in a lofty acclivity. The plain thus enclosed is about six miles in length, that is, from the former to the latter of these places, and about four in breadth from the lake to the mountains. Hannibal could not have discovered or even have desired a situation more favorable to stratagem and ambush. In the centre of

* Such also was its ancient appearance.

Namque ego sum (the god of the lake speaks) celsis quem cinctum montibus ambit
Tmolo missa manus, stagnis Thrasymenus opacis.

Sil. Ital. lib. IV.

this plain he encamped at the head of his African and Spanish troops; the *Baleares* and light armed forces he placed in the recesses of the mountains all around, while his cavalry were commissioned to occupy the defile on the rear of the Romans, as soon as they had passed through it. The consul entered by *Borghetto* with his characteristic rashness and impetuosity, and hastened to attack the army which he beheld in front; when a sudden shout bursting around informed him that he was beset on all sides; a thick mist rising from the lake darkened the air; noise, confusion, dismay, defeat, and slaughter followed. The return of sunshine shewed the ground strewed with the bodies of the Romans, and the lake crimsoned with their blood*. A streamlet, which nearly intersects the plain in the middle, still retains the name of *Sanguineto* or *Fossa del Sangue*, is supposed to water the spot where the consul fell, and is said by the peasants to have rolled a torrent of blood to the *Trasimenus*, and impurpled its waters to a considerable distance. This rill is the most popular and perhaps the most permanent memorial of this disastrous battle; it is known and pointed out by every peasant and driver, and contemplated by all with some degree of horror. To throw a certain gloom and melancholy over the scenes of human destruction is natural to the mind, and usual in all countries. It is reported, that after sunset a sound like the clashing of shields and the onset of distant armies is heard on the plain of *Marathon*: at *Neerwinden*† a countryman assured me that strange

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* Livius XXII. 4, 5, 6—for a poetical description see Sil. lib. v.

† Near *Louvain*, where the French under Dumourier were defeated by the

noises were often heard on the plains at night; and near *Tewkesbury*, a close where the greatest number of the *Lancastrians* were massacred, is still called the *bloody field*, and supposed by the people to be haunted by spectres.

> Ingemuisse putes campos, terramque nocentem
> Inspirasse animas, infectumque aera totum
> Manibus, et superam Stygia formidine noctem.
>
> *Lucan* VII. 769.

The *Sanguineto*, when we passed it, was the dry bed of a torrent, lined with vines above the road; and below it, toward the lake, shaded with poplars.

About two miles farther we turned from the lake, and began to ascend the bold wooded hill of *Gualandro*. From its summit we enjoyed a beautiful and extensive view, behind, of the lake, its islands, and its wooded borders; and before, of the plain of *Arezzo*, the *Valle de Chiana*, and the hills of *Viterbo*, with the truncated cone of *Monte Pulciano*. This wide and varied view was lighted by the richest and softest tints of an Italian summer's evening. Descending the declivity we passed through the village of *Ossaia*, said, like the *Fossa del Sanguine*, to take its name from the slaughter of the battle, and the bones dug up by the peasantry in the neighbouring fields. An inscription over the door of a house announces the origin

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Austrians, commanded by the Prince of Saxe Cobourg, in the month of March, 1793.

of the name in the following lines, not very classical but intelligible enough.

> Nomen habet locus hic Ossaia, ab ossibus illis
> Quæ dolus Annibalis fudit et hasta simul.

On entering the Tuscan territory we were stopped for a minute by an officer of the customs, the most polite and most disinterested of the profession, and then proceeded rapidly to *Camoscia*. It was now dusk, and we could barely distinguish at a little distance on our right the city of *Cortona*, "*superbi Tarchontis domus*" rising in a majestic situation on the side of a mountain. This city, supposed to be the most ancient in Italy, and once the capital of *Etruria*, still retains its original name unaltered, and preserves some remnant of its walls, the only vestige of its early magnificence. It possesses many valuable paintings, a museum, and a public library, and glories in an academy of great and deserved reputation, the grand object of which is to discover and elucidate Etrurian antiquities, and its success has in this respect kept pace with the talents and zeal of its members. To visit this museum and discourse with some of the learned members of the Tuscan academy was a desirable object: we were now in the centre of *Etruria*, under the walls of its capital, and within a few miles of *Clusium*, (now *Chiuso*) the seat of one of its most powerful monarchs. We had thus an opportunity of making some researches into the history of the wonderful people who gave their name to this territory and the neighbouring sea; who equalled the Egyptians in the solidity, and surpassed them in the beauty, of their edifices; who excelled in the arts, and rioted in the luxuries of life, while the Greeks were still barbarians, and Rome had yet no name; and whose antiquity is such that their origin is lost in the obscurity

of ages, and was even in the time of Herodotus, as it now still remains, a subject of dispute and conjecture. Some suppose them to have been *Aborigines*, an appellation given to the inhabitants found in a country by its first recorded invaders*; others from a distant conformity in certain customs, fancy that they were of Egyptian origin; many represent them as a colony of Lydians†, or perhaps Mæonians, compelled by the pressure of famine to leave their native soil and seek for maintenance in a more fertile region; a still greater number imagine that they were Pelasgi‡, a well known tribe of Greeks, who, when driven by the Hellenes from *Thessalia*, first took shelter in *Lydia*, and afterwards in Italy. In fine, a few later writers have thought that they had discovered in the manners, language, and monuments of the Etrurians and Cananeans such an affinity, as authorized them to conclude that the former were a colony of the latter, and of course either Phœnicians or Philistines. This opinion, supported by *Maffei* and *Mazzochi*, and followed by many other Italian authors, is combated by some French critics of considerable learning and merit.

We have neither time nor inclination to enter into a discussion in which learning has already exhausted its stores, and criticism foiled its own ingenuity; it will abundantly satisfy rational curiosity to know, that the Etrurians participated the qualities of all the different nations to which they have been supposed to owe their origin. Brave as the *Pelasgi*, they extended their conquests over almost all Italy, and filled its finest provinces, from the borders of *Campania* to the *Rhætian* Alps

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* Dionysius Halic. † Herodotus. ‡ See Cluv. Ital. Ant. lib. II.

with their cities and population. Like the Greeks, enthusiastically attached to the arts, they cultivated sculpture, painting, and architecture with passion, and have left behind them numberless monuments to attest their success. Enterprising as the Phœnicians, they delighted and excelled in navigation, colonized the Mediterranean islands, and attempted to explore the secrets of the ocean. So far their resemblance to their supposed ancestors is honorable, and to this they owed their achievements, their renown, and their prosperity. But unfortunately the similarity extends still further, and gives us the most deformed and disgusting features of the Cananean character; rendered if possible still more hideous by time and by refinement*. The operation of these vices gradually produced effeminacy and weakness both of mind and body, and at length deprived the Etrurians of the glory of their achievements and the advantages of their many enterprises. Their more manly and more intrepid neighbours attacked them with success, and stripped them in process of time of their most valuable provinces†.

They were obliged to yield all the fertile plains that border the *Po*, and extend from the Alps to the Apennines, to the valor of the Gauls, who settled in that delightful country and gave it the name of *Gallia*, to which was afterwards added the distinctive appellation of *Cisalpina*. The Samnites expelled them from the still more delicious and more desirable region of *Campania;* the Umbri retook several of their ancient possessions; so that at the appearance of the Romans on the theatre of Italy, the Etrurians were confined to the territory that still bears their name,

* Athenæus. † Strabo.

and extends from the *Tiber* northward to the Apennines, and westward to the sea. But although humbled in power and reduced in territory, this singular people still retained their superiority in the arts, and in the embellishments of civilized life; and while obliged to bend to the towering genius of Rome, they can boast of having communicated to her the skill that erected her temples*, the ceremonies that graced her religion, the robes that invested her magistrates, the pomp that accompanied her triumphs, and even the music that animated her legions†. They retained this superiority long after, perhaps they may be said never to have lost it entirely; and notwithstanding the succession of so many ages and revolutions, their descendants are supposed still to possess a peculiar aptitude for the arts, and a singular discernment in the sciences.

Of this extraordinary people we have indeed few architectural monuments; but in vases, tombs, and altars, we possess abundant proofs of their ingenuity, and without doubt might discover many more by making excavations in, or near the site of some of their ancient cities. But however well inclined to indulge in such amusing researches, time and circumstances dragged us irresistibly along, and obliged us to forego the satisfaction of visiting the venerable walls of *Cortona*. We there-

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* Liv. l. i. 55.

† Bissenos hæc prima dedit præcedere fasces,
Et junxit totidem tacito terrore secures:
Hæc altas eboris decoravit honore curules,
Et princeps Tyrio vestem pretexuit ostro.
Hæc eadem pugnas accendere protulit ære.
Sil. lib. VIII. 483.

fore proceeded on our journey, and as it was dark when we set out from *Camoscia* entered *Arezzo* rather late.

ARRETIUM.

Arretium is one of the ancient Etrurian cities, though, with the exception of the supposed substructions of an amphitheatre, it can boast of no vestige of its former celebrity. It was nearly unpeopled by Sylla, and almost destroyed by the Lombards; it was afterwards agitated by faction, and convulsed by perpetual wars and revolutions during the middle ages. It has, however, survived these tempests, and still remains a considerable city. It is in general well built, and has some though few remarkable edifices, among which are the public palace on the great square, and the cathedral. The latter is a Gothic edifice, ancient and not contemptible; it contains some beautifully colored windows. The former displays a vast and very noble front.

Petrarcha was born in this city, although, as that circumstance was accidental, and as his family was Florentine and his stay short, he could not consider it as his country. The house in which that event took place does not correspond, I will not say with the fame, but with the parentage of the poet. It seems to have been originally little better than a cottage, and is now by time and neglect almost reduced to an hovel. But though *Arezzo* can scarcely rank *Petrarcha* among her sons, she can boast of many an illustrious name, and display a long list of worthies distinguished in arts and in arms. Among these I shall only mention one, because though his merit was great, yet his profession was humble and his name obscure. *Guido l'Aretino*, a monk of the eleventh century, invented the scale of notes now

in use, and thus gave to music, as writing does to language, a form and body, which may preserve and convey its accents down to the latest posterity.

While at *Arezzo*, the traveller may indulge himself in a pleasant and truly classical excursion to explore the site of the younger Pliny's Tuscan villa, so minutely and so beautifully described in one of his epistles*. It stood near *Tifernum*, now *Citta di Castello*, and is supposed by Cluverius to have grown into a large town called *Borgo di San Sepolcro*. This may have been its situation; yet I should be inclined from Pliny's expressions, "*Oppidum est prædiis nostris vicinum nomine Tifernum*†," to place it nearer this latter town. But to form any opinion as to the real spot is impossible, without visiting the country itself, and comparing its localities with the description of Pliny.

Descending the hill of *Arezzo* next morning to the Etrurian plains‡ so famed at all times for their fertility, and shortly after passing the *Chiana* or *Clanis* which intersects them, we entered the *Val d'Arno*, the Italian Arcadia, and hailed the Tuscan muse and the genius of Milton. This vale, almost as celebrated in modern as the vale of *Tempe* was in ancient

* Liv. v. Ep. 6.

† Lib. iv. Epist. 1.

‡ Regio erat in primis Italiæ fertilis, Etrusci campi, qui Fæsulas inter Arretiumque jacent, frumenti et pecoris, et omnium copiâ rerum opulenti.—*Tit. Liv. lib.* xxii. 3.

days, is formed by two ranges of hills stretching along opposite to each other, at the distance of four or eight miles. In the plain between glides the *Arno*, diffusing fertility and verdure over his banks; industry extends the benefits of the stream even to the hills, covers their sides with harvests, and crowns their summits with orchards. Handsome villages grace the road, and neat clean looking cottages rise without number in the fields, oftentimes imbosomed in gardens and overshadowed with pendant vines. The hills on both sides are adorned with several little towns, sometimes boldly rising on their sides, and at other times half concealed in their woods and recesses. Beyond the hills on the right rise the Apennines, lofty, rugged, and naked, excepting one summit, which is tufted with the forest that overhangs *Vallombrosa*.

This scenery, which commences at the passage of the *Chiana*, or rather a few miles to the north of that river, continues with some variations to Florence, and forms the *Val d'Arno Superiore*. It is in its greatest beauty where narrowest, that is, from *Levane* to *Incisa*. At this latter place the vale expands into a plain, and the road diverges from the river. The weather was intensely hot, the roads very dusty, and consequently the delight which a scene so beautiful in itself, and so celebrated by fame is well calculated to inspire, was considerably abated. We entered Florence about sunset.

CHAP. VII.

HISTORY OF FLORENCE—ITS EDIFICES—CATHEDRAL—TOMBS—MAUSOLEUM OF THE MEDICEAN FAMILY—PALACES—GALLERY.

THOUGH Florence owes its origin to a Roman colony, composed, it is said, of Cæsar's chosen veterans, and though it glories in having retained and occasionally displayed much of the energies and magnanimity of its founders, yet it made a very inconsiderable figure in ancient times; and as it was neither distinguished by great events, nor ennobled by great personages, it seems to have slumbered away several ages in the tranquil enjoyment of a fertile soil and a fine climate. Its powers were first called forth and its courage tried by the Gothic invasion, and while it underwent in common with the other cities of Italy, all the vicissitudes of that most destructive war which followed the demise of Theodoric, it seems to have invariably manifested a spirit of resistance and intrepidity worthy its military origin. These qualities suspended indeed but could not avert the fate of the city, which sunk under the disasters of the

Longobardic incursions, and remained for many years a deserted mass of ruins. It was restored by Charlemagne, and again resumed some celebrity, but never shone forth in all its lustre till governed by its own magistrates, and under laws enacted by its own authority, it acquired the name and energies of a republic. It was not, it is true, the first to profit of the weakness either of the German Cæsars or of its own rulers, but when it had once shaken off the yoke, it rose rapidly into fame and prosperity. Governed sometimes by its bishop, sometimes by its nobles, and not unfrequently by its people, it experienced all the varieties and all the agitations of republican administration. Sometimes convulsed by the rival pretensions of the former, or by the licentious claims of the latter, it was converted into a field of battle, a theatre of guilt and assassination; at other times under the sway of a wise and virtuous magistracy it exhibited a delightful scene of peace, industry, and prosperity, and displayed at once all the blessings and all the glories of liberty. It was frequently engaged in wars with the neighbouring states of *Sienna*, *Pisa*, and *Lucca*, then populous and enterprising, and in these civil contests obtained such a portion of military fame as placed it upon a level with most of the Italian commonwealths.

But whether agitated or tranquil at home, whether at peace or war abroad, its institutions were always free and manly, and its citizens were bold and active. This indeed is one of the peculiar and exclusive advantages of a republican government; every man acts for himself and for his own interests while he is acting for his country; the market of honor, dignity, and employment is open to all; it is consequently crowded with competitors, and each candidate is obliged in his own defence

to exert all the faculties of his soul, and call forth every latent energy. Hence that activity of mind, that fermentation of intellect and imagination, which produces genius and creates the poet and the orator, the statesman and the historian, the sage and the hero. The same ardent principle, it is true, that sets all the powers of the soul in motion may at the same time rouse many a dark and destructive passion, and impel a bold bad man to many a wicked deed; and I am aware that men of timid minds or of slavish downward propensities are too apt to take occasion from this acknowledgment to inveigh against popular governments, and exalt the advantages of monarchy. But do the intrigues of a court, and the lust and ambition of princes and ministers, excite no animosities, and produce no scenes of blood? or are the annals of monarchy stained with fewer crimes than the history of republicanism? The reverse is the case; and if all the crimes of all the Grecian republics were united, they would not equal the mass of guilt that might be collected from the reign of one Persian monarch; as all the murders and all the assassinations perpetrated in all the Italian commonwealths put into the scale together, would kick the beam when counterbalanced by the bloody deeds of Philip II. of Spain, or of Henry VIII. of England.

Wherever human passions are deeply engaged crimes will occur, but the difference between monarchy and republicanism is, that the former while it naturally excites and cherishes a spirit of intrigue, dissimulation, and treachery, proscribes the open, the generous feelings of conscious worth, independence, and honest pride, and thus gives vice a decided advantage over virtue; the latter on the contrary, friendly in its very essence to publicity and frankness, encourages the

undisguised display of bold intrepid sentiment, the sense of self-importance, and the pride of genius, such as generally accompany great talents, and usher the more useful and splendid virtues into the world. In a monarchy therefore where all is subservient to the will of the sovereign, Virtue must often veil her beauty, not to eclipse the splendor of the throne or divert the homage of the people; in a republic, where the natural feelings of mankind have full scope, Vice must hide her deformity, least she should excite hatred, and defeat her own purposes. Look at the Grecian republics, even when most convulsed by faction or maddened by war; contemplate, for instance, *Athens* and *Lacedæmon* in that bloody struggle of power and talents, which terminated in the temporary subjection of the former. Crimes of a very black die shock the feelings, and sufferings and misfortunes melt the heart; but how many virtues rise in opposition, what vigor, what perseverance, what activity, and what patience exalt the combatants, and inflame the mind of the reader! A pestilence ravaged *Athens* within and a cruel and unsuccessful war wasted her without, yet what a constellation of great and wise men blazed around her, and brightened the gloom of her destiny. Socrates and Thucydides, Pericles and Alcibiades, Sophocles and Euripides, all grace the annals of this disastrous *Peloponnesian* contest, and shed round *Athens* a lustre more vivid and more permanent than the glory of all the victories of *Lacedæmon*. Who would not prefer the agitations and even reverses of such a republic to the tranquillity and the triumphs of the most splendid monarchy?

It has been frequently and justly observed, that the Italian republics of the middle ages bore a striking resemblance to the commonwealths of Greece, and to this observation it may be

added that *Florence* had a strong similarity to *Athens*, a similarity not in government only and temper, but in genius and talents. Thus as in *Athens* so in *Florence*, that genius seemed struck out by the collision of parties and the shock of war; and as Euripides and Sophocles rose in the heat of the *Peloponnesian*, so *Dante* and *Bocaccio* sprung up amid the sanguinary broils of the *Ghibelline* contest. And again, as Demosthenes and Eschines, animated the decline of *Athens*, and cheered her once more with the language of liberty before she received the *Macedonian* yoke; so *Florence* ere she sunk into slavery, gave as a last bequest to liberty and literature, the works of *Guicciardini* and *Machiavelli*.

In the interval, the perpetual struggle between rival parties, and the vicissitudes that followed each other so rapidly kept the powers of the mind in continual action, and adapted them to excellence in every pursuit. Hence poets and statesmen, architects and painters, all of high merit and corresponding fame, rose in succession, and gave Florence, while free, the reputation which she scarcely forfeited when enslaved, of being the seat of the sciences, and the mother and nurse of the Tuscan muse. The struggles which raged in the meantime in her bosom, and the wars which she carried on abroad, seem again like the wars and quarrels of ancient Greece, to have been no obstacle to her prosperity; and as *Athens* and *Lacedæmon* were never so rich or so populous as when engaged in mutual debates, so *Florence*, *Pisa*, and *Sienna* never contained more inhabitants or displayed greater resources than when warring upon each other, and marching hostile legions to each other's gates. This remark, applicable to the other Italian republics of the same pe-

riod, and indeed to those of both ancient Greece and Italy, proves that the agitations of a commonwealth are neither so dangerous to public happiness nor so destructive of private felicity, as the advocates of monarchy wish to persuade the world. The truth is, that tide of prosperity which has left so many traces behind, not only in the cities which I have just mentioned, but in almost every town in the northern parts of Italy, such as *Mantua*, *Cremona*, *Vicentia*, and *Verona*, was the effect of republican industry; and most of the stately edifices which still adorn these cities, whether public or private, sacred or profane, were raised by republican taste and munificence.

I speak not here of Rome; that city destined, it seems, to eternal greatness, owes her splendor to another cause more active perhaps than even the spirit of liberty, and doubtless more sublime; but the capitals to which I allude still exhibit the monuments of the opulence and public spirit of their ancestors as their noblest decorations, which, while they stand like so many trophies of liberty, show to the world how much popular surpasses monarchical government.

Among fallen republics, the fate of *Florence* seems peculiar; the loss of her liberty not only added not to her splendor, nor augmented her fame or territory; it did not even increase the prosperity of the family that usurped the government, or cast any additional lustre round the Medicean name. While *Florence* was free and the Medici only its first citizens, she paida most honorable tribute to their superior merit by a voluntary deference to their counsels, a tribute which ambition, if it knew its own interests, would prefer to forced homage and extorted allegiance.

The first merchant princes of this family, wisely content with the ascendency which the affection and gratitude of their country gave them, blended the policy of the statesman, the disinterestedness of the patriot, and the munificence of the sovereign, with the economy of traders, and the affability, ease, and simplicity of citizens. Such was the effect of these virtues, set of at the same time by learning and discernment, that history presents few great men to our observation more worthy of our esteem, and admiration than *Cosmo* and *Lorenzo di Medici*. The title of *Pater Patriæ*, first justly bestowed by Roman gratitude upon Cicero, and since that period so often prostituted by the prodigality of courtly flattery, and the vanity of weak, and even vicious despots, was here once more conferred by the judicious affection of a whole city on a generous and deserving magistrate.

But though the liberty of *Florence* and the glory of the Medicean family survived Lorenzo, yet they began from the fatal period of his death to decline, till one of his descendants, decorated with the empty title of Duke*, resigned the nobler appellation of the first citizen and father of his country, and usurped by force that government which the gratitude and veneration of his countrymen had deposited with generous confidence in the hands of his ancestors. Long might he have retained, unenvied and even applauded, the same honorable sway. But

Concessa pudet ire viâ civemque videri. *Lucan* II.

A title conferred by the Emperor, and supported by a regiment

* 1535.

of guards, was in Alexander di Medici's estimation preferable to one founded on his own virtues and the love of his country. From this inauspicious period the Medici, no longer the patrons of the arts and sciences, were lost in the common herd of petty despots, and like them whiled away their days in intrigue, debauchery, and obscurity. Under their leaden sway the commerce of *Florence* died away, the genius of the Tuscans languished, and want and misery spread over the fertile plains of *Etruria.*

The fate of *Florence* is a lesson held out to all free governments, to guard them not only against the ambition and power, but even against the virtues and popularity of their rulers. The latter without doubt are the more dangerous. Avowed ambition or pride ill-dissembled excite hatred, and justify opposition; while benevolence and affability engage the affections, and disarm resistance. Hence it would perhaps have been fortunate for Rome if her first tyrant, instead of Augustus had been Nero, and it is perhaps for the same reason advantageous to the cause of liberty that the chief magistrate in a free state should not be of a character too popular and engaging.

Florence is now under the government of the Prince of *Parma,* most unjustly expelled by the French from his own territory, and reluctantly decorated with the mock title of King of *Etruria.* How long he may be permitted to enjoy even this shadowy and precarious honor it is difficult to determine; but if the French were inclined to respect a title of their own creation and leave him in quiet possession, yet a weak constitution and a heart broken by disaster, will ere long bring his reign to a premature termination. He is naturally a prince of a mild and benevolent

character, and well fitted to govern a small territory in times of tranquillity.

Florence is seated in a vale, intersected by the *Arno*, graced by numberless hills, and bordered at no great distance by mountains of various forms rising gradually towards the Apennines. The whole vale is one continued grove and garden, where the beauty of the country is enlivened by the animation of the town, and the fertility of the soil redoubled by the industry of its cultivators. White villas gleam through the orchards on every side, and large populous hamlets border the roads, and almost line the banks of the river. Such is the scene of comfort and prosperity that surrounds the Tuscan capital, raised originally by the genius of liberty, and restored by the Grand Duke Leopold*. Happy will it be for the inhabitants if its charms can resist the *blasts from hell*, which have passed the Alps and the Apennines, and now brood in tempests over the *Val d'Arno*.

The city itself spreads along the side of the river which forms one of its greatest ornaments, and contributes not a little to its fame. Its streets are well paved or rather flagged, wider than usual in southern climates, and its houses in general solid and rather stately. It has several squares, and many churches and palaces, so that its appearance is airy, clean, and sometimes rising towards grandeur. I do not however think, that the number of great edifices corresponds with the reputation of the city, or with the figure which it has so long made in the annals

* Afterwards Emperor.

of modern history. It is indeed to be considered, that we came directly from Rome, and that the glories of that capital, when fresh upon the mind, must naturally eclipse the inferior splendor of every other city.

CHURCHES.

The *Cathedral* with its adjoining baptistery, *St. Lorenzo*, and the *Mausoleum* of the Medicean family; *Santa Maria Novella*, and *Santa Croce*, are the most conspicuous edifices in *Florence*, and have each some peculiarity that claims attention.

The Cathedral, called as usual in Italy *Il Duomo*, is an edifice of great extent and magnificence, and ranks among the first of the kind in Europe. It is in fact, if we consider magnitude and materials, boldness and skill, the second and in these respects inferior only to the unrivalled Vatican. Its walls are incrusted or rather cased with black and white marble; it is paved with variegated marble disposed, at least in part, by *Michael Angelo;* it is adorned both within and without by marble statues, most of which are works of the most eminent sculptors; and its paintings are in general masterpieces of the art. But its principal distinction and greatest glory is its dome, prior to that of St. Peter's in time, and little inferior to it in magnitude*. As it has the advantage of the latter in date, so it is represented by the Florentines as its model. *Michael Angelo*, they say, used to behold it with rapture, and pronounce it match-

* The difference is only thirteen feet in height and fifteen in breadth.

less in its kind, and they conclude from hence that his genius kindled by the contemplation conceived the grander idea of the Roman dome. But this dome, though erected by *Michael Angelo*, was planned by *Bramante*, and to him we are to ascribe the merit of the glorious conception. At all events, it is highly honorable to *Florence* to have furnished, if not the plan, at least the example even to Rome herself, and to have commenced in the thirteenth century an edifice of such boldness and magnitude.

This church was begun in the year 1296. The dome was raised in the following century by *Brunellesco*, who finished the edifice. The form of the dome to an eye accustomed to St. Peter's is not pleasing; it is octagonal, a form of less simplicity, and of course less grandeur than the circular; it is moreover closed at the top, and consequently appears dark and dismal to a spectator, who recollects the soft lights that play round the vault and illuminate the mosaics of the Vatican. The arcades that border the nave look naked for want of pilasters, and the cornice, (if it may be so called, for it rather resembles a gallery,) that intersects the space between the arches and the springing of the vault above, for want of pillars or pilasters to support it seems out of place, and rather an excrescence than an ornament. The windows are smaller than usual in similar edifices, and the deep and rich colors of the glass, which would elsewhere be considered as a beauty, here, by diminishing the quantity of light, render the defect more visible. The choir is immediately under the dome, and like it octagonal. It is enclosed by an Ionic colonnade of variegated marble, and adorned with basso relievos.

On the whole, the cathedral of *Florence* was the first effort of the reviving arts, and announced to a rude age the glories of the approaching era; it stood for some time unequalled, and even now claims the second honors. Nor is this noble fabric deficient in that more interesting glory which great monuments derive from great events. In it was assembled the celebrated council, where a Greek Emperor, surrounded by the patriarchs of the Greek church, sat enthroned next to the Roman Pontiff and his prelates, and the two most numerous, most ancient, and most venerable communions of the christian body were united for the last time in the bonds of faith and charity. This union is considered as a grand and singular event, but desirable as it was then, and must at all times be, it will appear to the reader acquainted with the subjects in debate, much less singular than their division. In this church also the Emperor Frederic III. environed by his vassal kings and dukes, sat in imperial state, and distributed the honors of knighthood among his attendants. We may wish to forget that its pavement was defiled by the blood of *Giuliano di Medici*, but while the crime presents itself to our memory we may also recollect its punishment, and the providential escape of *Lorenzo*.

To these historical embellishments we may add the additional awfulness which this cathedral derives from the illustrious persons who repose under its pavement. Among these are the well-known names of *Brunellesco*, *Giotto*, and *Marsilius Ficinus*. A picture only records the memory of *Dante*, whose remains, notwithstanding the lustre which his genius reflects upon his country, slumber in exile at *Ravenna*, in a tomb erected and inscribed by *Bernardo*, father of the Cardinal *Bembo*. Another epitaph, supposed to

have been penned by the poet himself, ends with a gentle complaint.

> Hic claudor Dantes patriis extorris ab oris
> Quem genuit parvi Florentia mater amoris.

The Florentines have indeed at various times endeavoured to recover the relics of their illustrious citizen, and particularly during the reign of Leo X. when Michael Angelo himself is said to have exerted his influence to obtain them; but in vain: the people of *Ravenna*, who had the honor of affording the exiled poet an asylum when living, conceive that they have the best title to the honor of preserving his ashes when dead—"*Exulem a Florentia excepit Ravenna*," says the epitaph, "*vivo fruens, mortuum colens, ... tumulum pretiosum musis. S. P. E. Rav. jure ac ære suo tamquam thesaurum suum munivit, instauravit, ornavit.*" In fine, the Florentine republic voted a magnificent cenotaph to be erected in this cathedral, but even this vote has hitherto proved ineffectual, and the picture alluded to above continues still to occupy the place allotted to the monument.

Close to the front of the church but totally detached from it rises the *Campanile* or belfry, a light airy and graceful tower, coated with variegated marble, and adorned with many highly finished statues. Opposite the principal entrance stands the Baptistery, an octangular edifice, in many respects of great beauty. A number of granite pillars support its dome, and fine mosaics shed a rich coloring over it; the walls are lined, and the pavement inlaid with marble. It is dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and all its ornaments have a reference to the sacrament of Baptism. It is in fact the Baptistery, not of one parish only, but of the whole city of *Florence*, and corresponds in magnitude

with its destination. Its three great bronze portals are celebrated for the exquisite beauty of the basso relievos with which they are adorned; the figures represent the principal events of the life of St. John, with the *cardinal* and *theological* virtues. *Michael Angelo*, in an extasy of admiration, termed them *the Gates of Paradise*. This well-known tribute of praise, when paid by such an artist, has justly been considered as an encomium that places them above the reach of criticism.

The reader, unacquainted with the date of these masterpieces, will be astonished when he learns that one of the three is inscribed anno 1330, an era when the arts were supposed to slumber under the ruins of antiquity, and when even Italy itself is generally represented as enveloped in all the gloom of ignorance and barbarism. In truth, our ideas of the middle ages are in many respects the mere prejudices of childhood. Europe, or at least Italy, was never involved in such utter darkness as some of our modern oracles endeavor to make their unthinking readers imagine. Some of the Italian republics were then in the full enjoyment of liberty, and liberty never yet visited a country without bringing knowledge and taste, the arts and the sciences in her train. In fact, the century and the country that produced *Cimabue* and *Giotto*, *Arnolfo* and *Ugolini*, *Dante* and *Petrarcha*, could not have been deficient in genius or criticism, in painting or sculpture, in design or in architecture.

But let us turn from a subject too fertile and alluring for a traveller, and pass to the church of *St. Lorenzo*, the next in rank as an object of curiosity, not so much for its own internal beauties as for the edifices united or connected with it. These

are the Sacristy, the Medicean chapel, and the Laurentian library.

The Sacristy, which is in fact a chapel and the mausoleum of several princes of the Medicean line, was planned by *Michael Angelo*, and is adorned with several statues of his workmanship. Some are finished in his best style; others remain unfinished, but display, it is thought, even in the imperfect parts, the grand daring touches and inimitable manner of the sculptor.

Close to the Sacristy and behind the chancel of the church, though the communication is not yet open, stands the intended mausoleum of the Medicean family. This edifice was begun two hundred years ago*, and if completed upon the plan on which it was commenced would surpass every sepulchral building in the world. Its form is octagonal, its diameter ninety-four, and its elevation to the vault two hundred feet. It is literally lined with lapis lazuli, agate, jasper, onyx, &c. furnished with sarcophagi of porphyry, and supported by granite pilasters with capitals of bronze. The niches between these pilasters are of touchstone; beneath is a subterrancous chapel, where the bodies, whose names are inscribed on the sarcophagi above, are to repose. The crucifixion of our Saviour, a groupe in white marble by *John of Bologna*, with a Blessed Virgin by *Michael Angelo*, and St. John by one of his disciples, grace this dormitory of the dead, and preside over it with appropriate majesty. But

Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ,

* An. 1604.

before the magnificent monument intended for their reception was finished, the Medicean line has failed; the work is now suspended, and if we may judge from the impoverished state of the country and the agitation of the times, it is not likely to be resumed for many years, if ever. In the mean time, the materials of the inlaid pavement remain still in store; the dome which was to have been incrusted with mosaics (it was first intended, with *lapis lazuli*), presents nothing to the eye but its inanimate form; even the altar has not yet been raised, nor the grand entrance opened from the church of *St. Laurence*. In short, if the present system of French influence and exaction should continue, the Medicean chapel, stripped of its rich decorations, will be abandoned to oblivion, until undermined by time it shall one day bury under its ruins the remains which it was commissioned to preserve, as a sacred deposit enshrined in pomp and magnificence*.

The Laurentian library is in the convent annexed to the church. This library consisted originally of the many valuable manuscripts collected by the first princes of the Medicean family; these were dispersed in a very little time after the death

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* This celebrated chapel appeared to us dark and heavy, and in architectural beauty, chaste decoration, and fair proportions, far inferior to the *Corsini* chapel in *St. John Lateran*. In riches it is equalled if not surpassed by the *Borghese* chapel in *Sta. Maria Maggiore*. But though it yields in magnificence to these two unrivalled temples, it far surpasses all similar edifices, whether oratory or mausoleum, beyond the Alps. The dome of the Invalids at Paris covers a chapel, which is shewn as the pride of French architecture; but when compared to the Medicean chapel, how graceless are its proportions! how mean its materials!

of *Lorenzo*, during the disgrace and banishment of his son. Many were recovered, others purchased, and the collection considerably increased by the munificence of the two Medicean Pontiffs, Leo X. and Clement VII. As these manuscripts were in almost every language, and their number was considerable at the same time, the reputation of this collection rose very high, and almost equalled, it is said, that of the Vatican. In fact, this library was the noblest monument which the *Medici* have left of the glory of their line, and reflected more honor upon them than the proudest edifices could bestow; but even this literary monument will soon exist only in remembrance; it has not escaped the rapacity of the French leaders, and after the gleaning which it has already furnished, will probably pass entire, either as an homage, or a purchase, or a *voluntary* present, to the consular palace.

It is not my intention to enlarge upon the churches of *Florence;* in external beauty, excepting the cathedral, they are inferior to many, but in internal decorations equal to most Italian churches; however to travellers who had just arrived from Rome, and sated their eyes with the splendor of its majestic temples, the most magnificent edifices of *Florence* could present little interesting, nothing astonishing. One charm indeed the churches of *Florence* possess in a manner peculiar to themselves, and that is, an intimate connection with the memory of the great men who flourished in the fourteenth and fifteenth century, and from *Florence* diffused the light of literature over the western world. There are, in fact, few churches in this city which are not ennobled by the tombs of some or other of these personages; scarce one that does not present to the eyes of the traveller, when he enters, inscribed on marble or bronze, some illustrious and well known name. Thus

in the church of *San Marco* we find the tomb of *Picus* of *Mirandola*, distinguished alike by rank, fortune, genius, piety and learning. This combination of qualities so rare even when single, deserved to be recorded in lines more simple and affecting than the two bombastic verses now inscribed upon his tomb.

On the opposite side of the church lies *Politianus*, the friend of *Lorenzo*, the favorite of the Latin muse; a trivial epitaph records his name, but no elegiac verse deplores his untimely fate, nor does one indignant line avenge his sullied fame. The honour of vindicating the poet was reserved to an English pen, and Politian owes to the generosity of a *Roscoe* that which he had a right to claim from the justice of his countrymen.

> Candidus ille viget morum tenor, et pia vitæ
> Simplicitas nullis est labefacta malis.

In the church of *Sta. Croce* we find the tomb of *Michael Angelo Buonarotti*, the painter, the sculptor, the architect. It is graced with many figures; perhaps the name alone would have been its best decoration. In the same church lie the remains of *Leonardi Bruni Aretino*, and of *Galileo*, a more illustrious name. In another sanctuary reposes the Florentine Livy, *Guicciardini*, and in a third the Tuscan Tacitus *Machiavelli*. Of *Boccacio*, the modern Petronius, we say nothing; the abuse of genius is more odious and more contemptible than its absence, and it imports little where the impure remains of a licentious author are consigned to their kindred dust. For the same reason the traveller may pass unnoticed the tomb of the malignant *Aretino*. But who can view without compassion the urn of the young, the virtuous poet *Verini*.

Occidit obscænæ Veneris contagia vitans . . . . .
Moribus ambiguum major an ingenio . . . . .
Sic jacet, heu patri dolor et decus—unde juventus
Exemplum, et vates materiam capiant.

The tombs of the learned Greeks who fled before the last and worst of barbarians, the Turks, and fixing at *Florence* established the seat of the Grecian muses in *Etruria*, awaken many a pleasing and many a melancholy recollection. The honors heaped on these illustrious exiles, the enthusiasm of their numerous disciples, and the propagation of their language delight the imagination even at this distance of time, and do credit to the taste and feelings of the Italians of that *vivid* era.

But who can recollect without regret, that the schools which they opened are shut, that the divine language which they taught is neglected, and that a race of savage invaders are now endeavoring to suppress the dialects of Greece and of Italy, in order to substitute the flippant jargon of France in their stead, and replace the solid bullion of ancient wisdom by the base tinsel of Gallic *philosophism*. Thus has this restless and overbearing nation twice attacked the cause of literature in *Florence;* in their first visit, they plundered and dispersed the Medicean library and cabinet; in their second, they not only repeated the same sacrilege, but attempted to stop for ever the two great sources of science and of literature, the languages of Plato and of Cicero.

PALACES.

The remark which we have made above relative to the churches of *Florence* is still more applicable to the palaces, few of which

are calculated to inspire interest, either from their grandeur or magnitude, when compared to similar edifices in Rome. To which we may add, that the Tuscan style, mixed as it generally is in these buildings with much of the rustic, is dull and heavy, and gives them a sullen appearance better adapted to monasteries or even prisons than to palaces. The *Palazzo Strozzi*, and even the archiducal residence the *Palazzo Pitti*, though grand, regular, and extensive edifices, fall under this censure. The *Palazzo Corsini* on the quay is perhaps an exception. The *Palazzo Riccardi* is said to be erected on a plan of Michael Angelo; it has however a better recommendation to notice. It was built by the first *Cosmo de Medici*, and was the residence of that family in the happiest and most glorious period of its history, when its wealth was the produce of its industry, its honors the voluntary tribute of public esteem, and its power the affection of its country. The house of *Cosmo* and afterwards of *Lorenzo*, was then truly the palace of public wisdom* the *Curia* of the Commonwealth, and at the same time the abode of the Greek, the Latin, and the Etruscan muses. It was in process of time honored by the presence of emperors and of pontiffs, and of kings and of princes; it was decorated by the first artists in succession, and may with propriety be considered as the temple of virtue, public spirit, and science.

When we enter it the recollection of all the virtues and honors of the first Medici inspire veneration; as we advance we seem to see the heroes and the sages of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries rising successively before us, and claiming

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* *Palazzo della Ragione*, an appellation given in Italy to the townhall or place where the magistrates assemble.

the homage due to their exertions in the cause of science and literature. "*Hospes,*" says the inscription which presents itself to the stranger on his entrance, "*Mediceas olim ædes in quibus non solum tot principes viri, sed et sapientia ipsa habitavit, ædes omnis eruditionis, quæ hic revixit, nutrices . . . . . Gratus venerare.* It must appear surprising, that a sovereign of this family should have sold a palace so intimately connected with the history of its fortunes, not only the *incunabula gentis,* but a monument of the most honorable period of its existence. But Ferdinand II. lived at a time when the Medicean princes, then a degenerate race, had lost in the effeminacy and pride of sovereignty, even the memory of the virtues that made their ancestors great, and were probably indifferent or perhaps averse to trophies and monuments that only reproached them with their vices and their indolence.

The *Riccardi* family, the present proprietors of the Medicean palace, are not unworthy of such a residence. It still remains the repository of the arts and of the wisdom of antiquity, and its gallery and library, open to public inspection, continue to announce the spirit, the judgment, and the liberality of its inhabitants.

One of the most remarkable edifices of *Florence,* and perhaps the most beautiful in its kind in Europe, is the *Ponte della Trinita,* built of marble and formed of three elliptic arches; it was erected by *Ammanati,* and is universally admired for grace and airy lightness.

THE GALLERY.

It now remains for me to speak of the celebrated gallery which

has occupied the attention of so many sovereigns, and forms the distinguishing and most honourable feature of *Florence*. The general appearance of this city is equalled by many and surpassed by some Italian cities, but its gallery stands confessedly in the second place, and yields only (if yet it yield) to the unrivalled collection of the Vatican. I am aware that in speaking of both these famous cabinets I am enlarging rather upon their past than their present glory, and need not inform the reader that the masterpieces of the latter have been transported to France, and that those of the former have been conveyed by a well-timed precaution to *Palermo*. The Medicean gallery therefore when we visited it was stripped of its principal ornaments, and presented so many vacant frames and unoccupied pedestals, that we found ourselves more disposed to regret its absent than admire its present beauties. Among the former were the *Venus of Medicis*, the *Faun*, the *Wrestlers*, with sixty other ancient statues, the most perfect in their kind now at *Palermo*. Many others, of nearly a similar description, have been transported to Paris. The paintings, at least the masterpieces, have shared the same fate, and for the same reasons have been either removed to Sicily or sent to France. The gallery, however, could not be said to be a dreary void ; many statues and many paintings still remained, excellent in their kinds, and capable singly of giving reputation to any transalpine collection.

We will now proceed to a more minute account, and begin by the edifice itself. It was erected by the orders of *Cosmo* I. in the year 1564. *Georgio Vasari* was the architect; it is built in the form of the Greek π, and is more than five hundred feet in length; the court enclosed between the wings is sixty-four

feet in breadth. This court is regular in all its parts; on each side is a gallery supported by Tuscan pillars, one end opens on the great square; the other borders the *Arno*, and is terminated by a large arch which unites the two buildings and forms the communication. The magnitude and regularity of this edifice are alone capable of giving it a majestic appearance, but in other respects it is liable to much criticism; for, not to object to the heaviness of the order itself, the gallery is too low, the pillars too far from each other, the entablature too cumbersome, and the whole colonnade quite buried under the vast superstructure which it supports.

On entering this edifice, and ascending the staircase, (for the gallery is in the upper story,) we are pleased to find the vestibule adorned with the busts of the Medicean princes its founders, who seem to preside over the entrance as the tutelary divinities of the place, and claim from the traveller as he passes before them the acknowledgment due to their munificence. These princes occupy the first part of the vestibulum; the second part contains various antique altars and two remarkable trophies. The gallery occupies the whole length of the building on both sides, and the end or space that forms the communication. Each wing of this gallery is four hundred and sixty feet in length, and the part that forms the communication is more than one hundred; it is about twenty-four in breadth, and nearly as many in heighth. The ceiling is painted in fresco, and represents in one wing various mythological subjects, in the middle and the other wing, conspicuous persons and events remarkable in the annals of *Florence*. These paintings are only interesting inasmuch as they are connected with the history of

the art. Immediately under the ceiling is a line of portraits of great men both ancient and modern; of the latter many are copied from originals. The walls are adorned with pictures, and lined with busts and statues all antique, some in marble and some in bronze. All the busts are of Roman Emperors, or of persons connected with imperial families. The statues generally represent gods or heroes; of these, few are perfect, most having been damaged, and repaired with more or less felicity by modern artists. Intermingled with the statues and busts are altars and sarcophagi, shields, and trophies. Above the statues the pictures are ranged in such a manner as to form the history of the art from the eleventh century down to the seventeenth. The mixture of objects, sacred and profane, historical and fictitious, produces an unpleasant sensation; but according to the principles of the arrangement, which is to shew the progress of the art, seems unavoidable. The number both of paintings and statues surprizes; the excellency of many astonishes; and the effect of the whole at first is rather confusion than satisfaction. The arrangement, it must be admitted, is simple and methodical, but the objects press too close upon each other, and leave no time for discrimination.

The gallery is bordered on one side by a suit of apartments or halls, spacious and well-proportioned, twenty, I think, in number, each of which is consecrated to some particular set of masterpieces in sculpture or in painting, or to some particular school or favourite collection.

One of these halls is devoted to Niobe and her children, a collection in itself, consisting of sixteen figures, all intended to

form, like the Laocoon, one group. Whether this celebrated group be the original itself, which Pliny the Elder ascribes to either Scopas or Praxiteles*, or only a copy, is a subject of debate among critics; its merits are acknowledged, though very differently appreciated, as *Winckelman* and the Italian artists in general represent the different figures, particularly that of Niobe itself, as models of the highest perfection, and in every excellence equal to the two supposed grand masterpieces of the art; while the French, though they admit the general beauty, find fault with the details, and place them on the whole much lower in the scale of excellency. We are naturally inclined to prefer the opinion of the former, whose authority in the arts a transalpine *connoisseur* cannot safely reject; especially as we are inclined to suspect that the real cause of the criticism of the latter is the pure and almost sublime simplicity of these figures, expressing the extreme of fear in the daughters, and of grief in the mother, without grimace, distortion, or agitation.

Orba resedit
Exanimos inter natos, natasque virumque
Diriguitque malis, nullos movet aura capillos,
In vultu color est sine sanguine, lumina mæstis
Stant immota genis—nihil est in imagine vivi.

Ovid. Met. VI. 301.

These figures have been damaged and repaired.

* XXXVI. cap. 5. Ausonius decides in favour of the latter, probably because his name is better adapted to versification. The same reason may have influenced a writer in the Anthelogia Aus. Epitaph.—*Anth. lib.* 4.

The most beautiful of these halls, which contained the Venus of Medicis, may be considered as a temple to that goddess, equal perhaps in interior beauty to that of Paphos or Cythera: at present this temple is abandoned by its celestial inhabitant, and nearly stript of all its furniture. It contained the masterpieces of ancient sculpture and modern painting; when they are to be replaced it is difficult to determine. This little temple, for so we may call it, is an octagon of about four-and-twenty feet in diameter, its dome is adorned with mother of pearl, and its pavement formed of the most beautiful marbles. Other apartments are consecrated to the great schools of painting, and could formerly boast of many of the masterpieces of each; now their vacant places only are conspicuous; "*sed præfulgebant eo ipso quod non visebantur**;" their absence announced their value and their celebrity.

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* Tacitus, Annal. l. III.

CHAP. VIII.

ENVIRONS OF FLORENCE—THE ARNO—THE VILLAS OF THE GRAND DUKE—FÆSULÆ—VALLOMBROSA.

FROM the city we will pass to the neighbouring country, which presents as great a portion of rural beauty, hill and dale, orchard and vineyard, cottage and villa, as the environs of any capital in Europe, Naples perhaps excepted. Its first feature is the *Arno*, a river like the *Tiber*, inferior to many streams in magnitude, but superior to most in renown. Unknown in the first age of Italian verse, its name rose to eminence in the second, became the theme of many a strain, and was celebrated in both the divine dialects of Italy. Even foreign bards caught inspiration on its banks, and the genius of Milton himself loved to sport under the poplars that shade its borders.

> O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
> Murmura, populeumque nemus, qua mollior herba,
> Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos.
>
> *Epit. Dan.*

These banks furnish many a *wildly devious walk* to the solitary wanderer, and to the city itself one of the most beautiful and most frequented haunts of fashion. But the *Arno* with all its fame is liable to the disadvantages of many southern streams; in summer it loses most of its waters, and presents to the eye at that season, even in the immediate neighbourhood of *Florence*, little more than a few pools united by a narrow rillet. The traveller then courts in vain the breezes that *blow freshness* from its waves, and listens in vain to the *murmurs* that delighted the ear of the poet. All around is heat and silence. The sultriness of this summer* is indeed said to be unusual, and it is to be hoped that the *Arno* is not thus annually stript of its coolness and its charms.

The villas of the Grand Dukes, if we consider their size, their architecture, or their present decorations, inspire no great interest; even their gardens display little or no pleasing scenery, no masses of shade, no expansions of water, no groves or thickets, to delight the eye or amuse the fancy. All is art, stiff, minute, and insignificant; besides, they seem much neglected, and are in general out of repair. Yet it is impossible to visit some of them without emotion, such as *Pratolino*, *Caiano*, and *Carreggi*, the retreats of the *Medici* and once the haunts of the Italian muses. The last of these villas witnessed the closing stage of Lorenzo's career, and if the solemn scene that terminates the life of a benefactor of mankind can confer dignity or communicate interest, the chamber where Lorenzo died must excite both veneration and emotion.

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* 1802.

FÆSULÆ.

But of all the objects that present themselves in the immediate vicinity of *Florence*, *Fiesole* is from its antiquity, its situation, and its celebrity, one of the most conspicuous and attractive. This town, under the appellation of *Fæsulæ*, was one of the twelve Etrurian cities, and seems to have been distinguished above the others by its skill in the interpretation of omens and prognostics. It submitted with the rest of *Etruria* to the Roman power, and was colonized by Sylla. The species of colonists sent by this tyrant seem to have been of no very favourable description, and are represented afterwards as composing the main body of Catiline's ruffian army. It made no figure in the civil wars or revolutions of the following era, survived the general desolation of Italy during the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, and prolonged its existence till the commencement of the eleventh, when, in a contest with *Florence*, it was destroyed and its inhabitants, or at least a considerable number, transported to that city. However, the cathedral remained, and *Fiesole*, now a lonely but beautiful village, still retains its episcopal honours, its ancient name, and its delightful situation. Placed on the summit of a lofty and broken eminence it looks down on the vale of the *Arno*, and commands *Florence* with all its domes, towers, and palaces, the villas that encircle it, and the roads that lead to it. The recesses, swells, and breaks of the hill on which it stands are covered with groves of pines, ilex, and cypress. Above these groves rises the dome of the cathedral; and in the midst of them reposes a rich and venerable abbey founded by the Medicean family. Behind the hill at a distance swell the Apennines. That a place graced with so

many beauties should delight the poet and the philosopher is not wonderful, and accordingly we find it alluded to with complacency by Milton, panegyrized by Politian, inhabited by Picus, and frequented by Lorenzo.

The abbey of *Fiesole* was the retreat of Picus, and governed at that time by an abbot worthy of such a guest, *Matteo Bosso*, one of the most eminent scholars of that age. The frugal table of this venerable sage united not unfrequently the three last mentioned persons, with *Ficinus* and *Hermolaus Barbarus*. Such a society has been compared to Plato's repasts, and to the philosophic interviews of Cicero and his friends. In genius and eloquence, they imitated but could not presume to rival these illustrious associations; but in virtue and in that superior wisdom which they derived from Christianity, they far surpassed their famed predecessors.

Politian has celebrated *Fæsulæ* and the scenes which he so often contemplated with all the rapture of a poet, at the conclusion of his *Rusticus*, a subject which the genius of the place seems to have inspired.

Hic resonat blando tibi pinus amata susurro
Hic vaga coniferis insibilat aura cupressis;
Hic scatebris salit et bullantibus incita venis
Pura coloratos interstrepit unda lapillos . . . .
Talia Fæsuleo lentus meditabar in antro
Rure sub urbano Medicum, qua mons sacer urbem
Mæoniam, longique volumina despicit Arni,
Qua bonus hospitium felix, placidamque quietem
Indulgens Laurens, Laurens non ultima Phœbi
Gloria, jactatis Laurens fida anchora musis.
. . . . . .

VALLOMBROSA.

The most delightful excursion in the neighbourhood of *Florence* is, without doubt, the Abbey of *Vallombrosa*, a name well known to every English reader, because ennobled by Milton*. The road to this famed retreat runs for thirteen miles through the *Val d'Arno*, along the banks of the river.

A little beyond *Pelago* we began to ascend the Apennines, and winding along their sides enjoyed, as we advanced, many delicious views of hills crowned with villas, and mountains sometimes covered and sometimes merely spotted with the olive, the vine, and the ilex. The beauty of the scenery increased upon us at every step, and as we passed through groves of lofty chestnuts intermingled with oak, we occasionally caught the view of a torrent tumbling from the craggs, a church seated on the bosom of a fertile hill, or a broken ridge of rocks and precipices.

At a little distance from the abbey we observed a large stone cross placed at the entrance of a wood of firs thick and lofty, whose deep shade was lighted up by the horizontal rays of the setting-sun that shot along the arcades formed by their meeting branches. As we entered, the abbey bell tolled to call the monks to the evening service, and continued tolling till we emerged from the gloom of this path to a little plain, bounded behind by a semi-circular curve of steep mountains covered to the summit with one continued forest. Here we beheld the antique towers, and pinnacles of the abbey rising full before us; and

* Parad. Lost, Book 1.

on a nearer approach heard the swell of the organ, and the voices of the choir, and instantly alighting under the archway of the gate hastened to the church. The monks were then singing the *Qui habitat* (ninety-first psalm), which is part of the evening service. The melody was sweet and solemn; a long pause between each verse gave it time to produce its full effect; and the gloom of the church, the lights on the altar, the chant of the choir, and the tones of the organ could not fail to awaken in the mind, already prepared by the scenery, and circumstances of place and time, a strong emotion of piety, awe, and melancholy. When service was ended the monks retired in deep silence, like so many ghosts gliding along the nave, and disappearing in the aisles; we withdrew with regret. We were then conducted by the father appointed to receive strangers to the usual apartments allotted to visitants, and treated with unaffected hospitality. These apartments are fitted up in a style of cleanliness and simplicity admirably adapted to the spirit of the place and of the order. The walls are merely white-washed, without either paper, wainscot, or tapestry. Their only decorations are a few prints of subjects taken from scripture, or connected with the history of the order, or the life of the founder. The furniture consists of a very good bed, a table, a desk for prayer, with a crucifix, and a few chairs, all very plain but very neat, and evidently designed not for luxury but convenience. The supper was frugal, but not parsimonious; the conversation of the Father *Foresteraio**, a man of a good countenance and easy manners, was sensible and entertaining. Between nine and ten he took his leave for the night.

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* A title given to the monk who is commissioned to receive and entertain guests.

The Abbey of *Vallombrosa* was founded towards the middle of the eleventh century by *John Gualbertus*, a nobleman of *Florence*, who having embraced the monastic life in the Benedictin monastery of St. Minias at *Florence*, and refused the dignity of abbot, withdrew from a love of solitude to the wilds of *Vallombrosa*. Here he found two hermits, and assisted by them and a companion who had followed him from *Florence*, established a monastery which, from the superior sanctity and industry of its inhabitants soon acquired reputation and riches. In time it rose to the dignity of a *parent* abbey, and became the head of the numerous congregation of Benedictins of *Vallombrosa*. The founder shewed his judgment in the selection of his retreat, as it is difficult to discover a wilder or more romantic solitude. The little plain in which the abbey stands is imbosomed in the Apennines, open to the rays of the western sun, but enclosed on the south, east, and north by a semi-circular ridge of mountains. The steep acclivity is clothed to the summit with forests of ancient firs, oaks, and beeches, waving one above the other, and sometimes apparently hanging from the very brows of the precipices and bending over the steep. In the upper regions an occasional glade breaks the uniformity of forest scenery, while the naked summits expand into wide grassy downs, and command a beautiful view over the *Arno* and its *storied* vale, *Florence* and all its neighbouring hills on one side, and extending on the other to the wilds of *Camaldoli* and *La Vernia*. The elevation is so considerable even at the abbey as to affect the temperature of the air, insomuch indeed that after having panted so long at Naples, Rome, and Florence, we found ourselves delightfully refreshed at *Vallombrosa* by the cool breezes of an English summer.

The day after our arrival the good father, who was appointed

to attend strangers, was so obliging as to defer dinner till a late hour, in order to enable us to make our intended excursion to the summit of the mountain; and after breakfast we set out, crossing first the little plain in which the abbey stands; and then passing a stream that descends from the cliff, we began the ascent by a narrow pathway which winds up the acclivity, but is yet sufficiently steep and laborious. However, as the heat was by no means oppressive, and we walked under a deep shade the whole way, the ascent was not very fatiguing.

The trees that form the forest through which we passed are generally old, shattered, and venerable, and the silence that reigned around us interrupted, perhaps I might have said heightened, by the murmurs of the wind unusually deep in such a vast mass of foliage, was extremely impressive, and gave the savage scene around us a grand, a melancholy solemnity. The channels of several torrents now dry, but encumbered with fragments of rock and trunks of trees hurled down by the fury of the mountain stream, furrowed the sides of the steep, and added to its rude magnificence. Down one of these channels a rill still continued to roll, and tumbling from rock to rock formed several cascades, whose *tinklings* were faintly heard amidst the hollow roar of the forests.

When we reached the summit we walked up and down to enjoy the cool breezes that always fan the higher regions of the Apennines, and to contemplate at the same time the picture expanded beneath us; on one side, the declivity shagged with wood, and enclosing in an oval sweep the lawn and Abbey of *Vallombrosa;* and on the other, a long ridge of bleak rugged mountains. We then reclined under a thicket on the brow of

the eminence, and compared the scenery immediately under us with Milton's description, of which it is supposed by many to be the original. Many features without doubt agree, and may be considered as transcripts beautiful as poetry can be supposed to give of nature.

> So on he fares, and to the border comes
> Of Eden, where delicious Paradise
> Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green
> As with a rural mound, the champion head
> Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
> With thicket overgrown grotesque and wild,
> Access deny'd; and overhead upgrew
> Insuperable high of loftiest shade.
> Cedar and pine, and fir and branching palm
> A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
> Shade above shade, a woody theatre
> Of stateliest view. *Par. Lost*, IV.

Most of these lines are so far applicable as to form a regular description, and the *prospect large* is too obvious a consequence from the preceding features to be considered as an allusion. So far, therefore, the poet may have described what he had seen; but his genius that soared above the Apennines, and passed *extra flammantia mundi*, kindled at the contemplation of *Vallombrosa*, and created a Paradise. It may, perhaps, be observed with more probability, that the imagination of a love-sick maid, aided by the muse of Pope in one of her happiest humours, has given undesignedly the best poetical description of *Vallombrosa* that perhaps exists, a description which can have no reference to any scene which either the poet or Eloisa had ever beheld, as neither the one nor the other had ever visited the countries where alone such scenery occurs. The following beautiful verses, so applicable to the prospect before us, as well as the emphati-

cal expressions of which they are an amplification, were inspired by that melancholy which so often melts the heart of the lover, and lulls the imagination of the poet.

> The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd,
> Wave high and murmur to the hollow wind,
> The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
> The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
> The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
> The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze.
> . . . . . .
> But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
> Long sounding aisles and intermingled graves,
> Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
> A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
> Her gloomy presence saddens every scene,
> Shades every flower and darkens every green;
> Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
> And breathes a brown horror o'er the woods.

While thus employed on the summit, we heard the bell tolling below for afternoon service, and immediately began our descent. The tolling of a church bell is one of the few sounds that disturb the silence, without lessening the solemnity of solitary scenes. In our descent we stopped occasionally to listen to its deep *roar*, re-echoed from the opposite woods, and re-bellowing from steep to steep. It occurred to me as I worked my way down the dry bed of a torrent, and now and then stopped to breathe and admire the *rupes**, *et vacuum nemus;*

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* When editions differ we may be allowed to prefer the reading that suits our object best, and quote *rupes* in the old way for *ripas.*

that these forests and dells that now resound with the toll of the *church going bell*, once perhaps repeated the screams and shouts of the Bacchanalian throng. They delighted in the savage scenes that bordered the *Hebrus* and the *Rhodope*, in the depth of forests, in the hollows of lonely mountains or deserts, places all well adapted to their dark orgies and odious rites; fortunately the wisdom and gravity of the Romans did not permit them to adopt these foul inventions of Greek licentiousness. They had indeed been introduced into *Etruria* at an early period, and an attempt was made, at first with some success, to establish them in Rome itself, but they were soon observed and repressed by the vigilance of the Consuls*. This event took place about the year of Rome five hundred and sixty-six, that is, before power and luxury had impaired the virtue of the Romans.

Another but a shorter excursion from the abbey leads by a winding pathway, where

> the Etrurian shades
> High over-arch'd imbower

to an hermitage, or rather a little convent, erected on the flat surface of a rock projecting from the sides of the mountain. This retreat is a very commodious house with a little garden behind, and a fountain clear as crystal bubbling out from a cleft in the rock; it has a chapel annexed to it, and is divided into a variety of little galleries, oratories, and cells, very neatly furnished and adorned with pictures and prints, and the whole in a style totally different from every

* Liv. lib. xxxix.

other dwelling, fancifully pretty, and peculiarly conformable to its destination. This romantic hermitage is called, partly I suppose from its situation and prospect, and partly from its internal conveniences, *Paradisino;* and I must confess, that I never visited an abode better calculated to furnish the hermit with all the *aids* of meditation, and all the luxuries of holy retirement. From his window he may behold the *Val d'Arno*, and the splendours of *Florence*, at a distance too great to dazzle; around him he sees spread all the grandeur and all the gloom of rocks, forests, and mountains; by his fountain side he may hear the tinkling of rills and the roaring of torrents. Sometimes too, while absorpt in meditation, the swell of the distant organ and the voices of the choir far below may steal upon his ear, and *prompt the song of praise.* This retreat, so suited to the genius of a Gray or a Milton, is now occupied by a lay-brother, who resides in it merely to keep it clean, a task which he performs with great care and success. We found among other portraits that of Father Hugford, an English Benedictin, who in the beginning or middle of the last century passed several years in this retreat, and by his piety, learning, and skill in mosaics, acquired a great reputation not only among his brethren but at *Florence**.

On the ascent from the abbey to *Paradisino*, close to the path and on the brink of the precipice, is a stone, the history of

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* Father Hugford was a man of talents, and excelled in the various branches of natural philosophy. He is said to have carried the art of imitating marble by that composition called *Scagliuola*, to its present perfection. He died I believe Abbot of *Vallombrosa*.

which, as related by our guide and indeed as consigned to posterity in an inscription, is as follows—St. John Gualbert, the founder of the abbey, while engaged in his devotions in the depth of the forest, was attacked by the devil, and to avoid his fury was obliged to fly, but being closely pursued by his *harpy-footed* adversary who, it seems, meant to throw him down the precipice, and was then close to him, he took shelter under a rock, which instantly softened as he pressed it, and admitting his back like a waxen mold, kept him in close embrace till the fiend in his precipitate haste shot down the steep below. The representation of the saint in rude sculpture still remains on the stone.

The inscription and the tale might perhaps suit the approach to a Capuchin convent, but are totally unworthy of a Benedictin abbey. The glory of the founder is established upon a much more solid foundation than legendary stories; it rests upon the heroic exercise of the first of christian virtues, charity, in the forgiveness of an enemy on a most trying and difficult occasion*.

At supper we had much conversation with the good father about the beautiful scenery we had beheld, and the delightful situation of the abbey. He observed that we saw it to advantage, that in summer, that is, from May to October, it was what we conceived it to be, a most delicious and magnificent retirement; but that during winter, which commences here in October and lasts till May, they were buried in snow, or enve-

* See his Life in Butler, June 12, Vol. 6.

loped in clouds, and besieged by bears and wolves prowling round the walls, and growling in the forests—*Orsi, lupi, e tutti, li peste* was his emphatic expression. I know not how such objects may appear to persons doomed to reside here for life; but a visitant is disposed to regard them as so many supernumerary charms, considerably augmenting the characteristic feature, that is, the wild and gloomy magnificence of the place, and deepening that religious awe and veneration which naturally brood over monastic establishments.

The reader will learn with pleasure that the monks of *Vallombrosa* are not idle solitaries; but, like most of the ancient and many of the modern Benedictin establishments, unite the labours of public instruction with monastic discipline. In fact, *Vallombrosa* is both an abbey and a college, and in its latter capacity furnishes an excellent seminary for the education of the Florentine youth of rank, many of whom were there at the time of our visit. Their dress is a black gown, with a black collar lined and edged with white; we were present at one of their amusements, which was the *Calcio* or balloon, a game in great repute both in Italy and France. Their looks and manners seemed to display the advantages both physical and moral of the situation.

Before we take leave of these enchanting wilds, we may observe, that, as they are supposed to have furnished Milton with the original of his Paradise, so, his description of Paradise is considered as the model of modern parks. Others, it is true, choose to go farther for the idea, and pretend that it is borrowed from *China*. It might seem extraordinary, that a taste so simple and so natural should

have laid dormant for so many ages, if experience did not teach us that simplicity, which is the perfection of art, is always the last quality which it attains. The ancients had no notion of the species of garden I am speaking of, as appears from Pliny's account of his villas, round which we find *xystus concisus in plurimas species, distinctusque buxo . . . pulvinus cui bestiarum effigies invicem adversas buxus inscripsit . . . . . ambulatio pressis varieque tonsis viridibus inclusa**. The moderns, if we may believe Addison, were not ignorant of it even before his time, as the gardens both in France and Italy were at that period laid out, if his description be accurate, in that *artificial rudeness* which is now the characteristic feature of English park scenery†. In fact, this author himself may justly be considered as the father of good taste in this respect, as the paper to which I have alluded, contains the fundamental principles of ornamental gardening as it is now practised at home, and even on the continent under the appellation of the *English style*. However, if we must give the credit of the invention to a poet, *Tasso* is best entitled to it, not only because he furnished Milton with some of the leading features of his description, but because he laid down the very first principle of the art, and comprised it in a very neat line with which he closes one of the most beautiful landscapes in *Armida's* garden.

L'Arte che tutto fa, nulla se scopre.
Canto XVI. 9.

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* Lib. v. Epist. 6.

† Spect. 414.

CHAP. IX.

EXCURSION TO CAMALDOLI, LAVERNIA, AND PIETRA MALA.

ON the following day a temporary separation took place. Three of the party proceeded forwards towards *Camaldoli*, another celebrated solitude, and two were under the necessity of returning to *Florence*. For the following description therefore, both of *Camaldoli*, *Lavernia*, and *Pietra Mala*, the reader is indebted to one of the author's fellow-travellers.

The road to *Camaldoli* winds round the mountain that shelters *Vallombrosa* on the north side, and then descends into a little valley. In the middle of this valley on the very edge of a deep dell stands a sequestered villa, built by one of the Medici, when that family delighted occasionally in the classical pleasures of literary retirement. Though long forsaken and neglected it continued the property of the sovereign till lately, when it was sold to the Abbey of *Vallombrosa* by the Grand Duke *Leopold*. From thence we passed into a very beautiful part of the *Val*

d'Arno Inferiore, rich in that species of cultivated and lively scenery which graces the banks of the *Arno*. Some of its most striking features are, the ruined castle of *Romene* seated on a knowl that rises encircled with trees in the middle of the plain; behind it, the villages of *Poppi* and *Bibiena;* and immediately below us, the little town of *Prato Vecchio*, watered by the *Arno* and imbosomed in gardens and vineyards. From *Prato* we began to ascend a steep hill, and continued to wind amidst barren rocks for at least six miles. At length we arrived at *Camaldoli* about three o'clock.

CAMALDOLI.

The abbey stands on the bank of a torrent that murmurs through a valley surrounded by mountains towering to a prodigious elevation, and covered to the very summit with forests. On the south side, the valley expands, and the gloom of forest scenery is softened by an agreeable intermixture of lawn and down, not altogether unlike the varieties of an English park. On the north, rises a very steep hill, shaded to the summit with lofty firs: up this eminence we laboured for a mile and a half, and then entered the *Sagro Eremo*, or *holy desert*. This hermitage consists of twenty-seven mansions, each the abode of one monk, all on the same plan, taken from the original residence of *St. Romuald* the founder of the order, which is still preserved by the monks, as the thatched cottage of Romulus was by the Romans, with the greatest veneration. Each of these mansions consists of a bed-room, a sitting-room, a working-room, a little oratory, and a garden, all on a very small scale, and furnished with the utmost plainness and simplicity. They are surrounded by a wall, forming a general enclosure. The inhabitants are taken from the abbey, and return thither

after having passed two years in the solitude of the hermitage. At present there are four-and-twenty only. The abbot always resides among them, and governs the monastery below by a delegate called the *Prior*. The life of these hermits is unusually austere and mortified. Their diet consists entirely of vegetables and eggs, as meat is utterly prohibited. On Fridays they confine their repasts to bread and water. In summer, out of regard, it seems, to the genial influence of the season that must naturally invite to social enjoyments, the hermits are allowed to converse together at certain stated hours three days in the week. In winter, when the gloom of the weather and the horrors of the surrounding wilds are supposed to be more favourable to meditation, this indulgence is confined to two days. These austerities are peculiar to the inhabitants of the *Sagro Eremo*, and do not extend to the monastery. The church of the *Eremo* is extremely neat, and the sacristy adorned with some excellent paintings. The library contains not only religious and ascetical works, which are seldom wanting in such establishments, but a very good collection of general literature. The situation is extremely grand and romantic; in the midst of craggy mountains, and almost impenetrable forests of firs, it is eternally enveloped in that holy gloom so congenial to the spirit of monastic institution, and so well calculated to infuse into the most dissipated minds sentiments of religious melancholy.

Not far from the *Eremo*, the *Apennines* attain their highest elevation, and exhibit at once a view of the *Adriatic* and *Tyrrhene* seas. We did not, however, ascend, as the heat of the weather at this season renders the horizon too hazy for extensive prospects; but when evening approached we returned to the abbey, where we found a very good supper prepared for us by the

attention of the *Padre Foresteraio*, to whom we had particular letters of recommendation. The prior himself also honoured us with his company, so that we were on the whole provided with good fare and excellent conversation.

We were informed by the Prior, that the abbey was founded by a Calabrian anchoret, called *St. Romuald*, who having sought in vain for perfect solitude in many parts of Italy, at length settled himself in the rugged desert of *Camaldoli*, in the beginning of the eleventh century. Here, with a few companions, he revived or rather augmented the primitive austerity of the Benedictin Order, intermixed with its rule some portion of the eremitical life, and in short laid the foundation of the congregation called, from its principal monastery, *Camaldulensis* or *Camaldolese*. As *St. Romuald* lived to the advanced age of a hundred and twenty, and enjoyed a high reputation for sanctity and wisdom, he may be supposed to have left his monastery in a very flourishing condition at his death. It has now continued for the space of nearly eight centuries, with little relaxation in its rules and few vicissitudes in its fortunes.

There is something extremely striking in the duration of these monastic establishments—kingdoms and empires rise and fall around them—governments change—dynasties flourish and fade —manners and dresses alter, and even languages corrupt and evaporate. Enter the gates of *Camaldoli* or *Monte Cassino*—the torrent of time stands still—you are transported back to the sixth or the tenth century—you see the manners and habits, and hear the language of those distant periods—you converse with another race of beings, unalterable in themselves though placed among mortals, as if appointed to observe and record the

vicissitudes from which they are exempt. Hitherto these monuments of ancient times and past generations have been placed above the reach of that mortality, to which all the other works and institutions of man are subject; but is not the term of their existence at hand? or are they destined to survive the tempest that now scowls over Europe, and where it falls, levels all that is great and venerable in the dust?

The number of monks at the Abbey of *Camaldoli* is about forty, of whom ten only are in priest's orders; though not obliged to the silence or *extra-fasts* of their brethren in the hermitage, they lead a more austere life than other Benedictins. They arise a little after midnight, or rather about one in the morning, a practice not uncommon in religious orders, nor difficult to persons who sleep in the afternoon and retire to rest early; I might, perhaps, add, pleasant in a country where the morning is so delightful and so glorious. In winter indeed, which in these elevated regions of the *Apennines* is long and intensely cold, this practice must be very irksome, and may justly be considered as one of their severest duties. But in all seasons, at such an hour and in such solitudes, the deep tones of the bells, the chant of the choir, and the fulness of the organ, must be most solemn and impressive.

The dress of the *Camaldolese* is white, but in form the same as that worn by the Benedictins in general, that is, a cassock, a scapulary, a hood, and in the church a cowl or long robe, with white sleeves.

The abbey enjoys a considerable income, derived principally from its forests, which supply the port of *Leghorn* with firs for

masts. More than fifty men are kept in constant employment immediately about the house; and bread is daily distributed to the poor around.

In the golden days of Lorenzo the Abbey of *Camaldoli*, like that of *Fæsulæ*, was the occasional resort of that prince and his classic associates; its abbot was equal to *Bosio* in learning, and perhaps excelled him in eloquence; and the rocks of *Camaldoli* sometimes, it is said, repeated the sublime tenets of Plato, and re-echoed his praises. How many ages may elapse before the silence that now reigns around us, is likely to be disturbed by similar discussions!

EXCURSION TO LAVERNIA.

The next morning we set out for *Lavernia*, called in Latin *Mons Alvernus* probably its ancient name. It is about fourteen miles from *Camaldoli;* the road winds through a rocky and desolate country. We arrived at the convent about sun-set. It belongs to the Franciscan friars, and is the second of the order, as that at *Asisium* claims the first place. It was founded by St. Francis himself, who was delighted with the savage scenery and deep solitude of the place, so favourable to the indulgence of enthusiastic devotion. The choice of the situation does honour to the Saint's taste.

The convent was built and the mountain settled on it as a property, by Count *Orlando*, lord of the territory about the year 1216. It is seated on a very lofty and romantic rock, about three miles in circumference, towering far above the neighbouring eminences, and entirely covered with wood. The

rock itself is broken into numberless pinnacles, insulated prominencies and fantastic forms, and in these again are various grottos and galleries, hollowed out by nature though occasionally enlarged by art. The thick groves that crown the summit and nod over the steeps cast a rich and mellow shade over the whole scene, which thus appears to great advantage from its contrast with the bleak barren hills that lie immediately under. The view is varied, on one side extending over a rugged uncultivated tract, and on the other, towards *Vallombrosa*, losing itself amidst wooded vallies and scattered villages, dells and mountains rising in confusion one above another, and forming that outline both bold and beautiful which characterize *Apennine* perspective. Most of the grottos which I have mentioned are distinguished by some real or legendary history of St. Francis. In a little recess, on the edge of a tremendous precipice, the saint sheltered himself from the devil, who endeavoured to hurl him down the steep; the saint adhered to the rock—the dæmon darted over. Had the latter profited by experience, he would not have renewed a mode of attack in which he had been foiled twice before in the very same neighbourhood. This attempt is, however, the last of the kind on record. "In this cave, (said our guide,) St. Francis slept, and that very stone enclosed in an iron railing was his bed, and on that peninsulated rock, called *La Spilla*, hanging over yonder deep cavern, he was accustomed to pass a part of the night in prayer and meditation."

But of all the places consecrated by the presence and miracles of the founder none is held in so great veneration as the cave, now chapel, of the *Stemmate (Stigmata)* in which the holy man is said to have received, imprinted on his body, the marks of our Saviour's wounds. The spot where this miraculous event took

place is marked by a marble slab representing the circumstance, protected by an iron grating, covered with a cloth. To this chapel a procession is made once after vespers, and once after midnight service, that is, twice every four-and-twenty hours; a pious farce of the most absurd and ridiculous kind, because without any good end or object imaginable; in fact, what could they do more to honour the very spot on which our Saviour himself suffered? But the mendicant orders are every where remarkable for absurd practices, childish forms of devotion, and pious trumpery of every kind, to amuse the populace and attract them to their churches. From the chapel of the *Stemmate* to the church runs a long gallery, painted in fresco by different friars of the convent, and representing the whole history of the Saint in chronological order. The church itself presents nothing remarkable, and is, like most others belonging to the same order, overloaded with insignificant tasteless ornaments. In one of its chapels, called from its destination *Delle Reliquie*, they show a large collection of bones of different saints, together with numberless other articles of equal importance, such as a cup, glass, and table-cloth, given to St. Francis by Count *Orlando*, a piece of a crosier belonging to St. Thomas of Canterbury, &c. &c.

The number of friars is about eighty, of whom twenty-two are priests. They received us with cordiality, and took great pains to supply us with every convenience and comfort, and in this respect surpassed the hospitality of their Benedictin neighbours. After a minute observation, both of the convent and mountain which employed a day, we returned to *Camaldoli*, and early next morning set out from thence with an intention of reaching *Florence* distant about six-and-thirty miles, that evening.

To *Prato Vecchio* we followed the road we came by, and thence, leaving *Vallombrosa* on the left, descended into the *Val d'Arno Inferiore* at *Ponte Sieve*, and made direct for *Florence*, where we rejoined our friends.

This little excursion afforded us much satisfaction, and indeed fully answered our expectations. We had passed a week in monasteries, and acquired, if not an intimate, at least something more than a superficial acquaintance with the practices of monastic life. We observed in them some things to censure, and some to praise; among the former we may number the useless austerities and overstrained self-denial of the *Camaldolese* hermits, and which we considered as still more offensive, the mummery and grimace of the Franciscans of *Lavernia*. We cannot but consider it as a peculiar advantage that our laws authorize no establishments which can encourage the delusions of exaggerated devotion, or propagate absurd practices and legendary tales to the discredit and debasement of true sound religion. Again, the institution of mendicant orders we cannot but reprobate, as we do not see why those who can work should beg, nor can we discover either utility or decency in sending out at certain stated periods a few holy vagrants upon a marauding expedition, to prowl around the country and forage for the convent*. We consider a poverty so practised, that is, at the expense of the poor, as in fact oppression of the poor, and as such we wish to see it proscribed as a vice, and not recommended as a virtue. If individual poverty has either merit or utility, and it may if practised with prudence, have much of both, it may be exercised in the independent

* On the mendicancy of the friars I mean to enlarge hereafter, when speaking of the state of religion in Italy.

and dignified manner of the Benedictins and other monks, of whom it may justly be said, *privatus illis census brevis erat Commune magnum . . .* Of these latter orders therefore and of their magnificent abbies we are willing to speak with respect, and almost with admiration. Raised far from towns and cities they display the glories of architecture and painting in the midst of rocks and mountains, spread life and industry over the face of deserts, spend a noble income on the spot where it is raised, supply the poor when healthy with labour, when sick with advice, drugs, and constant attendance, educate all the children of their dependants *gratis*, and keep up a grand display of religious pomp in their churches, and literary magnificence in their libraries. In fact, these abbies are great colleges, where the fellowships are for life, and every member obliged to constant residence. Protestants, without doubt, may wish to see many reforms introduced into monasteries, but it would ill become them to pass a general sentence of anathema upon all such institutions, because they may have been shocked at the useless severities of one order, or disgusted with the childish processions of another. The violence of polemical contest between the two churches is now over, and its subsequent heats and animosities are subsided, it is to be hoped, for ever; concessions may be made without inconvenience on both sides: the candid catholic will have no difficulty in acknowledging that there is much to be reformed, and the candid protestant will as readily admit, that there is much to be admired in monastic institutions; the former will confess that Christ's Hospital is now employed to better purpose than when crowded with mendicant Franciscans, and the latter will not hesitate to own that a congregation of Benedictins would improve and animate the lonely solitudes of *Tintern* and *Vale Crucis*.

PIETRA MALA.

Another pleasant and curious excursion from *Florence* is to *Pietra Mala*, a mountain that rises in the middle of the *Apennines* on the road to *Bologna*, about forty miles from *Florence*. This mountain is rendered remarkable by a flame that spreads over a small part of its surface, and burns almost continually without producing any of those destructive effects which accompany volcanic explosions. The departure of two friends for *Bologna* afforded an additional inducement to make this little excursion. The road is interesting all the way.

At *Pratolino*, about six miles from *Florence*, is one of the most celebrated of the Grand Duke's villas; it was built about the middle of the sixteenth century, but is less remarkable for its architecture than for its groves, its fountains, and, above all, for a colossal statue of the *Apennine*, whose interior is hollowed into caverns, and watered by perpetual fountains. Further on, on the summit of *Monte Senario*, rise the towers of an ancient convent, founded or rather enlarged by St. Philip *Benitius*, a noble Florentine, who obtained the title of saint by devoting his time and his talents to the propagation of peace, forgiveness, and charity in his country, then torn to pieces and desolated by the bloody contests of the *Guelphs* and *Ghibellines*.

The road from *Pratolino* runs at the foot of a romantic ridge of hills that branch out from the *Apennines*, and rise in elevation as they approach the central chain of these mountains. We passed successively through *Fontebuono*, *Tagliaferro*, and

Cafaggiolo. From this latter place the road continues to wind up the hills through scenery wild and grotesque. At *Maschera* the view is delightful. A villa rises on a ridge, from whence the traveller may enjoy the landscape to the greatest advantage. On one side he looks down upon an extensive valley nearly circular, enclosed by steep mountains, finely varied throughout with wood and cultivated slopes; in the middle, appear the white walls of *Scarperia;* and on the declivity of a mountain to the north, gleams the village of *Gagliano*. A large forest extends from the foot of the mountains to the very centre of the valley, and by contrasting with the olive-trees and vineyards on its sides give it both richness and variety. Several bold swells interspersed here and there, graced with oaks and other forest trees, sometimes growing in little groupes, and sometimes rising single, relieve the flatness of the plain, and give it a sufficient degree of undulation. Behind the house, lies a more contracted valley, which winds round the ridge on which the house stands, and joins the larger on the *Florence* road. This vale forms part of the celebrated *Val di Mugallo*, anciently with little variation *Mugiella Vallis*, whither one of the Gothic generals with his army advanced from *Florence*, which he was then besieging, to meet the Roman legions hastening by forced marches to relieve the town; here the armies encountered, and the barbarian was with all his followers cut to pieces*. This victory took place in the year 407, and was, I believe, the last glorious achieve-

* Two events of the kind took place here or in the vicinity—Totila's army was defeated by Narses in the *Mugiella Vallis:* Radagaisus, with his whole army, was taken and slaughtered by Stilicho in the immediate neighbourhood of *Florence*. The latter event is here alluded to.

ment that suspended in the west the fate of falling Rome. The villa, which I have mentioned, belongs to a Florentine nobleman, who however is seldom attracted by its beauties, and like most of his countrymen, prefers the indolence and effeminacy of the city to the charms and manly occupations of a country life.

> Non his juventus orta parentibus
> Infecit æquor sanguine Punico;
> Pyrrhumque, et ingentem cecidit
> Antiochum, Hannibalemque dirum.
>
> *Hor.* III. 6.

No; lost now to all sense of independence and spirit they submit without resistance to every invader, bow their servile necks to the Austrians and to the French alternately, and at length retain that yoke which is the most galling, and the most disgraceful because imposed by the hand not of an open but of a treacherous enemy.

Towards evening we proceeded to *Covigliaio*, where we took up our quarters for the night. The flame appears on the side of a mountain, about four miles from *Covigliaio*, and the road or path thither is rugged enough. The spot where the phenomenon shews itself is on the declivity, and rather low down; the flame covered a space of about one hundred and forty feet, run along in crevices, and burnt much stronger in some places than in others. Its colour was either bright, yellow, or blue, like spirits of wine, and it rose little more than half a foot from the surface; but in rainy weather, and particularly in winter, it is said to increase considerably, and mount to the height of six or seven feet. We extinguished it in some places by waving our hats strongly over

it, and re-produced it by firing a pistol into a small train of gunpowder, and sometimes by merely throwing a lighted paper on the spot where it had disappeared. It emits a strong odour similar to that of æther. The soil which nourishes this flame is rather more stony than that immediately adjoining, but grass and mountain herbs grow around. Our guides informed us that a similar flame appeared in other parts of the mountain, and offered to conduct us to another spot further on; this we thought unnecessary, especially as it was very late, and we were distant from our inn.

Naturalists are divided in their opinions as to the cause of this phenomenon: some suppose it to be electric, other phosphoric, while a third set look upon it as volcanic. There are strong reasons in favour of this latter opinion, such as the vestiges of ancient eruptions in the neighbourhood; the frequent shocks of earthquakes that agitate the surrounding mountains, and sometimes occasion considerable mischief; the sulphureous sources that bubble up in the vicinity and are so inflammable as to take fire at the approach of a torch, &c. &c. All these circumstances, without doubt, seem strong symptoms of subterraneous fires, or at least of volcanic ingredients fermenting in the bosom of the earth. Yet, if the flames of *Pietra Mala* proceeded from any such cause, the ground over which they hover must be heated, and its heat increase if opened, because nearer the subterranean furnace. Thus, on the cone of *Vesuvius* the ashes are warm on the surface, and immediately under intolerably hot; so also at the *Solfatara*, which is a crust of sulphurated marle formed over an abyss of fire, the superficies is hot, and half a spade under almost burning. On the contrary, at *Pietra Mala* the flame communicates but little heat when burning, and when extinguished leaves the

ground cold and without the usual vestiges of fire. This difficulty has induced others to ascribe it to a sort of oily substance or *petrolium* with which they suppose the earth hereabouts to be impregnated. But, if this were the cause, the flames instead of being increased must be diminished or rather extinguished by the rains and tempests of winter; and at the same time the crevices which emit the flame must exhibit some traces of this oily vapour. Yet neither is the case; the flame glows with the greatest vivacity in winter, and the soil does not exhibit the least traces of any oily or bituminous substance. The first of these reasons is equally decisive against the operation of the electric fluid and phosphoric exhalations. At all events, whatever the physical cause of this phenomenon may be, its appearances are very pleasing; it illuminates all the mountainous tract around it, and banishes the horrors of night from one of the most dreary solitudes of the *Apennines*.

We reached our inn at a very late hour, and next day returned by the same road to *Florence*. But the curious traveller would do well to take the old road from *Pietra Mala* to *Fiorenzuole*, cross the *Giogo*, so called because it is the highest point of the *Apennines* between *Bologna* and *Florence*, descend to *Scarperia* which lies at the foot of the mountain, traverse the *Val de Mugiello*, and rejoin the new road a little below *Tagliaferro*.

Before I quit the subject I must observe, that similar phenomena were observed in or near the same region anciently, as Pliny the Elder* notices the appearance of flames in the terri-

* Lib. II. cap. cxi.

tory of *Mutina*, which territory includes the neighbouring *Apennines*. This naturalist, who indeed seems no enemy to the marvellous, adds the singular circumstance of the flames appearing only on certain days, *statis vulcano diebus*. He elsewhere represents the same territory as the theatre of a more astonishing exhibition—of a combat between two mountains*, which not only belched out fire and smoke at each other, but jostled together with great spirit and effect for some time, in the presence of a great concourse of people drawn up on the *Via Emilia* to behold the contest. This event he places in the year of Rome 662, and seems to consider it as a prognostic of the social war which broke out the following year.

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* Lib. II. 85.

CHAP. X.

MUSEUM-----ACADEMY DELLA CRUSCA----ETRUSCAN LANGUAGE---- ANCIENT DIALECTS OF ITALY—DEPARTURE FROM FLORENCE— PRATO—PISTOIA---LUCCA, ITS HISTORY---ITS BATHS.

TO return to our observations on *Florence*—the Museum of natural history, which owes its foundation to the Archduke Leopold, is considered as one of the most complete of the kind in the number and judicious arrangement of the different articles that compose it. The mineralogical collection is said to be perfect; but in the beauty and size of the specimens is, I think, far inferior to the magnificent mineralogical cabinet at *Vienna*. The learned *Fabroni* presides over this museum, and communicated to us his information with so much readiness and attention, at repeated visits, as to merit our highest acknowledgments. It must indeed be admitted to the honour of Italy, that not only are their great museums and colleges open to the public, but that the directors of such establishments feel as much pleasure in explaining, as the curious traveller can possibly take in examining, their contents. Annexed

to this museum is the cabinet of anatomical preparations in wax, made under the inspection of *Cav. Fontana*, the first in number, beauty, and exact conformity to the human frame, in Europe.

The Academy *della Crusca* still retains some celebrity, and literary influence at *Florence;* we were invited to one of its sittings, which was rather numerously attended. One of the members read a sonnetto, which did not seem to merit the approbation of the assembly, as it was received without the least indication of applause. Another read a dissertation on some Etruscan antiquities, which met with a better fate. Both the sonnetto and discourse were uttered with force and animation; but the natural harmony of the language was considerably impaired by the harsh guttural enunciation of the *Tuscans.* It cannot but be a matter of surprize, that a pronunciation so contrary to the genius both of the language and of the people should have become general in one of the central provinces of Italy, and under the immediate influence of Rome, where the utterance is the very breath of harmony. May not these guttural sounds, so peculiar to *Tuscany*, be a faint remnant of the ancient *Etrurian?* a language which, if we may guess by its scanty and dubious remains, does not seem to have been very smooth. Accents and tones peculiar to nations and territories may survive any particular dialect, and pass from one language to another with little variation, and perhaps the unpleasant utterance alluded to may be of this description.

As I have mentioned the *Etruscan* language, the reader may perhaps expect some information relative to it, and indeed to the ancient languages of Italy, which were more

or less connected with it. The subject is curious, but it is extensive, and at the same time difficult; it has exercised the ingenuity of some of the most learned writers of the last century, and still leaves room for conjecture. The Italians have made the most conspicuous figure in this debate, and among them *Lanzi* appears to have treated the question in the most clear and satisfactory manner. The following observations are taken from this author, and may be considered as the result of his researches. They are few in number, and concise; but the limits of the present work will not permit a fuller discussion at present; hereafter, if time and circumstances will allow, I may resume the subject.

The ancient languages of Italy may be reduced to six, viz. the *Etrurian*, the *Euganean*, the *Volscian*, the *Oscan*, the *Samnite*, and the *Umbrian*. That no one of these is the primitive or aboriginal language of Italy is acknowledged, as the tribes that introduced them were invaders; but of the preceding dialects no vestige remains, and no well-grounded conjecture can be formed. All these different dialects have more or less resemblance to either Greek or Latin, and seem all to have originated from the same mother tongue. This mother tongue appears to have been the Æolic, or Greek in use in the earliest ages on record. In fact, the nations above-mentioned, whatever their more distant and primal source might have been, flowed immediately and directly from Greece, and carried with them the common language as spoken in the province whence they issued. This common language, independent of its own native dialects, gradually underwent various modifications, resulting from the ignorance, and the unsettled and ever-varying circumstances of each colony, till, like Latin at a period not

very remote from us, it branched out into several tongues similar in root, but very different in sound and termination. Although like Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French, they might all be traced to the same origin, yet the knowledge of one by no means implied an acquaintance with the others. The *Etruscan* was the most widely spread, but never sufficiently so to become the general language of Italy. This privilege was reserved for the language of *Latium*, called from thence Latin, the dialect of Rome, and finally of the civilized world. Now, as the inhabitants of Rome were collected from all the different tribes of Italy, so its language, though perhaps originally *Eolic* *, gradually became a compound of all their dialects, uniting their excellencies and rejecting their barbarisms. Thus it acquired, as the Roman power extended, both richness and refinement, till in the age of Cicero it almost equalled its parent Greek in copiousness, and surpassed it in fulness of sound and majesty of enunciation.

But notwithstanding the beauty and universality of Latin, the *Etruscan* did not totally sink into disuse and oblivion. It was the language in which the Sybil was supposed to have conveyed her oracles, in which the Augurs interpreted omens, and the Aruspices explained prognostics; and as this latter class was the peculiar growth of *Etruria*, their art and its mysteries could not, it seems, be expressed in any other dialect. Hence, though it might have ceased in common use long before, it was not entirely obsolete in Rome under the first Emperors, and might have lingered among the peasantry in obscure and distant parts of the country much longer.

* Dionysius Italic. lib. 1. Quintil. lib. 1.

The other dialects, having no connection with the religion of the Romans, may be supposed to have disappeared much sooner, and yet *Oscan* was not unknown even in the age of Cicero* and Augustus†. We find allusions made to it by the former, and plays are said to have been acted in it during the reign of the latter. In fact, it may probably have continued amid the recesses of the *Apennines*, or remained in use on the unfrequented coasts of *Apulia*. Whether these dialects may not have contributed to the corruption of Latin, and in some respects reappeared in modern Italian, we must leave to the learned to determine. *Lanzi* leans to the latter opinion, and his authority must have great weight. But in order to give the reader some idea of the sounds of the *Etruscan*, I will subjoin a few inscriptions as they are read by *Lanzi*.

LERPIRIOR, SANTIRPIOR, DVIR—FORFOVEER, DERTIER DIERIR, VOTIR FARER. VEF. NARATV. VEF. PONI SIRTIR.

In Latin this inscription would run as follows :

Lerpirius, Santerpius, duoviri quod voverunt iterare dies votivos egerunt, et nuncupato et deincep iterum.

PREVERIR. TESENOCIR. BVF. TRIF. FETVMARTE. GRABOVE. OCRIPER. FISIOTOTAPER. IIOVINA. ARVIO. FETV. VATVO. FERINE. FETV. PONI. FETV. TASES. PERSNIMV. PROSESETIR. FARSIO. FIELA. ARSVEITV. SVRVR. NARATV. PVSE. PREVERIR TREBLANIR.

These lines are taken from the sixth Eugubian table, and are

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* Ad. Fam. lib. VII. Ep. I.

† Strabo, lib. V.

thus paraphrased by the learned author whom I have so often quoted. The subject is a sacrifice.

Ante verres denos immolandos, bubus tribus facito Marti Grabovio sacrificium pro tota Jovina (gente) larido facito,—pulte farrea facito—Pane facito.—Prosecta e *persnimo*. Prosecato pernam, viscera, adipem, uti supra expositum, sicuti ante verres trinos immolandos.

The following may serve as a specimen of the Oscan dialect; it was found at *Avella*, and is supposed to contain the statement of a debate between the inhabitants of *Abella* and *Nola*.

EKKVMA . . . . TRIIBALAC . . . . LIIMIT.—HEREKLEIS SVSNV. MESP. IST. EHTRAR. SEIHVSS. PV HERECLEIS. SAISNAM. AMS. ETPERT. FIAM. PVSSTIS. PAI. IPISI. PVSTIN. SLACI. SENATEIS SVFEIS. TANCINVR TRISARAKAFVM. LI KITVB. INIM JVK TRIBARAKKIVS PAM NVFLANVS. TRISARAKAT. TVSET. NAM VITTIVS NVFLANV. MESTVE EKKVM. SFAIAR. ABELLANVS, &c.

Several words are wanting; of course the connection is not always perceptible. It runs thus in Latin:

Ex Cuma . . . Trebulanorum . . . limites Herculis fanum medium est . . . Vici post Herculis fanum circum, per viam . . post quæ ipsi (limites) . . . post illa . . Suessinateis . . . . . Nolani—Vicii—Abellani, &c.

We may form a faint idea of the sound of the *Volscian* dialect from these lines, inscribed on a tablet of bronze found at *Veletri*, anciently one of the most distinguished cities of the *Volscian* territory.

DEVE: DECLVNE: STATOM: SEPIS: ATAHVS: PIS: VELESTROM: FAKA: ESARISTROM: SE: BIM: ASIF: VESCLIS: VINV: ARPA TITV: SEPIS: TOTICV: COVEHRIV: SEPV: FEROM: PIHOM: ESTV: EC SE: COSVTIES: MA: CA: TAIANIES: MEDIX: SISTIATIENS.

Decima die Lunæ statum (sacrificium) in actis Velitrum fiat Esaristro sex bobus, frugibus vino placenta. Præterea pietur (lustretur) . . . Sex. F. Cossutius Marcus Cai F. Tafanius Meddix: astiensis.

This inscription also, as interpreted by *Lanzi*, prescribes the rites of some stated sacrifice, and though in appearance somewhat less barbarous than the two preceding, does not seem to have been susceptible of a very harmonious utterance.

The reader may be curious to know what the features of Latin might have been about this period, since the sister dialects appear to have been so rough and unpolished. The discovery of an ancient inscription made in opening the foundations of the sacristy of St. Peter's, in the year 1778, enables us to give him some satisfaction on that curious subject. It contains the hymn sung by the *Sacerdotes Arvales* (an order instituted by Romulus), and runs as follows*:—

ENOSLASES JVVATE.
ENOSLASES JVVATE.

NEVE LVER VEMARMAR SINCVRRER EIN PLEORES.
NEVE LVERVE, &c.

SATVR FVFERE MARS LIMEN SALISTA BERBER.
SATVR, &c.

SEMVNES ALTERNEI ADVOCAPIT CONCTOS.
SEMVNES, &c.

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* The preface to this hymn alludes to the dances that accompanied it: Sacerdotes januis clusis, acceptis libellis, tripodaverunt in verba hæc. Enos Lases, &c.

ENOS MARMOR JVVATO.
ENOS, &c.

TRIVMPE, TRIVMPE, TRIVMPE.
TRIVMPE, &c.
TRIVMPE.

The meaning of this hymn, according to *Lanzi*, expressed in ordinary Latin, would be this—

NOS LARES JVVATE.
NOS LARES, &c.

NEVE LVEREM MAMARS SINES INCVRRERE IN FLORES.
NEVE, &c.

ADOR FIERI MARS (ATMON) PESTEM MARIS SISTE MARS.
ADOR, &c.

SEMONES ALTERNI ADVOCATE CVNCTOS.
SEMONES, &c.

NOS MAMVRI JVVATO.
NOS, &c.

TRIVMPHE, &c.
TRIVMPHE, &c.
TRIVMPHE, &c.

I omit the reasons on which the ingenious interpreter establishes his translation, but if the hymns and forms of prayer prescribed by Romulus or Numa, were unintelligible in the reign of Augustus, a commentator may be excused if he should mistake their meaning at present. In one point however all must agree, that although this rustic Latin was supposed to be the language of the Nymphs and of the Fauns, it never could have been that of the Graces or of the Muses. In fact, all these dialects, the

Etrurian not excepted, seem to have been appropriated to religious forms, laws, and sepulchral inscriptions. They were never employed in historical relations, and never tuned to the lyre of the poet. They remained therefore uncultivated and semi-barbarous, confined in process of time to the lower class, and gradually obliterated, without leaving any monument to induce posterity to regret their loss.

What progress Latin made in the interim towards refinement, we may learn from the following examples; the first of which is a law ascribed to Servius Tullius, but supposed to have undergone some change in the orthography.

SEI. PARENTEM. PVER. VERBERIT. AST. OLOE. PLORASIT. PVER. DIVEIS. PARENTVM. SACER. ESTO. SEI. NVRVS. SACRA. DIVEIS. PARENTVM. ESTO.

Si parentem, verberet—at illi ploraverint—divis, &c.

The transition from singular to plural, and the neglect of agreement between the verb and the nominative, shew the unsettled state of the language at that period.

QVI. CORONAM. PARIT. IPSE PECVNIAEVE. EJVS. VIRTVTIS ERGO. ARDVITOR. ET. IPSI. MORTVO. PARENTIBVSQVEJVS. DVM. INTVS. POSITVS. ESCIT. FORISQVEFERTVR. SEFRAVDESTO. NEVE. AVRVM. ADITO. AST SICVI. AVRO. DENTES. VINCTI. ESCINT. IM CVM ILO. SEPELIRE. VREVE. SEFRAVDESTO.

This is one of the decemviral laws, and of course a specimen of the language about a century later than the preceding; its orthography may have been in some respects modernized, yet it bears sufficient marks of antiquity. Thus *arduitor* for

addatur; parentibusquejus for *parentibusque ejus; escit* for *erit; forsquefertur* for *forisque effertur; sefraudesto* for *sine fraude esto* (i. e. *liceat*); *escint* for *erunt; im cum ilo* for *eum cum illo; ureve* for *urereve*, &c.

The following inscription records the naval victory obtained by Duillius over the Carthaginians.

LECIONEIS. MAXIMOSQVE. MACESTRATOS. CASTERIS. EXFOCIVNT. MACELAM. PVGNANDOD. CEPET. ENQVE. EODEM. MACESTRATOD PROSPERE REM NAVEBOS. MARID. CONSOLE PRIMOS. CESET CLASESQVE. NAVALES. PRIMOS. ORNAVET. CVMQVE. EIS. NAVEBOS. CLASES. POENICAS. OMNES PARATISVMAS. COPIAS. CARTACINIENSIS. PRAESENTED. MAXVMOD DICTATORED. OLORVM. IN ALTOD MARID PVGNANDOD VICET . . . NAVEIS. CEPET. CVM SOCIEIS SEPTEMR . . . . TRIREMOSQVE NAVEIS XX AVROM. CAPTOM. NVMEI, &c. &c. &c. DC: ARGENTOM. CAPTOM. PRAEDA NVMEI . . . . CAPTOM AES . . . . . PONDOD.

This inscription is of the year of Rome 494, but it is conjectured that the orthography underwent some slight alterations in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, when the original column, which had been damaged by time, was removed, and a new one erected in its place, with the ancient inscription engraved upon it. The letters and words in small print were inserted conjecturally by Lipsius, to supply the voids which time and accident have occasioned in the original. In correct Latin it would run thus:

Legiones, maximusque magistratus castris effugiunt. Macelam pugnando cepit—inque eodem magistratu *prospere rem* navibus mari Consul primus gessit classesque navales primus ornavit cumque iis navibus classes punicas omnes paratissimas copias Carthaginienses præsente maximo dictatore illorum in alto mari

pugnando vicit . . . naves cepit cum sociis septiremes triremesque naves xx captum nummi . . . . argentum captum, &c. &c. &c.

The following specimens are taken from the sepulchre of the Scipios, a family which exhibits in the materials and ornaments of its tombs, as well as in the style of its epitaphs, that noble simplicity which seems so long to have distinguished the manners of its members.

CORNELIVS. LVCIVS. SCIPIO. BARBATVS. GNAIVOD. PATRE: PROGNATVS: FORTIS. VIR. SAPIENSQ. QVOJVS FORMA VIRTVTEI PARISVMA FVIT—CONSOL. CENSOR. AIDILIS. QVEI. FVIT. APVD. VOS FAVRASIA. CISAVNA. SAMNIO CEPIT—SVBICIT OMNE. LVCANAA. OBSIDESQVE ABDOVCIT . . . .

Cor: Luc: Scip: Barb: Cneio . . . . Cujus forma virtuti parissima (i. e. par) fuit . . . . Cons: Cens. Ædilisque. qui . . . . omnem Lucaniam . . . . abduxit.

In the names of towns the nominative is put for the accusative, and in the two verbs the present tense is employed for the perfect; a confusion which proves that the language had not attained a full degree of grammatical accuracy even in the year 480. Nor does it seem to have made much progress during the years immediately subsequent, as appears from the following epitaph of a later date, as it belongs to the son of *Scipio Barbatus*.

HONCOINO. PLOIRVME. COSENTIONT. R. DVONORO. OPTVMO FVISSE. VIRO. LVCIOM. SCIPIONE. FILIOS. BARBATI. CONSOL. CENSOR. AIDILIS. HIC. FVET. A. HEC CEPIT CORSICA. ALERIAQVE. VRBE. DEDET. TEMPESTATEBUS. AIDE. MERETO.

Hunc unum plurimi consentium Romæ bonorum optimum fuisse virum. Lu-

cium Scipionem. Filius Barbati. Cons: Cens: Œdil: hic fuit apud vos. Hic cepit Corsicam Aleriamque urbem. Dedit Tempestatibus ædem merito *.

L. CORNELIVS. GN. F. GN. SCIPIO. MAGNA SAPIENTIA,
MVLTASQVE. VIRTVTES. AETATE. QVOM. PARVA.
POSIDET. HOC. SAXSVM. QVOIEI. VITA. DEFECIT. NON.
HONOS. HONORE. IS. HIC. SITVS. QVEI. NVNCQVAM.
VICTVS. EST. VIRTVTE. ANNOS GNATVS XX IS.
R. . . IIS. MANDATV . . NE. QVA. IRATIS. HONORE.
QVEI. MINVS. SIT. MANDATVS.

This epitaph is less simple, and more polished than the preceding, yet in language inaccurate and confused.

. . . Magnam sapientiam . . . ætate cum . . possidet . . . cui . . . . . qui nunquam . . . . terris mandatus—ne quæratis quominus honos sit mandatus.

The word *honos* is taken here in two different senses, and signifies either the honour which results from virtue, or that which accompanies magistracy; the former Scipio possessed, his age did not allow him to attain the latter. *Mandatus* is also used ambiguously, *terris mandatus; honos mandatus.*

QVEI. APICE. INSIGNE DIALIS. FLAMINIS. CESISTEI.
MORS. PERFECIT. TVA. VT. ESSENT. OMNIA.
BREVIA. HONOS. FAMA. VIRTVSQVE.
GLORIA. ATQVE. INGENIVM. QVIBVS. SEI.
IN LONGA LICVISISET. TIBI VTIER. VITA.
FACILE. FACTIS. SVPERASES GLORIAM
MAJORVM. QVA. RE. LVBENS. TE. IN. GREMIV.
SCIPIO. RECIPIT. TERRA. PVBLI. PROGNATVM. PVBLIO. CORNELI.

* The authenticity of this epitaph has been disputed by some antiquaries, but it is now, I believe, universally admitted.

Qui apicem insignem . . . . gessisti—si . . . licuisset tibi uti . . . superasses . . . . . gremium . . . Cornelio.

Notwithstanding some confusion in the terminations, the improvement in the language is here very visible; the expression is neat; the sentiments noble. Publius Scipio had no children, but added to the glory of the name by the adoption of the Lesser Africanus.

GN. CORNELIVS. GN. F. SCIPIO. HISPANVS.
PR. AID. CVR. Q. TR. MIL. II. X. VIR, LI, IVDIK
X, VIR. SAC. FAC.
VIRTVTES. GENERIS. MIEIS. MORIBVS. ACCVMVLAVI.
PROGENIEM. GENVI. FACTA. PATRIS. PETIEI.
MAJORVM. OBTENVI. LAVDEM. VT. SIBEI. ME. ESSE CREATVM.
LAETENTVR. STIRPEM. NOBILITAVIT. HONOR.

Litibus Judicandis . . . sacris faciendis . . . meis moribus . . . . . facta patris aspexi——Obtinui . . . sibi . . .

With similar marks of an imperfect language, this inscription equals, perhaps surpasses the preceding one in loftiness of sentiment. Both the one and the other are superior in thought and expression to the epitaph of Africanus, composed by Ennius.

Hic est ille situs, cui nemo civi neque hostis
Quivit pro factis reddere oprae pretium.

The reader will observe in most of these specimens, which trace the language down to the year of Rome 600, a neglect of the accusative termination in M; the exclusion of dipthongs; the promiscuous use of O for U; of E for I; of the nominative for the accusative, and sometimes of the present for the past: all symptoms of a dialect tending to modern Italian.

Now, if the language was thus unsettled even in Rome itself, we may form some conception of its very imperfect state in the provinces. Not to speak of the tables of Eugubium (which *Lanzi* supposes to be of the sixth, or beginning of the seventh age of Rome), in which we find PVSI SVBRA SCREHTO EST, *(sicuti supra scriptum est)* we have an inscription copied from an altar found in the *sacred grove* of Pisaurum, which may give some idea of the dialect then current in the country.

FERONIA STATETIO DEDE	Feroniæ Statetius dedit
LIIBRO	Libero
APOLENEI	Apollini
SALVTE	Saluti
DEI. MARICA	Deæ Maricæ
MATRE. MATVTA. DONO DEDRO MATRONA MAMVRIA. POLA. LIVIA. DEDA	Matri Matutæ dono dederunt Matronæ, &c. . . Paula . . Dida, &c.
JVNONE RE . . . MATRONA	Junoni reginæ matronæ
PISAVRESI DONO DEDRO	Pisaurenses dono dederunt

The reader may imagine that he is perusing an inscription in modern Italian.

I will close these examples with two specimens of ancient Latin, the one a prayer, the other an epitaph, both of exquisite beauty.

Mars pater, te precor quæsoque, uti tu morbos visos invisosque, viduertatem, vastitudinem, calamitatem, intemperiasque prohibessis, uti tu fruges, frumenta, vireta, virgultaque grandire, beneque evenire, sinas, pastores pecuaque salva servassis.

This form of prayer is taken from Cato, and though clad in

modern orthography, yet it breathes the innocence and dignity of the early ages.

The epitaph was discovered some years ago at *Urbisalia*, (anciently *Urbs Salvia*, a town near *Tolentino*, in *Picenum*,) and merits the encomium which *Lanzi* bestows upon it, *per l'aurea simplicità ed eleganza.*

C. TVRPIDI. P. F. HOR.
C. TVRPIDIVS. C. F. SEVERVS. F. V. A XVI.
PARENTIBVS PRAESIDIVM, AMICEIS. GAVDIVM
POLLICITA. PVERI. VIRTVS. INDIGNE. OCCIDIT
QVOIVS. FATVM. ACERBVM; POPVLVS. INDIGNE. TVLIT
MAGNOQVE. FLETV. FVNVS. PROSECVTVS. EST.

Friday, September the third, about seven in the morning, we set out from *Florence**, and crossing the fertile plain that

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* I have said nothing either of the court or of the state of society at *Florence*. Our government had not acknowledged the title of King of *Etruria*, and had sent no minister to the new sovereign; we had therefore no regular means of presentation, and thought proper to decline the offers of the French minister (General Clarke) to supply the deficiency.

The higher classes of *Florence* meet every evening at the *Cassino*, a mode of intercourse which nearly precludes the necessity of domestic visits. Some houses however were still open to strangers when duly introduced, among others that of *Madame d'Albany*. The celebrated *Alfieri* was the soul of this circle: that is while the conversation was carried on in Italian. If French was spoken, he observed a strict and indignant silence. In this respect I applaud his spirit and his patriotism. We praise the Greeks for having maintained the dignity of their divine dialect in opposition to the majesty of the imperial idiom; and we praise them justly, for to their well-founded pride we owe in part the possession of the most perfect vehicle of thought perhaps ever invented: and shall we censure the Italians, if speaking the most harmonious language known

encircles the city, directed our course towards the *Apennines*, that rose before us in various broken forms, with their lower regions green and inhabited, and their upper parts rocky, brown, and desolate. We passed through *Campi*, a very pretty village. It is supposed to occupy the site of a town called *Ad Solaria*, while the river that intersects it, and another stream that falls into the former a little above it, retain their ancient names, and are called the *Biscuzio* and *Marina*.

We changed horses at *Prato*, a post and a half from *Florence*, an episcopal town, not large, but well built and lively. It has several manufactures. Its principal square is called the *Piazza de Mercatale*, and its greatest ornament is the cathedral, an edifice of marble but of a style heavy and bordering upon Saxon. A sort of pulpit, placed at one of its angles on the outside, all of fine marble, with its canopy, is of a graceful form, and presents some well-wrought but singular groupes on its pannels.

We next came to *Pistoia*, a stage and a half farther on, an ancient city, still retaining its ancient name, at least with a slight variation, (the omission of the *r* in *Pistoria*); it is, as all the old towns of Italy are, an episcopal see, is remarkably well built, and from the unusual wideness of its streets, and solidity of its edifices, appears both airy and magnificent. Among

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among civilized nations, they reject a foreign jargon with contempt, especially when that jargon is made an instrument of slavery and a tool of atheism? Happy would it have been for Spain, Germany, Austria, and Prussia, if their nobles had imitated this Italian. In truth, to the inhabitants of these devoted countries, French is become the cup of Circe; he who imbibes it, forgets his God, his country, his very nature, and becomes *Epicuri de grege porcus*.

these buildings the principal are, the cathedral, the church called *Del Umiltà*, and the seminary. The dome of the first, the front or rather the vestibule of the second, and the general disposition of the third, are much admired. I must observe, that the establishments called seminaries in Italy and in France, are not merely academies or schools, but colleges, where the young clergy are instructed in the peculiar duties of their profession, under the inspection of the bishop, during three years previous to the time of their receiving holy orders. Hence each diocese has its seminary, which is always in the episcopal city, and generally contiguous to the bishop's palace. There are two public libraries. Though ancient it can boast of no antiquities, nor indeed of any classical distinction, unless the defeat and destruction of Catiline and his band of rebels, which took place in its territory, can be deemed a trophy. The river *Ambrone* flows close to the town. The country around is not only fertile and well cultivated, but unusually picturesque; on the one side lie rich plains, on the other rises a ridge of hills, that partake all the characteristic beauties of the parent *Apennines*, and present towns, villages, and villas rising in the midst of woods along their sides, with churches, convents and castles, crowning their summits.

At a little distance from *Pistoia* we quitted the plain of *Florence*, and entering a defile, continued for some miles to wind between steep hills, all waving with foliage and enlivened by habitations. Shortly after we crossed the steep at *Seravalle*, and were much struck with the romantic villages and castles that crown its pinnacles: then descending into another plain, we changed horses at *Bergiano*, and passed through *Pescia*, a small but very neat town with a handsome bridge over a river of the

same appellation. It is to be remembered that the road which we are now on, is the ancient communication between *Florence* and *Lucca*, and that *Pescia* corresponds to a place called *Ad Martis*, from a temple whose ruins were probably employed in the construction of the modern town. At no great distance from *Pescia*, the road traverses another ridge of hills shaded by groves of oak and chesnut. Descending thence, we crossed a most fertile plain for about five miles, and at eight o'clock in the evening entered *Lucca*.

LUCCA.

This city is one of the most ancient in Italy; the era of its foundation and the name of the founder, are equally unknown; it belonged originally to the Etrurians, and was taken from them by the Ligurians. It was colonized by the Romans about one hundred and seventy years before the birth of our Lord, and from that period began to rise in importance and in celebrity. The most remarkable event however that distinguished it in ancient times was the interview which took place here between Cæsar, Pompey and Crassus; an interview which attracted half the senate and nobility of Rome, and for a time gave to a provincial town, the pomp and splendor of the Capital. The reason which induced Cæsar to fix upon *Lucca* for this interview, was because being in Liguria it was in his province, and lying at the same time on the southern side of the *Apennines*, it might be visited by his friends and partisans from Rome without inconvenience.

From the fall of the empire, or rather from the destruction of the kingdom of the Goths, *Lucca* seems to have been governed by princes of its own. From one of these princes or dukes, *Adalberto il Ricco*, who reigned in the beginning of the tenth

century, the royal family of England is supposed, by *Muratori*, to have derived its origin through the princes of *Este*. The magnanimous Countess *Matilda*, who made so conspicuous a figure in Italy during the eleventh century, and rendered the Roman See such important services, was born princess of *Lucca*. From the death of this princess which took place in the beginning of the twelfth century, *Lucca* has enjoyed, with the exception of a few intervals of domestic usurpation, the honours of independence, and the advantages of a republican government. These advantages are sufficiently conspicuous; in the first place, in the cleanliness of the streets, and the excellent police established in the city; in the industry of the inhabitants, and in the high cultivation of the country; in the general security and confidence that reign not in the town only, but even in the villages and recesses of the mountains; and in fine, in the extraordinary population of the territory, and in the ease and opulence of its inhabitants. The government is strictly aristocratical, but the nobility who engross it are distinguished neither by titles nor privileges: their only prerogative is their birth—the most natural and least enviable of all personal distinctions. In this respect indeed, the *Lucchesi* like the *Venetians*, seem to have inherited the maxims of their common ancestors the Romans, and acknowledging like them the privilege of blood, give it rank and pre-eminence, without encumbering it with pageantry and parade; *apud Romanos vis imperii valet, inania transmittuntur**.

One advantage the *Lucchesi* enjoy peculiar to themselves,

* Tac. Ann. xv. 31.

an advantage which, though highly desirable, was seldom attained by the ancient commonwealths, whether Greek or *Roman*;—the cordial and uninterrupted union of the people and their governors. Public good seems at *Lucca* to be the prime, the only object of government, without the least indirect glance at either private interest or even corporate distinction. With motives so pure, and conduct so disinterested, the nobles are justly considered as the fathers of the republic, and looked up to with sentiments of gratitude and of reverence. One of the grand features of true republican liberty, the constant and perpetual predominance of the law, is here peculiarly visible. It protects all without distinction, and deprives all alike of all means of attack or annoyance; hence the noble as well as the plebeian is disarmed, and like the Romans of old, obliged to look not to his sword but to the law for defence and redress; the least deviation from justice meets with prompt and rigorous punishment. At *Lucca*, as in England, rank is no protection; it only renders the offence and the punishment more notorious. Hence, though the people have much of the courage, perhaps of the fierceness, of liberty, yet crimes, and even deeds of violence, are rare, and the quarrels and murders that so often occur in other cities of Italy are absolutely unknown; a circumstance that proves, if proofs were wanting, that the Italians owe their vices to the negligence, the folly, and sometimes perhaps to the wickedness of their governments. Another vice with which the Italians are reproached, in my opinion, unjustly, idleness, and its concomitant beggary, are banished from *Lucca* and its territory. None even among the nobles appear exorbitantly rich, but none seem poor; the taxes are light, provisions cheap, and competency within the reach of every individual.

The territory of *Lucca* is about forty-three English miles in length and sixteen in breadth; of this territory about two-thirds are comprized in the mountains and defiles, the remainder forms the delicious plain immediately round the city. Now this little territory contains a population of about one hundred and forty thousand souls, a population far surpassing that of double the same extent in the neighbouring provinces, though under the same climate, and blest with superior fertility. The difference so honourable to *Lucca* is the result and at the same time the elogium of republican government. But why should I enlarge upon the liberty and prosperity of *Lucca?* The republic of *Lucca*, like Rome and Athens, is now a name. The French cursed it with their protection; at their approach Liberty vanished, and Prosperity withered away. In fact, these generous allies *only* changed the form of government, quartered a few regiments on the town, obliged the inhabitants to clothe and pay them, and cried out *Viva la Republica.*

The city of *Lucca* is three miles in circumference, surrounded by a rampart beautifully planted all around, and converted into a spacious and delightful public walk and drive, for there is room for carriages, similar but superior to the ramparts of *Douay*, *Cambray*, and other fortresses in French and Austrian Flanders previous to the late wars. These walls thus covered with lofty trees conceal the city, and give it at a distance the appearance of a forest, with the tower of the cathedral like an abbey rising in the centre. The town is well built, but no edifice in particular can be considered as remarkable. The cathedral was erected in the eleventh century, and, as a mixture of the heavy Saxon style, as we are pleased to call it, and the light arabesque, has no small claim even to beauty. The exterior is cased with

marble, and ornamented with rows of little arches. In the inside the buttresses that form the arcades of the nave are thick and clumsy, but they support a second range of arcades, consisting of pointed arches, light and airy in themselves and ornamented with fretwork of admirable grace and delicacy.

The immediate vicinity of *Lucca* is a smooth plain, but as well planted, cultivated, and embellished, as incessant industry can make it. The remaining part, that is, the principal portion of the republican territory, is mountain, and the traveller has an opportunity of observing its scenery on his way to the celebrated baths of *Lucca*. These baths are about fourteen miles from the city in a north-westerly direction, in the windings of the *Apennines*. The road to them, having traversed the plain of *Lucca* watered by the *Serchio*, still continues to trace the banks of that stream, and enters the defile through which it descends from the mountains at the *Ponte Amoriano*. This bridge and two others higher up are of a very singular form, consisting of two very high arches, very narrow, extremely steep with a descent in the middle between the arches; they are calculated only for foot passengers and mules. The era of their construction has not yet been ascertained. Some suppose that they were erected in the sixth century by Narses; others, with more probability, assign them to the eleventh, and to the Countess *Matilda*. Their grotesque appearance harmonizes with the romantic scenery that surrounds them; banks lined with poplars, bold hills covered with woods, churches and villas glittering through groves of cypress. From hence the defile continues without interruption to the baths, while the bordering mountains sometimes advance and some-

times recede, increasing however in elevation without any diminution of their verdure and foliage.

The village of *Dei Bagni* stands in the bottom of a valley, on the banks of the *Serchio*; the baths themselves, with the lodging houses round them, are on the declivity of the hill. The view from thence extends over the dell, deep, broken, and shagged with trees; the torrent rolling over the rocky bottom; the hills all clad in forests of chestnut; at a distance and above all the pyramidal summits of the *cloud-capped Apennines.* In fact, the baths are in the very heart of these mountains, but surrounded rather with the beautiful than the grand features of their scenery. These baths do not appear to be a place of gay fashionable resort, or likely to furnish much social amusement; but such persons as retire for purposes of health or improvement, may find here tolerable accommodations, and a country to the highest degree picturesque and interesting. The road from *Lucca* is good, but on the sides of the hills sometimes too narrow, and too close to the edge of the precipice.

The arts and sciences that generally accompany Liberty, have long flourished at *Lucca*, so much indeed, that these republicans are supposed to be endowed with more sagacity, and better adapted to mental pursuits than the other Etrurians, however high their natural advantages in this respect are rated. The fact seems to be that the higher class at *Lucca*, as in England, are obliged to qualify themselves for the administration of public affairs, and are therefore impelled to improvement by a stimulus not felt in other Italian governments. This circumstance renders information not only necessary but

fashionable, makes it a mark of rank and distinction, and diffuses it very generally over the whole territory. It is accompanied as usual by a spirit of order, decency, cleanliness, and even politeness, which raise the *Lucchesi* far above their countrymen not blest with a similar government.

The river which intersects the plain and almost bathes the walls of *Lucca* is now called the *Serchio*, but supposed by Cluverius to have been anciently named the *Ausar:* a little stream not far from the gate of *Lucca* on the road to *Pisa*, still retains the appellation of *Osore*. The road between these cities runs mostly at the foot of high wooded hills over a rich well-watered level thickly inhabited and extremely well cultivated.

CHAP. XI.

PISA----ITS HISTORY----EDIFICES----BATHS----UNIVERSITY----PORT.

PISA appears to great advantage at some distance, presenting the swelling dome of its cathedral, attended by its baptistery on one side, and the singular form of the leaning tower on the other, with various lesser domes and towers around or in perspective.

This city stands in a fertile plain, bounded by the neighbouring *Apennines* on the north, and on the south open to the *Tyrrhenian* sea. The fancy loves to trace the origin of *Pisa* back to the storied period that followed the Trojan war, and to connect its history with the fate of the Grecian chiefs, and particularly with the wanderings of the venerable Nestor. This commencement which at first sight appears like a classic tale framed merely to amuse the imagination, yet rests upon the

authority of Strabo*, and may be admitted at least as a probability. At all events the

Alphææ ab origine Pisæ
Urbs Etrusca solo,

enjoys the double glory of being one of the most ancient cities of *Etruria*, and of deriving its name and its origin from the *Olympic Pisa* on the banks of the *Alpheus*.

Though always considerable, whether as forming one of the *Etruscan* tribes or afterwards honoured with a Roman colony, yet *Pisa* did not arrive at the zenith of its fame till the records of ancient times were closed, and the genius of Rome and liberty seemed for ever buried under the ruins and barbarism of the middle ages. At that period, apparently so unpropitious, the flame burst forth, and again kindled the slumbering spirit of Italian freedom. *Pisa* was not the last that roused itself to activity; it asserted its independence at an early period, and in the tenth century blazed forth in all the glory of a mighty and victorious republic. Its numerous fleets rode triumphant on the Mediterranean; and *Corsica* and *Sardinia*, the Saracens on the coasts of Africa, and the infidel sovereign of *Carthage* bowed beneath its power. Captive kings appeared before its senate; the Franks in *Palestine* and in *Egypt* owed their safety to its prowess, and *Naples* and *Palermo* saw its flags unfurled on their towers. Pontiffs and Emperors courted its alliance and acknowledged its effective services, and the glory of *Pisa*, twice ten centuries after its foundation, eclipsed the fame of its Grecian pa-

* Lib. v.

rent, and indeed rivalled the achievements of *Sparta* herself, and of all the cities of *Peloponnesus* united.

During this era of glory, not conquest only but commerce introduced opulence and splendor into the city ; its walls were extended and strengthened ; its streets widened and adorned with palaces, and its churches rebuilt in a style of magnificence that even now astonishes the traveller, and attests the former fortunes of *Pisa*. A population of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants filled its vast precincts with life and animation, and spread fertility and riches over its whole territory. Such was its state during the eleventh, twelfth, and great part of the thirteenth centuries, after which the usurpation of domestic tyrants first, and next the victories of the *Genoese* broke the spirit of its citizens. Then the treachery of its princes, with the interference and deceitful politics of France, undermined its freedom, and at length the intrigues of the Medici, completed its ruin, and enslaved it to its rival *Florence*.

Liberty had now fled for ever from *Pisa*, and commerce, arts, sciences, industry, and enterprize, soon followed : languor and despair spread their deadening influence over the city and its territory, and still continue to prey upon its resources. While the neighbouring *Lucca*, not so glorious but more fortunate than *Pisa*, still retains its opulence and its population ; the latter enslaved and impoverished, can count only fifteen thousand inhabitants within the wide circumference of her walls, a number which in the days of her prosperity would have been insufficient to man one-half of her gallies, or guard her ramparts during the watches of the night.

At the very same period, when the streets of *Pisa* were crowded

with citizens, *Sienna* counted one hundred thousand inhabitants, and *Florence* herself could boast of four hundred thousand. These cities were then three independent republics. The two former were subjugated by the latter, and were soon reduced, the one to thirty, the other to twenty thousand inhabitants. Victorious *Florence* is in her turn enslaved by her dukes; and, lo! four hundred thousand free citizens dwindled into sixty thousand slaves!

Pisa covers an enclosure of near seven miles in circumference; the river intersects and divides it into two parts nearly equal; the quays on both sides are wide, lined with edifices in general stately and handsome, and united by three bridges, one of which, (that in the middle,) is of marble. As the stream bends a little in its course, it gives a slight curve to the streets that border it, and adds so much to the effect and beauty of the perspective, that some travellers prefer the *Lungarno* (for so the quays are called) of *Pisa* to that at *Florence*. The streets are wide, particularly well paved, with raised flags for foot passengers, and the houses are lofty and good looking. There are several palaces, not deficient either in style or magnificence.

Among its churches the traveller cannot fail to observe a singular edifice on the banks of the *Arno*, called *Santa Maria della Spina** (from part of our Saviour's crown of thorns said to be preserved there), it is nearly square, low, and of an appearance whimsical and grotesque rather than beautiful. It is cased with black and white marble. Two great doors with round

* Supposed to have been erected An. 1230, and repaired An. 1300.

arches form its entrance: over each portal rises a pediment; the other end is surmounted by three obelisks crowned with statues; the corners, the gable ends, and indeed the whole building are lined with pinnacles, consisting each of four little marble pillars supporting as many pointed arches with their angular gables, and forming a canopy to a statue standing in the middle of the pillars; they all terminate in little obelisks adorned with fret-work. I mention this building merely for its singularity and as a specimen of that species of architecture which the Italians called *Gotico Moresco*, introduced into Italy in the eleventh century, and as its name seems to import, probably borrowed from the East by the merchants of the commercial republics*.

But the finest group of buildings of this description perhaps in the world, is that which *Pisa* presents to the contemplation of the traveller in her Cathedral, and its attendant edifices, the baptistery, the belfry, and the cemetery. These fabrics are totally detached, occupy a very considerable space, and derive from their insulated site, an additional magnificence. They are all of the same materials, that is, of marble, all nearly of the same era, and excepting the cloister of the cemetery, in the same style of architecture.

The cathedral is the grandest, as it is the most ancient. It

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* I must here observe, that there are in Italy two species of Gothic—the *Gotico Moresco* and the *Gotico Tedesco*; the former may have been imported from the East; the latter seems, as its name implies, to have been borrowed from the Germans. The latter appears to be an improvement upon the former.

was begun in the middle and finished before the end, of the eleventh century. It stands on a platform raised five steps above the level of the ground, and formed of great flags of marble. The sides are divided into three stories, all adorned with marble half-pillars; the undermost support a row of arches, the second a cornice under the roof of the aisles, the third bear another row of arches and the roof of the nave. The front consists of five stories, formed all of half-pillars supporting semicircular arches; the cornices of the first, second, and fourth stories, run all round the edifice: the third story occupies the space which corresponds with the roof of the aisles, and the fifth is contained in the pediment. In the central point of section, (for the church forms a Latin cross,) rises the dome, supported by columns and arches, which are adorned with pediments and pinnacles surmounted all with statues. The dome itself is low, and elliptic. The interior consists of a nave and double aisles, with choir and transept. The aisles are formed by four rows of columns of oriental granite. The altar and the pulpit rest upon porphyry pillars; the gallery around the dome is in a very light and airy style. The roof of the church is not arched but of wood divided into compartments, and gilt, a mode extremely ancient, and observable in many of the early churches *. The doors are bronze, finely sculptured, though inferior in boldness of *relievo* and delicacy of touch to those of the Baptistery of *Florence*. There are several pictures of eminent masters; but the insignificance of the subjects, which are too often obscure and legendary, takes away in no small degree from the interest which they might otherwise inspire.

* This edifice has been damaged by fires more than once, but always repaired with great care and with the utmost attention to its original form and ornaments.

On the evening of our arrival, this immense fabric was illuminated, in compliment to the king of Etruria, who was expected to offer up his devotions there on his arrival from *Florence*. As the tapers were almost innumerable, and their arrangement extremely beautiful, the effect was to us at least novel and astonishing. Illuminations indeed, whether in churches or in theatres, are no where so well managed as in Italy; no expense is spared; tapers are squandered with prodigality; all the architectural varieties of the hall or edifice are marked by lights, and the curves of the arches, the lines of the cornices, and the flourishes of the capitals, are converted into so many waving flames; so that we no where meet with such magnificent shews and surprising combinations of lights as at Rome, Naples, Venice, and the other great cities of Italy.

The Baptistery, which as in all the ancient Italian churches, is separated from the cathedral, stands about fifty paces from it full in front. It is raised on three steps, is circular, and surmounted with a graceful dome. It has two stories, formed of half-pillars supporting round arches; the undermost is terminated by a bold cornice; the second, where the pillars stand closer, and the arches are smaller, runs up into numberless high pediments and pinnacles, all topped by statues. Above these, rises a third story without either pillars or arches, but losing itself in high pointed pediments with pinnacles, crowned again with statues without number. The dome is intersected by long lines of very prominent stone fretwork, all meeting in a little cornice near the top, and terminating in another little dome which bears a statue of St. John the Baptist, the titular saint of all such edifices. The interior is admired for its proportion. Eight granite columns form the under story, which supports a second composed of six-

teen marble pillars; on this rests the dome. The *ambo* or desk for reading is of most beautiful marble, upheld by ten little granite pillars, and adorned with *basso relievos*, remarkable rather for the era and the sculptor than for their intrinsic merit. The font is also marble, a great octagon vase, raised on three steps and divided into five compartments, the largest of which is in the middle. The dome is famous for its echo, as the sides produce the well-known effect of whispering galleries. This edifice, which is the common baptistery of the city as there is no other font in *Pisa*, was erected about the middle of the twelfth century by the citizens at large, who, by a voluntary subscription of a *fiorino* each, defrayed the expenses.

We now proceed to the *Campanile* or belfry, which is the celebrated leaning tower of *Pisa*. It stands at the end of the cathedral opposite to the baptistery, at about the same distance. It consists of eight stories, formed of arches supported by pillars, and divided by cornices. The undermost is closed up, the six others are open galleries, and the uppermost is of less diameter, because it is a continuation of the inward wall, and surrounded not by a gallery but by an iron ballustrade only. The elevation of the whole is about one hundred and eighty feet. The staircase winds through the inward wall.

The form and proportion of this tower are graceful, and its materials, which are of the finest marble, add to its natural beauty; but its grand distinction, which alone gives it so much celebrity, is a defect which disparages the work though it may enhance the skill of the architect, and by its novelty forcibly arrest the attention. I allude to its inclination, which exceeds fourteen feet from the perpendicular. The cause of this archi-

tectural phenomenon has occasioned some debate, while many ascribe it to accident, and many to design; the former is now the generally received opinion. In fact, the ground at *Pisa* and all around it, is rather wet and swampy, and may easily have yielded under edifices of such elevation and weight; and indeed, if I am not mistaken, the cathedral and baptistery themselves have a slight and almost imperceptible inclination southward; a circumstance which if ascertained, as it easily might be, would leave no doubt, if any could be supposed to remain, as to the cause of the deviation from perpendicularity observable in the *Campanile*. However, though the unequal sinking of the foundation may have been the cause of this singularity, it yet appears that it took place before the termination of the edifice, and that the architect had sufficient confidence in his own skill to continue the work, and counteract so alarming a symptom. This is inferred from the observation, that the uppermost story diverges much less from the perpendicular line than the others, and seems to have been constructed as a sort of counterpoise. A French traveller carries this idea still farther, and supposing that the foundation gave way when the edifice had been raised to the fourth story, pretends that the architect to restore the equilibrium, gave the pillars on the leaning side a greater elevation. This representation, as far as it regards the fifth and sixth stories, is inaccurate. At all events, whatever cause produced the effect, the result equally evinces the solidity of the edifice and the judgment of the architect, as it has now stood more than six hundred years without the least appearance of fissure or decay.

The three edifices which I have described, stand in a line, and appear together in full view; but the cemetery lies on the

north side of the cathedral and baptistery, and seems rather a grand boundary than a detached edifice. It is raised like the others on steps, and is adorned like the undermost story of the cathedral, with pillars and arches and a similar cornice. The gate is moreover decorated with high pinnacles. Within is an oblong square, enclosed in a most magnificent gallery or cloister formed of sixty-two arcades or rather windows, of the most airy and delicate Gothic work imaginable. This gallery is both lofty and wide, paved, and built entirely of white marble, adorned with paintings almost as ancient as the edifice and highly interesting, because forming part of the history of the art itself. It is also furnished with many Roman *sarcophagi* and inscriptions, and ennobled by the tombs of several illustrious persons, natives of *Pisa*, and foreigners. The space enclosed is or rather was, the common burial place of the whole city; it is filled to the depth of ten feet with earth brought from the Holy Land by the gallies of *Pisa* in the twelfth century*, and is supposed to have the peculiar quality of corroding the bodies deposited in it, and destroying them in twice twenty-four hours; an advantage highly desirable in such crowded repositories of putrifying carcases.

The quantity of marble contained in these four immense edifices, and the number of pillars employed in their decoration are truly astonishing. The latter, some suppose to have been taken from ancient edifices, and as a proof of the magnificence of *Pisa*

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* The name of *Campo Santo*, which is generally appropriated to this cemetery, refers to this earth.

in the time of the Romans cite an expression of Strabo, which however applies not to edifices but to quarries*. The great variety of marble of which these columns are formed, and the rarity and value of some give them an apparent claim to antiquity, though it does not appear that they belonged to any edifices either in this city or in its vicinity. They may have been imported by the Pisan gallies in their triumphant returns from *Majorca*, *Sardinia*, *Corsica*, *Carthage*, *Sicily*, and *Naples*, and may perhaps be considered rather as monuments of the victories of this once powerful republic, than as remains of its municipal magnificence under the Romans.

I have said that the *Campo Santo was* the cemetery, because by an edict of the Emperor Leopold while Grand Duke of *Tuscany*, cemeteries and indeed all places of interment within the precincts of cities and towns were prohibited; a regulation so salutary as to deserve universal adoption, though it was less necessary perhaps at *Pisa*, than in any other city†.

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* Δοκεῖ δ' ἡ πόλις εὐτυχῆσαί ποτε, καὶ νῦν οὐκ ἀδοξεῖ, διά τε εὐκαρπίαν, καὶ τὰ λιθουργία, καὶ τὴν ὕλην τὴν ναυπηγήσιμον, κ. τ. ἑ.—*Lib.* v.

† A late most respectable author, who has generously devoted his time and his talents to the support or rather to the restoration of religion among his countrymen, defends the common practice with great eloquence and effect*. He had beheld with horror the sacrilegious violation of the tomb, the contemptuous forms of *civic* interment, the atheistic sentence inscribed over the grave during the revo-

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* Mons. Chateaubriand in his excellent work, entitled, Genie du Christianisme. Vol. iv. p. 72.—*Paris Edition*, 1802.

In speaking of the style of this group of edifices, I have, in conformity with other travellers, used the epithet *Gothic*, though, even in its usual acceptation in architectural language, not quite appropriate on this occasion. In fact, it is a composite style formed of Roman orders, corrupted and intermingled with Saracenic decorations. Thus, the open galleries of the *Campanile*, and the first and third stories of the Cathedral, with the first and second of the baptistery, and all the exterior of the cemetery, are formed of semicircular arches resting upon pillars; a mode introduced about the time of Diocletian, very generally adopted in the era of Constantine, and almost universally prevalent both in the east and west, for a thousand, perhaps twelve hundred years afterwards, and not entirely laid aside even in our times. In the *Campanile* therefore, as in the stories above-mentioned, there is little, if any thing, that can strictly be called Gothic. The arches of the gallery that surrounds the dome of the cathedral externally, are neither pointed nor round, but of the form of a fig-leaf; above each rises a pediment very narrow and very high. These ornaments (if they deserve that name) are perhaps Gothic; the same may be said of the pediments or gables, for they resemble the latter much more than the former, as well as of the many pinnacles that adorn its parapet. The windows of the cloister are in the style called Gothic

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lution, and he turned with delight to the affectionate, the decent, the consoling rites of christian sepulture. May these rites remain for ever! may the song of praise, the lesson of lamentation and comfort, and the prayer of faith, for ever accompany the Christian to his grave; and wherever the Faithful repose, may the standard of hope, the pledge of immortality, the trophy of victory, the CROSS rise in the midst of their tombs to proclaim aloud that *Death shall lose its sting*, and that the *grave shall give up its captives*.

in its highest perfection. This cloister was begun in the twelfth and finished in the thirteenth century. The cathedral was finished in the eleventh, and exhibits in the gallery described above some striking features of the style afterwards called Gothic, a circumstance which seems to strengthen the conjectures of the late Rev. Mr. Whittington*, of St. John's College, *Cambridge*, and to indicate the eastern origin, if not of this species of architecture, at least of some of its ornaments. The republic of *Pisa* at that time carried on a great commerce with *Constantinople*, *Asia Minor*, the *Syrian* ports and *Palestine*, and may easily be supposed to have adopted some of their fashions in building as well as in dress, and manner of living.

The hot baths of *Pisa* were frequented anciently more perhaps than at present; they are about four miles from the city, and spring up at the foot of *Monte St. Giuliano*. They are environed with buildings of various kinds, with lodging houses and a palace. The remains of an ancient aqueduct may be seen at a little distance; but they are eclipsed by a modern one of a thousand arches, erected originally in order to supply *Pisa*, and now carried on to *Leghorn*.

If I pass over in silence the other churches and public edifices of *Pisa*, it is not that I deem them unworthy of notice; on the contrary, several are magnificent and very justly admired; but I wish to confine my observations here, as elsewhere, to the peculiarities and characteristic features of the city, which alone suffice

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* Can I mention this friendly name without lamenting the fate that consigned so many virtues and so many talents to an early grave?

to give it fame and pre-eminence. Such, I conceive, the four grand fabrics above described to be, which surpass any group of buildings I have beheld out of Rome, and confer upon *Pisa* a distinction worthy of its ancient fame and long duration *.

But the glory of *Pisa* is not confined to architectural honours. Her University was one of the nurseries of reviving literature, and under the auspices of republican liberty, rivalled the most celebrated academies of Italy, at a time when they all teemed with genius and science. When *Pisa* was subjugated by the *Florentines*, the University felt the decay of public prosperity, gradually lost its fame, was forsaken by its students, and at length sunk into insignificance. It was afterwards restored by *Lorenzo de Medici*, and many professors of eminence were engaged† to fill its different chairs. However, it again declined, and was again restored by the Grand Duke *Cosmo* the First. Since that period it has continued the seat of many eminent professors, though it has never recovered the number of its students, or regained all its ancient celebrity. It has more than forty public professors, and most of those now resident are authors and men of high reputation in their respective lines. It is

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* A duration which, if we may credit a poet, dates its commencement before the Trojan war!

Ante *diu* quam Trojugenas fortuna penates
Laurentinorum regibus insereret,
Elide deductas suscepit Etruria Pisas
Nominis indicio testificante genus.
Rutilius, lib. I.

† An. 1472.

moreover abundantly furnished with all the apparatus of an academy. Colleges, libraries, an observatory, with all the astronomical instruments in great perfection; a most extensive and well ordered botanical garden; to which we may add, that the beauty of the country, the mildness of the climate, the neighbourhood of the sea, and the cheapness of provisions, are all so many additional recommendations, and must, it would seem, attract students. *Pisa* is indeed the seat of Tuscan education, and frequented by the subjects of the *Florentine* government; hence, when I say it has never recovered its ancient numbers, I mean not to say that it is deserted, but that its present state does not equal its former glory.

Pisa is only four miles from the sea; its port was anciently at the mouth of the *Arno*, and a place of some fame and resort.

> Contiguum stupui portum, quem fama frequentat
> Pisarum emporio, divitiisque maris,
> Mira loci facies! *
>
> *Rutilius.*

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* This port was protected neither by a mole nor by a pier, nor indeed by any artificial or natural rampart of walls, rocks or promontories. Though it was open to every wind, yet vessels rode secure on its bosom. The cause of this peculiarity was the size and tenacity of the *weeds* which were so closely interwoven, it seems, as to exclude the agitation of the sea while they yielded to the weight of vessels. Such is the account of Rutilius.

> . . . . . pelago pulsatur aperto
> Inque omnes ventos littora nuda patent;
> Non ullus tegitur per brachia tuta recessus,
> Æolias possit qui prohibere minas.

It then gave its name to a bay which extended from the promontory of *Populonia*, now *Piombino*, to that of *Luna* or of *Venus*, still *Porto de Venere*, and was called the *Sinus Pisanus*. According to Strabo the *Ausar* flowed into the *Arno* at *Pisa*, though it now falls into the sea at the distance of at least ten miles from it. At what time a new bed was opened for this river, though an undertaking of some labour and importance, is not known, nor is the slightest mention made of the alteration in any records, at least if we may believe the learned *Cluverius*. The inundations caused in a flat country, by the union of two such rivers, and the difficulty of stemming a stream so rapid as their united current never counteracted by the tide, might in the flourishing ages of the republic have induced the *Pisans* to divert the course of one of the two, and conduct it by a shorter passage to the sea. Of its ancient channel some traces may perhaps be still discovered in the *Ripa Fratta*, which joins the *Arno* at *Pisa*, and in a direct line communicates under the same appellation with the *Ausar* or *Serchio*.

Sed procera suo prætexitur alga profundo,
Molliter offensæ non nocitura rati:
Et tamen insanas cedendo interligat undas,
Nec sinit ex alto grande volumen agi.
Rutilius Itin. 532, &c.

I do not know whether the port of *Pisa* still enjoys the advantage of so extraordinary a barrier; as it is totally unfrequented, it would be difficult and indeed useless to ascertain the fact.

CHAP. XII.

LEGHORN----MEDUSA FRIGATE----PORTUS VENERIS----DELPHINI PORTUS----HARBOUR OF GENOA----ITS APPEARANCE---PALACES ---CHURCHES---RAMPARTS, AND HISTORY.

THE distance from *Pisa* to *Leghorn* is about thirteen miles, and the country between a dead plain, remarkable neither for beauty nor cultivation *, intersected, particularly near the latter town, with numberless canals opened to let off the waters that naturally stagnate in the hollows and flats of the Tuscan coast; the swamps which these waters occasioned infected the air in ancient times, and rendered all the tract of country along the *Tyrrhene* sea unwholesome. It is still dangerous in the heats

* A piece of water lies on the left of the road, about half way between the two towns, called at present *Lo Stagno*, and anciently *Piscinæ Pisanæ*.

of summer, though every method has been employed to drain the marshes and purify the atmosphere. Of all these methods the increase of population occasioned by the commerce of *Leghorn* has been the most effectual.

Leghorn, in Italian *Livorno*, was anciently called *Herculis Liburni portus*, and *Liburnum*. It never seems to have attained any consideration, and indeed remained a petty village almost immersed in swamps and sea-weeds, till the Medicean princes turned their attention to its port, and by a series of regulations equally favourable to the interests and feelings of the mercantile body, made it the mart of Mediterranean commerce. The insignificant village has now risen into a considerable town, airy and well built, with streets wide and strait, a noble square, fourteen churches, two Greek, and one Armenian chapel, a magnificent synagogue, a good harbour, and a population of thirty thousand souls. It is well fortified, and has in every respect the appearance of prosperity. Its principal church is collegiate, and the constant residence of the canons fixes several men of learning in the town. Opposite the port at a little distance rises the island of *Menaria*, and some miles beyond it that of *Gorgone*.

> Adsurgit ponti medio circumflua Gorgon
> Inter Pisanum Cyrnaicumque latus. *Rutilius.*

They both retain their ancient names with little variation.

There are no antiquities to occupy the classic traveller, but good accommodations, and the company of Captain Gore and the gentlemen of the Medusa frigate, rendered our short

stay at *Leghorn* unusually pleasant. The same society had indeed enlivened our residence in *Florence*, where the Captain had been so obliging as to invite us to take our passage to *Genoa* on board his frigate. Such an offer would at all times have been extremely acceptable, and was peculiarly so on the present occasion; as it delivered us from the dangers of a passage over the maritime Alps, then infested by banditti, or from the chance of being taken by the Barbary pirates, in an Italian *felucca*.

Leghorn was at this period particularly lively. A Spanish fleet, (the Admiral of which was a first rate of one hundred and ten guns,) a Swedish and a Danish frigate lay in the roads. The Spaniards were waiting to convey the King of Etruria to *Barcelona*. Such objects of curiosity and means of amusement, with the hospitality of Captain Gore, left no intervals of time without agreeable occupation. General Doyle, from Egypt, arrived on the sixteenth of September, and as the Captain waited only for him, on the seventeenth we set sail in the evening.

The view of the town, spread over a flat coast, and from thence extending its villas over a fine range of hills that advanced into the sea on the south, all kindled by the beams of the setting sun, engrossed my attention first, and afterwards, as a landsman unaccustomed to such spectacles, I felt myself still more deeply interested by the management of the ship, and observed with surprise and pleasure, the order that reigned in all its parts, the silence that prevailed amid so many men employed in so many manœuvres, and the rapidity and precision with which every order was executed.

A breeze arose just sufficient to keep the vessel steady in her course: the evening was fine, and the full moon shone in all her brightness, till an eclipse gradually stript her of her beams. A total eclipse is one of the grand phenomena of nature, and it would have been an amusing contemplation during the night, but unfortunately gathering clouds prevented our observations, and the wind freshning at the same time, carried us on with more rapidity. Thus we glided along the Etrurian coast, flat indeed and marshy, but watered by many a stream still glorying in its ancient appellation. Such is the *Versidia* (now *Versiglia)*, the *Aventia*, the *Frigida*, and the *Macra* once considered as the border of *Etruria* on the one side, and of *Liguria* on the other. A little beyond this river a ridge of rocky mountain projects into the sea, and forms the promontory of *Luna*, the eastern boundary of the Gulf of *Spezzia*, or the *Sinus Lunensis.* Next morning we found ourselves at the mouth of this gulph, with the promontory of *Luna* behind us, and before us the island of *Palmaria*, and *Porto di Venere*, (formerly *Portus Veneris.)*

This magnificent bay, which forms one of the finest harbours in Europe, enjoys the peculiar advantage of having a most abundant spring of fresh water rising almost in its centre. This fountain, so remarkable for its position, seems to have been produced by some convulsion in latter times, as there is no mention made of it in ancient authors. The bay is nearly encircled by lofty mountains, for the *Apennines* approach the sea towards *Carrara*, and continue with little or no interruption to line the coast till they join the maritime *Alps* beyond *Genoa*, appearing all along in their most rugged and forbidden form, with no

woods and little vegetation. However, about *Carrara* they make up for the want of external decorations, by the valuable quarries of marble so well known, and now as anciently, so highly valued by sculptors and by architects*.

We passed under a fine breeze, the *Porto Fino (Delphini Portus)* and about five o'clock entered the harbour of *Genoa*. This harbour is in the form of an amphitheatre; *Genoa* occupies one side, and spreads her streets and churches and then her suburbs and villas over a vast semicircular tract of craggs, rocks, and declivities. Its white buildings ascending one above the other make a splendid shew, and give it an appearance of much magnificence.

The interior of *Genoa* does not, in my opinion, corre-

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* Both the beauty of the bay of *Luna*, and the excellency of the marble quarries in its neighbourhood, are alluded to in the following verses:

> Tunc quos a niveis exegit *Luna* metallis
> Insignis portu, quo non spatiosior alter
> Innumeras cepisse rates, et claudere pontum.
>
> *Sil. lib.* VIII. 479.

The town of *L'Erice*, which is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient *Luna*, takes its name from *Erycis Portus*. Cicero, speaking of the sea which we are now traversing, calls it *Tuscum et barbarum, scopulosum atque infestum, in quo etiam ipse Ulysses errasset;* while the *Ionian* he terms *Græcum quoddam et portuosum. (De Oratore*, lib. III. cap. 19.) Yet it would be difficult to find in the latter two such ports as those of Luna and of Naples, or in the former a shore more rocky than that of *Acroceraunia*.

spond with its exterior grandeur. Like *Vienna* it is composed of well-built lanes, and contains no wide, and only three beautiful streets. The *Strada Balbi*, *Strada Nova*, and *Strada Novissima*. The *Strada Balbi* commences from a square called the *Piazza Verde* surrounded with trees of no luxuriant growth, though at one end, a magnificent double flight of stairs, and houses, gardens, and churches intermingled, rising in terraces one above the other, give it a pleasing and romantic appearance. The same street terminates in another square called the *Piazza del Vastato*, whence begins the *Strada Novissima*, which forms a sweep and joins the *Strada Nova*, that opens into a lesser square called *Piazza delle Fontane Amore*. These three streets, though not sufficiently wide perhaps for our taste, especially considering the elevation of the buildings that border them are, strictly speaking, composed of lines of vast and lofty palaces, some of which are entirely of marble, and all ornamented with marble portals, porticos, and columns. The interior of these mansions is seldom unworthy of their external appearance. Marble staircases, with bronze ballustres, conduct to spacious saloons which open into each other in a long series, and are all adorned with the richest marbles and tapestries, with valuable paintings and gilded cornices and pannels. Among these palaces, many of which are fit to lodge the first sovereigns in Europe, and indeed better calculated for that purpose than most transalpine palaces, those of *Doria*, of *Sera*, of *Balbi*, and of *Durazzo*, may perhaps be mentioned as pre-eminent in magnificence.

The churches are numerous, and as splendid as marble, gilding, and painting can make them, but have seldom any claims to architectural beauty. In truth, ornament and glare

seem to be the principal ingredients of beauty in the opinion of the *Genoese*, and this their prevailing taste has almost entirely banished the first of architectural graces, *Simplicity*, both from their palaces and from their churches. Among the former, the palace of *Durazzo*, in the *Strada Balbi;* and among the latter, the church of *Corignano*, possess most of that quality so essential to Greatness. A few remarks on these two edifices may enable the reader to form a general idea of others of the same kind.

The palace of the *Durazzo* family was erected by the celebrated *Fontana* ; the length and elevation of its immense front astonish the spectator, who perhaps can scarce find in his memory a similar edifice of equal magnitude. Besides the rustic ground floor, it has two grand stories, with *mezzanini*, and over the middle part consisting of eleven windows, an attic. The portal, of four massive Doric pillars with its entablature, rises as high as the balcony of the second story. The *mezzanini* windows, with the continuation of the rustic work up to the cornice, break this magnificent front into too many petty parts, and not a little diminish the effect of a double line of two-and-twenty noble windows. The portico, which is wide and spacious, conducts to a staircase, each step of which is formed of a single block of *Carrara* marble. A large antichamber then leads to ten saloons either opening into one another, or communicating by spacious galleries. These saloons are all on a grand scale in all their proportions, adorned with pictures and busts, and fitted up with prodigious richness both in decorations and furniture. One of them surpasses in the splendor of its gildings any thing of the kind I believe in Europe. These apartments open on a terrace, which com-

mands an extensive view of the bay, with its moles and light-house, and the rough coast that borders it on one side.

In this palace the Emperor Joseph was lodged during his short visit to *Genoa*, and is reported to have acknowledged that it far surpassed any that he was master of. The merit of this compliment is, that it is strictly true, for few sovereigns are worse accommodated with royal residences than the Austrian princes. The imperial palace at *Vienna* is a gloomy plastered barrack; that in the suburbs is as contemptible an edifice as that called the *Queen's Lodge* at Windsor, and the castle of *Laxenberg*, which has long been the favorite residence, is inferior in size, appearance, and furniture, to the family seat of many an English country gentleman.

Yet, though I have selected the palace of *Durazzo* as the best specimen of *Genoese* architecture, I know not whether I might not with propriety have given the preference to that of *Doria* in the *Strada Nova*, at least in point of simplicity, (for it is certainly inferior in magnitude), as its pilasters and regular unbroken cornice give it an appearance of more purity, lightness and correctness. The *mezzanini* are confined to the rustic story or ground floor, and thus leave the range of windows above, free and disencumbered. The front however is not entirely exempt from the usual defect, and in graceful simplicity yields to the sides of the same edifice. But these are partly masked by porticos.

The palace of *Domenico Serra* contains one of the richest and most beautiful apartments in *Genoa*.

The palace allotted to the Doge is spacious and ancient, but inferior in beauty to most of the mansions of the great families. The hall however in which the senate anciently assembled, is a most superb apartment; in length one hundred and twenty-five feet, in breadth forty-five, and in height sixty-six; its roof is supported by pillars and pilasters; the space between contains niches, which were once graced with the statues of the great men of the republic. These were removed, it is said, on the approach of the French, and have not yet been replaced. Two statues, erected by the republic to two heroes of the *Doria* family, one of whom was *Andrea*, to whom *Genoa* owes the independence and prosperity of three centuries, were not so fortunate. They stood conspicuous in the great court of the ducal palace, and were thrown down and demolished by the French. Perhaps the inscription provoked their fury. *Andreæ Doriæ, quod rempublicam diutius oppressam pristinam in libertatem vindicaverit* . . . . . Never did ancient tyrants shew more hatred to the restorers of liberty than the French republican. Brutal violence is his delight, as it is that of the lion or the tiger; but to the calm, the generous courage that prompts the patriot to fight and to die for justice, for liberty, for his country —to this noble principle, at once the cause and the effect of freedom, he is an utter stranger.

We now pass to the church called *Di Carignano.* In his way to this edifice, the traveller will behold with astonishment a bridge of the same name thrown over, not a river, but a deep dell now a street, and looking over the parapet he will see with surprise the roofs of several houses of six stories high, lying far beneath him. This bridge consists of three wide arches, but its

boldness and elevation are its only merit, for beauty it possesses none. Full in front, on the swell of the hill of *Carignano*, stands the church with a little grove around it. The situation is commanding, and well adapted to display a magnificent edifice to advantage, especially if faced with a colonnade. But this church has not that decoration; it is a square building, adorned with Corinthian pilasters. The four sides have the same ornaments and a similar pediment; only the western side or front is rather encumbered than graced with two towers. In the centre rises a dome. The interior is in the form of a Greek cross. The merit of this building consists in its advantageous situation and its simplicity. It has only one order, and one cornice that runs unbroken all around; this single order is not loaded either with an attic or a balustrade; the cornice is prominent and effective; the windows are not numerous nor too large, and the few niches are well placed. So far the architect is entitled to praise; but what shall we say to the *pigeon* holes in the frieze, to the little petty turrets on each side of the pediments, to the galleries that terminate on the point of these pediments, a new and whimsical contrivance, and above all, to the two towers which encumber and almost hide the front. These deformities might easily have been retrenched, if the architect could have checked his inclination to innovate. The *Genoese* compare this church to St. Peter's,

> Sic Canibus catulos similes, sic matribus hœdos.
> Noram . . . . . .

In size the comparison is not, I presume, meant to hold, nor in form either; it must then be confined to the dome and

the two towers, features which a thousand other churches have in common with the Vatican.

The view from this church is one of the finest in the neighbourhood of *Genoa*, as it includes the city, the port, and the moles, with all the surrounding hills; that taken in the middle of the harbour is however in my opinion preferable, because it displays the amphitheatric range of edifices, which is the characteristic feature of *Genoa*, to the greatest advantage.

The reader will perhaps be surprised when he is informed, that the church of *Carignano* was built at the expense of a noble *Genoese* of the name of *Sauli*, and that the bridge which leads to it was erected by his son, to facilitate the approach to a monument so honourable to his family. Such instances of magnificence were not uncommon in the brilliant eras of Grecian and Roman liberty, though Cicero seems disposed to censure them as ostentatious, and only abstains from a severer expression out of tenderness to his friend Pompey *. We have no reason to suspect ostentation on this occasion, but supposing that such a selfish motive had infected the founder's intention, I know not still whether it be not far more honourable to the individual and advantageous to the public, that the exuberance of a large fortune should be thus discharged in stately edifices, than in luxurious repasts and convivial intemperance. And here, I cannot suppress an observation which I think due in justice to the Italian character. Travellers of all descriptions

* De Officiis, lib. II. 17.

are apt to reproach them with a niggardly and parsimonious spirit, because they do not entertain strangers with the luxuries of the table and a succession of dinners, and because they confine their civilities to *conversazzioni*, and ices and lemonade. Admitting this statement to be generally speaking accurate, though there are many exceptions to it, yet it only follows that in their ideas of enjoyment the Italians differ much from transalpine nations, and not that their taste in this respect is irrational or ill-founded.

In opposition to the practice of the modern Italians, we are fond of citing the example of their ancestors the Romans, and to enforce the argument we can quote many a bacchanalian passage, and moreover enlarge upon the *flow of soul* that accompanies, and the *feast of reason* that follows convivial repasts. In answer the Italian will observe, that the Romans engrossed the riches of the universe, that they commanded all the means of enjoyment, and could riot in every species of luxury; that they could erect magnificent palaces, adorn them with pictures and statues, and at the same time crowd their halls with guests, and cover their tables with dainties. The modern Italian (he will continue) is confined within the bounds of a very limited income; as he cannot therefore display his magnificence in the number, he must shew his taste in the selection of his enjoyments, and that in this selection he prefers those which are permanent to those which are momentary; that he considers a gallery of pictures, a collection of statues, and a noble palace, as enjoyments much more solid and satisfactory than a well-stocked cellar, and a sumptuous table; that in the latter case the pleasure is confined to himself and his guests, while in the former it extends to his countrymen, and even to posterity—

in fine, that a bridge, an obelisk, or a church, is a more honourable memorial than the empty reputation of general hospitality and an expensive table, kept to gratify guests who seldom want, and never acknowledge, the obligation. As to the pleasures of conversation, he values them as high as others can possibly do, but he enjoys them according to his conception with more relish when reposing with his friends, like Cicero under the shade of the plane-tree and the cypress, or walking with them in his portico, amid the masterpieces of art, than seated at table with the fumes of meat under his nose, and the bustle and confusion of servants behind his back. These observations may perhaps be allowed to exculpate, if not to recommend, the Italian practice.

The cathedral dedicated to *St. Laurence* is encrusted with marble, and of a mixed style of Gothic, which has little or no beauty; the entrance however, consisting of three grand doors, with lofty pointed arches, with the circular window above, deserve notice.

But besides the churches and palaces in *Genoa*, there are two other kinds of edifices highly interesting to strangers, and honourable to the republic, I mean the moles and the hospitals. The former by their extent, solidity, and utility, may be compared to similar works in ancient times; especially as the depth of the water, by increasing the difficulty added to the spirit of the undertaking. By the latter, *Genoa* attained an honourable distinction even in a country where charitable establishments are founded, and endowed on a scale of magnificence scarcely conceivable beyond the Alps. Of these establishments the two principal are the *Great Hospital*, and the

Albergo dei Poveri; both of which astonish the stranger by their magnitude, interior arrangement, and excellent accommodations. They were erected and supported by charitable donations.

Commerce, according to some writers, contracts the heart, and confines its feelings to selfish and interested objects. The national character of the Dutch was produced as a confirmation of this ill-natured theory. Without admitting an application so injurious to that industrious and unfortunate people, I may be allowed to observe, that the conduct of the citizens of *London* and *Genoa*, (not to speak of those of the other Italian republics), merchants at all times, and in the most extensive sense of the appellation, refutes the imputation. The genius of commerce and the spirit of charity, in these Capitals, move hand in hand, and act in unison. The riches collected by the one are dispensed by the other; so that, if commerce fills her storehouses, charity holds the keys. While the one is laying the foundation of a mole, the other is erecting a church; while the former is building a palace, the other is endowing an hospital. While commerce enjoys the repast in the magnificent hall, charity sits at the gate, and dispenses food to the hungry*.

* A practice not uncommon in *Genoa*; one instance deserves to be mentioned. The noble family of *Kugara* were accustomed to lay out each day a sum equivalent to thirty-two pounds English, in providing food for all the poor who came to claim it. Another nobleman, having no heirs, devoted his whole property even during his own life to the foundation of an asylum for orphan girls, who, to the number of five hundred, were educated and provided with a settlement for life, either married or single, at their own option. About the public utility of some

But here, as before on too many similar occasions, I must observe with regret, that I am speaking of past, not of present times. The edifices to which the names of hospitals are annexed still stand, but stand rather as the monuments than the actual mansions of charity: the funds have been swallowed up in the exactions of the French armies, and the mere titles remain like the name of the republic, and even like the city itself, deprived of its commerce, its riches, and its independence.

Genoa is surrounded by a double wall or rampart; the one encloses the town only, and is about six miles in circuit; the other takes a much more extensive range, and covering the hills that command the city, forms a circumference of thirteen miles. The interior fortification terminates in a point beyond the summit of the hill, and is supposed or rather proved by late experience to be of very considerable strength. As we rode round these extensive works, we were amused partly by the contrast of the bleak barren hills that rose above us, with the splendor and beauty of the city, its suburbs, and its harbour, that lay expanded below; and partly by the accounts which our guides gave us of the French and Austrian positions, and of the various vicissitudes of the late siege. These anecdotes interested us at the moment, because the event was recent, and we had the theatre of the contest before our eyes; but the siege of *Genoa* after all

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of these charities my readers may differ, as well as about the best method of providing for the poor in general; but as to the generous spirit that prompted these deeds of mercy, and fed these funds of benevolence, there can be but one sentiment. It is to be recollected, that commerce at *Genoa* was no derogation from nobility, and that the greater part of this body were engaged in commercial speculations.

was a petty occurrence in the history of a campaign that, after more than twice ten centuries of contest, laid the glories of Italy at the feet of the *Gauls*, and opened the garden of Europe to the devastation of a swarm of semi-barbarians.

Genoa presents no vestige of antiquity*; if ever she possessed magnificent edifices or trophies of glory they have long since mouldered in the dust, or been swept away by the waves. Her name alone remains, and that name she has ennobled since the fall of the empire by a series of great achievements abroad, and at home by an almost uninterrupted display of industrious exertions, bold speculations, and wise councils. *Genoa* is one of the three great republics which, during the middle ages, that is, at a period when the rest of Europe was immersed in slavery, ignorance, and barbarism, made Italy the seat of liberty, of science, and of civilization, and enabled her, though bereft of general empire not only to outshine her contemporary powers, but even to rival at least in military fame and domestic policy, the glories of Greece herself in her most brilliant era. Of these republics *Venice* was undoubtedly the first, and *Genoa* confessedly the second. These honours she acquired by her commerce and by her fleets, which enabled her often to dispute, and frequently to share the empire of the seas with her adversary. At one period indeed the Ligurian capital had for some time the advantage, and reigned queen of the Mediterranean.

About the middle of the fourteenth century, not *Corsica* and

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* *Genoa*, though called by Strabo the *emporium* of the Ligurian shore, seems to have been a place of little importance: Livy calls it *oppidum*, a term that implies either a mere town or a strong post.

Sardinia only, but the islands of the *Archipelago*, and the coasts of *Syria* and *Africa*, acknowledged the sovereignty of *Genoa*, and even the imperial city of *Constantinople* itself saw a colony of Genoese established in its suburbs. But while these glorious events succeeded each other rapidly abroad, at home *Genoa* was convulsed by intestine debates and perpetual contests between the nobles and people. Similar divisions took place in ancient Rome, and, like the political differences that exist in England, contributed merely to agitate the public mind, to keep it awake to its interests, to introduce improvements, and by incessant attacks to hold the government in a state of wholesome restraint. The domestic broils at *Genoa*, though of the same nature, produced very different effects, and generally terminated either in subjecting the city to the despotism of a ruler, or in sacrificing its independence to foreign influence. Hence we find the Genoese, notwithstanding their republican spirit, submitting to the authority, or rather courting the protection, of the Emperors, the Popes, the Kings of Spain, of Naples, and of France, and the Princes of *Milan* and of *Montferrat*, and thus bartering their liberty for a precarious and dishonourable tranquillity. It is true, she seldom bore the yoke long; but she accustomed herself to bear it, and lost not a little of that abhorrence to foreign influence and of that high sense of independence, which is the leading feature or rather the very soul and essence of a republic. Hence, even down to our own times we find the *Genoese* more under the influence of foreigners than the other states of Italy, and, unfortunately for its own welfare, peculiarly open to the intrigues and insinuations of France, not only before, but even since its fatal revolution.

But to return back to the more brilliant periods of the *Genoese* history, there are two events recorded in its annals, on

which the mind rests with some complacency; the one is its siege in the year thirteen hundred and seventeen, and the other its war with *Venice*. The former of these events has been compared by the Italian historians to the siege of *Troy*, and is represented as uniting as many different tribes, calling forth as much talent and energy, and exhibiting as many vicissitudes as that well-known contest. However the result was very different—*Troy* fell, and *Genoa* triumphed; but the fall of *Troy* has been ennobled by Homer, while the triumphs of *Genoa* are lost in oblivion. It is surprising that an event so interesting at the time, and so glorious to the Guelphs, then the popular party in Italy, an event connected with the fate of a powerful republic, and claiming the attention of all the Mediterranean, should not have been celebrated by one or other of the many Poets which that very century and the following produced in Italy, especially as the subject, like that of the Greek poet, would have afforded an opportunity of displaying all the varieties of the national character, and all the diversities of the regions and governments of Italy, with numberless anecdotes taken from the records of its cities and of its illustrious families.

The other event to which I alluded, is the long and arduous contest between *Genoa* and *Venice*, which the same historians produce as a parallel to the second Punic war, both in its duration, in its extent, and in the perseverance and animosity of the contending parties. Another feature of resemblance has been observed, and that is, that the Power finally victorious seemed at one period nearer ruin than its rival*; but though in

* Adeo varia belli fortuna, ancepsque Mars fuit, ut propius periculum fuerint, qui vicerunt.—*Tit. Liv.* lib. XXI.

this respect, as indeed in many others, *Venice* emulated Rome, yet in another she fell far short of her grand archetype, and basely solicited peace in circumstances in which Rome rejected all offers with disdain. But these considerations are confined to the contending republics; not so the consequences of the contest, which, if we may believe a judicious historian*, by weakening the two great maritime states of Italy, destroyed the balance of power, and opened the way to the conquests of the Turks in the succeeding century.

According to the same writer, Italy owes to that destructive rivality, the loss of her mercantile superiority, and the lead which the Portuguese and Spaniards afterwards took in the discovery of the East and West Indies, and in the general commerce of Europe. Certain it is that *Venice*, though she carried on the war against the Turks with unabated courage down to the commencement of the last century, yet could no longer boast of certain victory, or meet the infidels with the same confidence of success. Instead of increasing her empire, she could not even maintain its integrity, and saw with unavailing indignation island after island wrested from her by the Mussulman arms. If the victors had to lament the consequences of this civil contest, the vanquished it must be supposed felt them still more vitally. In truth, the *Genoese* fleets, I believe, never after performed any achievement worthy the ancient prowess and fame of the republic.

While *Venice*, even till the moment of her extinction, kept

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* Abbate Denina.

some and indeed several of her dependencies, *Genoa* had lost all her's long before the last fatal invasion of the French ; and her contest with *Corsica*, the only one that remained to her till the middle of the last century, after having displayed her weakness, terminated in the surrender of that island to the King of France.

But if *Genoa* had the mortification, during the last three centuries, of seeing her glory on the decline, it must be owned that she found some compensation in the internal tranquillity which she has almost invariably enjoyed during that period. This tranquillity is ascribed to the revolution which the celebrated *Andrea Doria* planned and executed with so much decision and ability, by which he wrested his country from the grasp of France, secured her independence abroad, and by a fair and moderate, if not a perfect government, established order and concord at home. This event occurred in the beginning of September of the year 1528, and is still commemorated by a festival of thanksgiving.

In the different wars that have taken place during the last century, *Genoa* has generally adhered to the French interest, a line of policy dictated not so much by inclination, as by interest. The vicinity of the French coast, and particularly of their grand naval arsenal *Toulon*, furnished them with the means of annoyance, if the republic declared against them ; while the vast sums which they had borrowed from it, and the interest which they paid, all of which if not forfeited, would have been suspended by war, served as an additional and probably more powerful check on the temper of the *Genoese*, supposing it to be hostile. But this spirit of calculation however well adapted

to ordinary occurrences, was misplaced at the commencement of the revolution; it opened their gates to their enemies, and by making them masters of a position so advantageous, contributed not a little to their future triumphs, and to all the disasters of devoted Italy. The state of humiliation and almost slavery in which *Genoa* now groans, is therefore in a certain degree the work of their own hands, the result of an interested and narrow policy, and rather a self-inflicted punishment than an unmerited misfortune. Yet I lament its fall; the fame of its past achievements, its present magnificence, the industry of its people, and the boundless charities of its nobles; the splendor and the fertility which it spreads over a scene of rocks and precipices; the senatorial dignity of its government, and the spark of Roman liberty that still glowed in its institutions, all combine to awaken compassion, and excite a sentiment of deep regret for its ruin.

The day after our arrival we were presented to the Doge (*Durazzo*), a venerable old man, who received us with great affability or rather kindness, and very obligingly invited us to dinner, an honour which we were reluctantly compelled to decline, as we were under the necessity of leaving *Genoa* before the appointed day; a circumstance which we have many reasons to regret. The manners of the Doge were easy and unaffected; his conversation open and manly. One sentiment I thought remarkable, "Peace," said he, "will, I hope, last, and give us an opportunity of redeeming our honour." I observed, (with satisfaction I acknowledge,) that though long employed as ambassador of the republic at *Vienna*, he spoke French as becomes an Italian, unwillingly and with the accent of his country strongly marked and perceptible even to our ears.

We had twice the honour of an audience, and both times, every reason to be gratified with our reception. If our good wishes can possibly be of any avail, the venerable Doge will pass the evening of his honourable life in glory, and close it in tranquillity!

If in my observations on *Genoa* I have passed over some objects of curiosity noticed by most other travellers, such as the *catino* or celebrated plate of emerald, the beak of a Roman galley, &c. the reader will remember that the French had been for several years masters of the city, and that the articles alluded to were either seized by them, or removed previous to their first arrival by the proprietors, and still kept, and indeed likely long to remain, in a state of concealment.

Some anecdotes also may perhaps be expected relative to the character and proverbial cunning and dishonesty of the *Genoese*. It is a misfortune to a nation as well as to an individual to be branded by a great and popular poet with the imputation of vice, or even held up to ridicule. The stain is indelible, and the *Ligurian* deceitful, *dum fallere fata sinebant*, will be repeated in every school, and echoed from pole to pole as long as men shall read, or Virgil be understood. Yet supposing this imputation to have been applicable to the ancient, it is not fair to conclude from thence that it is equally so to the modern *Ligurians*.

The character of a nation is the result of climate, soil, religion, government, and numberless other circumstances, most of which are liable to various modifications, and of course not always regular in their effects. Now of all these causes the two first

alone remain unaltered. The *Ligurians* still live under the same genial sky, and still inhabit the same rugged mountains; in every other respect they differ essentially from their forefathers. These had long struggled with enemies more powerful, more numerous, and better disciplined than themselves. Art and stratagem became their principal weapons, and the fastnesses of the mountains were their only retreats. Thus, necessity first broke, and long habit inured them both to patience and to deceit, and made these two qualities the prominent features of their national character. The modern *Ligurians* enriched by commerce smile at the sterility of their soil, and blest for ages in the enjoyment of liberty, they have defended it as it deserves to be defended, with courage and open force. They have met their enemies in array, and obtained many a glorious victory by skill and intrepidity. Stratagem does not seem to have entered into their tactics, nor do we hear that even in their negotiations and treaties they have been remarkable for subterfuge or duplicity. I need not observe the influence which christianity must have over the national character, and the improvement which must inseparably accompany the universal adoption of a morality that commands strict justice, not in deeds only and external transactions, but even in thought and desire. This influence I acknowledge is sometimes counteracted, and with regard to some very perverse or very ignorant individuals may now and then be totally suspended, yet with regard to the public mind it is too generally felt and acknowledged, to admit of such constant habitual contravention as can make dishonesty and theft a feature of the national character.

To these considerations we may add, that *Genoa* subsists entirely by commerce, and that the essential interests of such

a nation compel it necessarily to cultivate good faith and honesty as prime and indispensable virtues, nor has it ever, I believe, been heard that the bankers and merchants in *Genoa* have been deficient in these qualities. When I say bankers and merchants, I include many of the nobles, and almost all the opulent and respectable part of the community, that is, the portion which gives life, colour, and energy, or in other words, character to a people. As for the mob, it would be very unfair indeed to form an estimate of the worth of any nation from their ignorance and vices; for, though they may have several qualities in common with the higher orders, yet as they are less under the influence of moral restraint, their vices more frequently predominate. Not that I mean to insinuate that the populace of *Genoa* are in any respect more vicious than the same class in other capitals, but such they have been represented, at least with regard to pilfering; and as a proof, we are told by strangers even at *Genoa*, that the merchants, in order to avoid the losses occasioned by their dishonesty, employ as porters men from *Bergamo*, a strong bodied honest race, to the total exclusion of their own countrymen. The fact may be admitted, but the motive is not quite so clear. All the chairmen in London are Irish, almost all the watchmen of the same nation; therefore some sagacious foreigner may infer, that the English people are too weak for chairmen, too thievish and dishonest for watchmen. We should smile at the absurdity of such a reasoner. As for the habits of over-reaching, cheating, and deceiving strangers, they are too common in every country, to be characteristic of any in particular, so general indeed are they that I should find it difficult to fix upon the spot where they are most prevalent. We may therefore be allowed to hope that the *Genoese*, though they

are *Ligurians*, may be exempt from the vices of their ancestors, and that religion, liberty, and opulence may have eradicated propensities which arose from oppression and misery.

Saturday the eighteenth of September, we took leave of our friends of the Medusa, saw the ship under weigh, and then set out for *Milan*.

CHAP. XIII.

PASSAGE OF THE BOCCHETTA---NOVI---MARENGO---TORTONA---THE PO---THE TESINO---PAVIA, ITS HISTORY, EDIFICES AND UNIVERSITY---THE ABBEY.

ABOUT half a mile from the gate of *Genoa* is the village or rather suburb of *San Pier d'Arena;* its situation on the coast, and close to the *Polcevera,* rendered it once a place of great resort, and many palaces and villas remain as monuments of its magnificence. The *Villa Imperiale* is its principal ornament; it is said to have been planned by *Palladio,* and has two regular rows of Corinthian and Ionic columns, an arrangement both simple and majestic. But this superb edifice is neglected, and like many others around it, apparently falling to ruins.

We next entered the valley of the *Polcevera,* so called from the torrent *(Porcifera)* that intersects it. This stream had disappeared, and left no traces but its broad rocky channel; it is said however to return sometimes with such rapidity as to carry off travellers crossing its channel, and loitering in the passage, a circumstance which occasioned many disasters when the road lay in the very bed itself of the river. The Austrians,

when driven out of the city by the spirited efforts of its inhabitants in the year 1746, encamped in the channel of the *Polcevera* then dry, but were alarmed in the middle of the night by the roaring of the torrent, descending in vast sheets from the mountains, and sweeping men, horses, and even rocks before it. The army extricated itself from this dangerous situation with difficulty, and not without the loss of several hundred men.

The bridge thrown over the *Polcevera* at *Cornigliano* is a monument of the munificence of a nobleman of the *Gentile* family. To the honour of the *Genoese* nobility, the same may be said of the excellent road that leads from *San Pier d'Arena* to *Campo Marone*. This road follows the banks of the *Polcevera*, forming a long winding defile beautifully diversified with villas and gardens, cypresses, olives, and vineyards. The soil is indeed naturally a dry naked rock, but industry protected by liberty has covered it with verdure and fertility. Immediately on leaving *Campo Marone* the first stage, we began to ascend the steep of the *Bocchetta*, one of the loftiest of the maritime *Apennines* or rather *Alps*, (for so the ridge of mountains to the west of *Portus Delphinus*, now *Porto Fino*, was anciently called.) The lower and middle regions of this mountain are well-peopled, well-cultivated, and shaded by groves of lofty chestnuts. In this respect it resembles the *Apennines*, but its upper parts are totally Alpine, rough, wild, and barren.

The *Bocchetta* is one of the great bulwarks of *Genoa*. It was in the late war occupied by the French, but forced by the Austrians. The trenches and mounds thrown up by the former are still discernible, and may be traced for a considerable distance, forming altogether a barrier almost insuperable. The French army was

at least fifteen thousand strong, furnished with artillery and every article of ammunition in abundance, and commanded by a general of some experience and of acknowledged intrepidity *. Yet with all these advantages, their entrenchments were forced, and they were compelled to shelter themselves behind the ramparts of *Genoa* by an enemy not twice their number!

The view at the *Bocchetta* is confined by the various swells and pinnacles that form the ridge of the mountain, excepting on one side, where it extends over the valley of the *Polcevera*, takes in the outworks of *Genoa* intersecting the brows of the hills, and just catches a glimpse of the sea on each side; for *Genoa* itself lies covered by its guardian mountains. The *Bocchetta* is one of the few mountains where the road runs nearly over the summit, while in the other passages over the *Alps* and *Apennines* it commonly winds through a defile; it is represented as one of the highest of the *Apennines*, though, as I suspect, without sufficient grounds, as it does not appear to rise more than five thousand feet at the utmost above the level of the sea, an elevation far below several points of this chain of mountains. The descent is almost as long and tedious as the ascent, but neither is dangerous, excepting in a few places where there is no parapet on the brink of the precipices. We spent about six hours in the passage of the *Giogo* (*Jugum*) of the *Bocchetta*, and entered *Voltaggio* about ten o'clock at night.

Next morning we set out early; the road (the *Via Posthumia*) traverses the defile, sometimes on level ground,

* Massena.

sometimes on the verge of a precipice suspended over a torrent. The scenery is very romantic, alternately open and wooded, here green and fertile, there barren and rocky, thus presenting all the delightful contrasts of shade and nakedness, of wildness and cultivation, that characterize the *Apennines*. One of the most striking objects that occurred was the fortress of *Gavi*, occupying the summit of a rocky hill, and commanding the defile. Shortly after we discovered through a break in the mountains the immense plain of *Piedimonte*, and then crossing the *Molinario*, a high, fertile, and well-wooded hill, we found ourselves at length at the foot of the *Apennines*, and turned for ever from these beautiful and majestic mountains.

A few miles further on we entered *Novi*, a small busy town, the last of the *Genoese* territory, where several of the nobles have villas in which they used to pass the spring and autumn. The country which we had traversed exhibits no monuments, and awakens few recollections of classic ages. The long contests of the Romans with the Ligurian mountaineers contributed less to their fame than to their discipline, by keeping the legions in exercise, and accustoming their generals to caution and vigilance.

"Is hostis," says Titus Livius, speaking of these people, "velut natus ad continendam inter magnorum intervalla bellorum Romanis militarem disciplinam, erat; nec alia provincia militem magis ad virtutem acuebat. Nam Asia, et amenitate urbium, et copiâ terrestrium maritimarumque rerum, et mollitiâ hostium regiisque opibus, ditiores, quam fortiores exercitus faciebat . . . . In Liguribus omnia erant, quæ militem excitarent: loca mon-

tana et aspera, quæ et ipsis capere labor est, et ex præ-occupatis dejicere hostem—itinera ardua, angusta, infesta insidiis; hostis levis et velox et repentinus, qui nullum usquam tempus, nullum locum quietum aut securum esse sineret; oppugnatio necessaria munitorum castellorum laboriosa simul periculosaque: inops regio, quæ parsimoniâ astringeret milites, prædæ haud multum præberet. Itaque non lixa sequebatur, non jumentorum longus ordo agmen extendebat: nihil præter arma, et viros omnem spem in armis habentes, erat. Nec deerat usquam cum iis vel materia belli vel causa: quia propter domesticam inopiam vicinos agros incursabant; nec tamen in discrimen summæ rerum pugnabatur*."

I insert this passage at full length, not only on account of the solidity of the observation and the beauty of the language, but of the historical allusions which it contains, as they tend to display the character of the ancient Ligurians, and shew how widely it differs from that of their descendants. To this we may add, that if the moderns have not the activity, the enterprize, or the patience of their ancestors, neither have they the same motive to impel them to warfare—*poverty;* and indeed, it must be acknowledged, that the people throughout the *Genoese* territory seem in general well fed, healthy, and contented. Possibly the exactions of their present masters (the French), by plundering them of their wealth and restoring their mountains to their primitive barrenness, may revive their former restlessness, and convert them once more into a tribe of free-booting mountaineers.

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* Liv. xxxix. 1.

The road from *Novi* to *Alessandria* crosses a plain, fertile and well cultivated, but sandy and rather naked. The ruins of the citadel of *Tortona* (*Dertona*), demolished by the French, lie extended over the side of a distant hill, and from their magnitude and whiteness present a grand and striking spectacle.

We now entered the fatal plain of *Marengo*, where the fortune of *Bonaparte* triumphed over the skill and valour of the veteran *Melas*, and obtained a victory which Europe, and in particular Italy plundered and enslaved, will long have reason to deplore. This event is inscribed in bad Latin, Italian, and French, on the pedestal of an insignificant Doric pillar, erected on the high road in the little village of *Marengo:* a few sculls collected in digging the foundation, and now ranged in order round the pedestal, form a savage but appropriate ornament to this monument.

It is not my intention, as indeed it would be foreign to my plan, to give an account of the battle of *Marengo*, or add one more to the many contradictory relations of that event now in circulation. But I may observe, that this battle, whether the scale was turned by the skill or by the fortune of *Bonaparte*, was in its result one of the most important that has taken place either in modern or in ancient times. Compared to it the bloody fields of *Jemappe*, *Neerwinden*, and *Hohenlinden*, sink into insignificance; their consequences were transitory, and no country was permanently lost or won by the contesting parties in consequence of the defeat or victory. Even the carnage of *Cannæ* loses its horrors when put in competition with the disaster of *Marengo*. Rome, in the wisdom of her senate, in the courage of her people, and in the magnanimity of both, found adequate resources, and rose from

her defeat, more glorious and more tremendous. At *Marengo*, Italy was laid prostrate and bound at the feet of *Bonaparte*, her fortresses were abandoned, her ramparts were levelled, or to use the phrase of the conqueror himself, the *Alps were annihilated*. The whole of this delightful country, the garden of Europe, the mistress of the Mediterranean, teeming with population, and big with the seeds of empire, *magna mater frugum*, *magna virûm*, is now not nominally but really and effectually at the disposal of France. Often invaded, sometimes overrun, but never before totally subdued and in entire subjection to a foreign power, Italy must at length bend her neck to the yoke, and submit like Greece to a barbarian conqueror. Her republics, that still retained the name and breathed the spirit of ancient liberty, are no more; her cities, each the capital of an independent state, are now reduced to provincial towns; her kingdoms, though still flattered with the title, are sunk into tributary dependencies; the monuments of her glory, and the masterpieces of her arts, are all marked out for plunder; and what she has still more reason to deplore, the spirit which acquired that glory and inspired those arts is fled perhaps for ever.

> Quod fugiens redituraque nunquam
> Libertas . . . non respicit ultra
> Ausoniam.
>
> *Luc.* VII.

The village of *Marengo* is about two miles from *Alessandria*. The *Bormida* in summer, a shallow stream, spread over a wide channel intersected with little islands and lined with willows, flows within half a mile of the latter. *Alessandria* is merely a fortress, and remarkable only for the sieges which it has sustained. It was built in the twelfth century, and takes its

name from the then Pope, Alexander III. It lately belonged to the King of Sardinia.

From *Alessandria* we returned to *Marengo*, and again crossing the plain passed through *Tortona* (anciently *Dertona*), a town by no means handsome, and proceeded thence to *Voghiera*, where we passed the night. This town is supposed to take its name from *Vicus Iriæ*, a little barbarized indeed, but still perceptible in its modern appellation. It is large and well built. In common with the neighbouring cities, *Voghiera* is said to have suffered more from the quarrels between the Emperors and the Popes, than from the arms of the invading barbarians. The observation might perhaps be generalized, as with few exceptions, the towns of Italy have been treated with more cruelty by internal than external enemies.

From *Tortona* to *Voghiera*, and indeed to *Milan*, the road traverses one of the most fertile as well as beautiful parts of the celebrated plain watered by the *Po* and the *Tesino*, with their many tributary streams, and bounded by the *Alps* and the *Apennines*. No country in the world perhaps enjoys more advantages than this extensive and delicious vale. Irrigated by rivers that never fail, it is clad even in the burning months of July and August with perpetual verdure, and displays after a whole season of scorching sunshine, the deep green carpet of the vernal months. Even in the beginning of October, autumn had scarcely tinged its woods, while the purple and yellow flowers of spring still variegated its rich grassy meadows. The climate, like that of Italy at large, is uniform and serene, but as the more southern provinces are refreshed during the sultry season by a breeze from the sea, so these plains are cooled

by gales that blow constantly from the bordering mountains. Hence the traveller, who has been panting and melting away in the glowing atmosphere of *Florence* and *Genoa*, no sooner crosses the *Apennines*, and descends into the *Milanese*, than he finds himself revived and braced by a freshness, the more agreeable and unexpected because he still continues to enjoy the same unclouded sky, and bright azure firmament. Nor is this vale deficient as plains, if extensive, usually are in interest; or like the *Netherlands*, a lifeless level, where no swell presents itself to attract the eye, and to vary the sullen uniformity. The plains of the *Po*, enclosed between two chains of vast mountains, always have one and sometimes both in view, while numberless ramifications branching from them, intersect the adjacent countries in all directions, and adorn them with ridges of hills that diminish in size and elevation as they are more distant from the parent mountains.

The road from *Novi* to *Pavia* presents on the right many of these eminencies, resembling the hills of Surry, and like them adorned with trees, churches, villas, and castles.

As we approached the *Po* we found the roads deep and sandy; the river though reduced by the dryness of the season to the deepest part of the channel, is yet a majestic stream; we passed it on a flying bridge, and admired its banks as we glided across. As they are low, they are susceptible of one species of ornament only, and that consists of groves of forest trees that shade its margin, and as they hang over it and sometimes bathe their branches in its waves, enliven it by the reflection of their thick and verdant foliage. Among these trees the poplar is now as it was anciently, predominant, and by its height and

spreading form, adds considerably to the beauty of the scenery.

Rami caput umbravere virentes
Heliadum, totis que fluunt electra capillis. *Claudian.*

The fable of Phaeton, so prettily told by Ovid, and so amusing to boyish fancy, naturally occurs to the recollection of the traveller, and enhances the pleasure with which he contemplates the stream and its bordering scenery. A little neat church not far from the river, dedicated to *St. Laurence, quia flumen pestemque repulit*, shews what ravages the *Po* makes, now as anciently, when swelled by rains, and how much the inhabitants dread its inundations. As we approached *Pavia*, the verdure and freshness of the country, if possible, increased, and exhibited an appearance altogether cooling and delightful.

The *Tesino (Ticinus)* bathes the walls of *Pavia*, and waters its whole territory. Another branch of the same river flows about a mile and a half from the town, and is finely shaded with poplar groves. The *Ticinus* is a noble stream, clear and rapid. In clearness as well as in the shades that grace its banks, it agrees with the well-known description of Silius; but in the rapidity of its current it differs widely from it *. Perhaps the poet meant its apparent, not its real course, and if so, his expressions are at least poetically applicable; as the unruffled smoothness of the surface, and the evenness of the motion deceive

* Cæruleas Ticinus aquas, et stagna vadoso
Perspicuus servat turbari nescia fundo,
Ac nitidum viridi lente trahit amne liquorem:
Vix credas labi; ripis tam mitis opacis
Argutos inter volucrum certamina, cantus,
Somniferam ducit lucenti gurgite lympham. *Lib.* IV. 72.

the eye, and in part conceal its rapidity. Another circumstance, which contributes much to the beauty of this river, has not, I think, been noticed, I mean its serpentine course and the number of islands encircled by its meanders, which, shaded as they frequently are with poplars, beeches, and elms, entitle the stream to the epithet of *beautiful*, attached to it by Claudian, *Pulcher Ticinus*. A stone bridge, long and covered with a wooden gallery, leads over the river to the gate of *Pavia*.

PAVIA.

This city derived its first and ancient name from the river on the banks of which it stands, and was, like it, called *Ticinum*. Under this appellation it acquired no fame, and seems indeed scarcely to have attracted notice. The first battle between Hannibal and the Romans under Scipio, reflected a bloody glare on the banks of the stream, but left the town, (if it then existed,) in its original obscurity. A melancholy visit of Augustus to honour the ashes of Drusus, and a few disorderly skirmishes in the contest between Vitellius and Otho, serve merely to record the existence of *Ticinum*. Between the sixth and eighth century the ancient name disappeared, and under the appellation of *Papia* *, softened by Italian euphony into *Pavia*, the town became a considerable city, and the residence of a race of barbarian monarchs. *Theodoric* first noticed it; his Gothic successors frequented it, and the *Longobardic* princes not being masters of Rome, made it the capital of their domi-

* An appellation taken from the Roman tribe of that name, in which the natives of *Ticinum*, who enjoyed the rights of Roman citizens, were enrolled. The name of *Pavia* is therefore strictly classical.

nions. While the seat of their ignorant court, it became by a singular fate, the centre of the few glimmerings of science that still beamed on that benighted region, and may perhaps be considered as the first *mother* university.

Voltaire acknowledges that France owes all her arts and sciences to Italy, and if we may believe recorded tradition *Pavia* sent her one of her first masters, *Pietro di Pisa.* To him the university of Paris looks up as to her founder, next at least to Charlemagne whose zealous endeavours to propagate knowledge attracted some of the most eminent scholars of the age to his capital, and drew at the same time, *Alcuin* from *York* and *Pietro* from *Pavia.* Whether either of these *once* illustrious seminaries can really boast of so early an origin, I do not pretend to determine, but certain it is, that to her University *Pavia* owes her principal fame, I might almost say her existence. In common with the other cities of Italy *Pavia* suffered all the extremes of barbarous invasion and tyrannic sway, went through all the vicissitudes of the middle ages, flourished under the auspices of liberty, and finally, withered away under the yoke of monarchy. In this last stage, her University alone suspended her total extinction, and still continues her only hope and support. It has in its time produced many men eminent in every branch of literature and science, and is still supplied with professors of talents and of reputation. It has a noble library, grand halls for lectures, anatomical galleries, a botanical garden, and several well-endowed colleges; yet with all this apparatus, its schools are not much frequented, and indeed the very streets of the town seem solitary and forsaken. Whether this desolation be ascribable to the influence of the French, to the spirit of the times, or to any

internal defect in the constitution of the University, it is difficult to determine.

When a republic, *Pavia* sent, it is recorded, fifteen thousand men to the crusades, a number equal to half her actual population, which amounts to little more than thirty thousand souls. It is however some consolation to reflect, as it is indeed highly honourable to the city, that its spirit did not evaporate with its prosperity, and that it was one of the few states that has always rebelled against the French, and more than once succeeded in expelling them from their walls; unfortunately in their last attempt, though perhaps more intrepid than in a former*, they were less successful, and atoned for their untimely patriotism by the blood of their magistrates, whom *Bonaparte* ordered to be shot. Had every city in Italy shewn as much resolution, this lovely country would not now groan under the iron rod of a most insolent enemy.

Of its edifices, whether churches, colleges, or palaces, none, for their magnitude, style, or decorations, seem to deserve particular attention. One church however the traveller will visit with interest, because it contains the ashes of *Boetius*, distinguished by his taste and learning in an age of barbarism and ignorance, by his noble birth at a time when few indeed could claim patrician honours, and, above all, by his independent senatorial spirit in an era when Rome was obliged to bend her neck under the sway of a barbarian. Though put to death by the jealousy of a tyrant, he enjoys a double privi-

* An. 1706.

lege which, I believe, has never before fallen to the lot of a patriot. His tomb was raised by an Emperor, and his epitaph written by a Pope. The church I allude to, is that called *In Cielo Aureo;* the Emperor was Otho III. and the Pope Sylvester II.

In the same temple the body of St. Augustin is said to repose; it was transported first to *Sardinia* by the Romans who fled from the fury of the Vandals then ravaging Africa, and afterwards conveyed by order of one of the Longobardic monarchs to *Pavia*, where it lay concealed and forgotten till the seventeenth century. Every traveller who loves truth or reveres genius would visit with interest and respect, the tomb that contains the ashes of the learned, the pious, the benevolent Austin, the christian Plato—*Quidenim habet*, says *Erasmus*, a competent judge, *orbis christianus hoc scriptore vel magis aureum vel augustius?* But the oblivion that so long brooded over these venerable remains, and the doubts that must naturally arise from it, check our ardor as we advance, and excite an apprehension lest the tribute which we wish to offer to virtue and wisdom, should be erroneously directed to the putrid dust of some northern invader, or of some half savage Longobard.

CHIARAVALLE.

About four miles from *Pavia* stands the abbey of Chiaravalle, once celebrated for its riches and magnificence. It belonged to the Carthusian monks, and on the suppression of the order by the Emperor Joseph, passed with a property of twenty thousand pounds per annum to government; of this sum about *five hundred pounds per annum* was annexed to the hospital of *Pavia;* of the

disposal of the remainder, equally appropriate and benevolent without doubt, there is, I believe, at present nothing on record. A fine avenue of limes and poplars shedding a religious gloom on the traveller as he drives under them, leads to the arched entrance opening into a spacious court, with the church full in front. This edifice is of Gothic and Saxon intermingled; its walls are of solid white marble, lined within with various kinds of precious stones. Sculpture and carving, whether in marble, gems, or metals, are here displayed in all their pomp, and oftentimes, in all their excellency. Ornaments indeed are not so much bestowed as squandered on every part; but they are all so rich, so perfect in their kind, so well placed for effect, and so admirably adapted to the style of the edifice at large, that the most fastidious observer would find it difficult to retrench them.

This abbey was founded in the year 1400 or thereabouts, by *Galeas Visconti*, whose tomb stands on one side of the transept, though the church itself may justly be considered as his real mausoleum. A few Augustinian friars are now employed to perform the duties required by the foundation, and to keep the church in order, and it must be confessed that they fulfil their task with commendable zeal and exactness, as few similar edifices exhibit more neatness, and cleanliness, than that entrusted to their care. The view from the tower over the surrounding plain, bordered by the *Alps* and *Apennines*, is verdant, rich, and luxuriant beyond expression. Besides these qualities it has another title to our attention, as it was the theatre of the bloody and decisive battle of *Pavia*, between the French and the Imperialists, which terminated in the defeat of the former, and the capture of their gallant monarch Francis I.

A French traveller* relates an anecdote that does equal credit to this prince's piety and magnanimity on this trying occasion. He was conducted after the battle to this Abbey, and entering the church at the time the monks were singing part of the hundred and eighteenth (nineteenth) psalm, immediately joined the choir in the following verse:—

Bonum mihi quia humiliasti me, ut discam justificationes tuas.

Such resignation, combined with so much valour and so high a spirit in such circumstances, is heroic and almost sublime. However, though we admire and love the prince we cannot but rejoice in this, and indeed in every other defeat of the French army, particularly on this side of the *Alps*. They are the most active and most persevering enemies that Italy knows, and have wasted her cities and fields more frequently, more extensively, and more wantonly than any other invading barbarians. Hitherto indeed they seem to have generally met with the punishment due to cruelty, ambition, and insolence, and their short-lived triumphs on Hesperian ground have terminated in discomfiture and ruin. It is to be hoped, that their late successes will be as transient as their ancient victories, and add another proof to the observation of the poet, that the Lily is not destined to flourish in Italian soil*.

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* Abbè Richard.

* Merlin gli fe veder che quasi tutti
Gli altri, che poi di Francia scettro avranno,
O di ferro gli eserciti distrutti,
O di fame, o di peste si vedranno;

They still shew the chamber in which the French monarch was confined during the first day and night of his captivity. It is small, plain, and unadorned, as all the private apartments, even of the richest abbies, invariably are, and is distinguished only by the imaginary importance which it derives from the presence of the royal captive.

We left the abbey in the dusk of the evening, rolled rapidly over a smooth and level road, and entered *Milan* about nine o'clock.

E che brevi allegrezze, e lunghi lutti,
Poco quadagno, ed infinito danno
Riporteran d'Italia; che *non lice*
Che'l Giglio in quel terreno abbia radice,
Ariosto. Orlando Furioso, Canto XXXIII. 10.

The flower *de luce* or lily was the distinctive ornament of the royal arms of France.

CHAP. XIV.

MILAN, ITS HISTORY, ITS CATHEDRAL----COMPARISON BETWEEN ROMAN AND GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE----ST. CHARLES BORROMEO, HIS CHARACTER----ST. AMBROSE----BASILICA AND BIBLIOTHECA AMBROSIANA----COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS OF MILAN----CHARACTER OF ITS INHABITANTS.

MILAN, *Milano*, anciently *Mediolanum*, may be ranked among the few cities of Italy which have, I will not say escaped, but risen superior to the devastation of ages, wars, and revolutions, and brought down to modern times the greatest part, if not the whole, of their ancient celebrity. This city may certainly, during certain periods of her history, have enjoyed greater independence, but it may be doubted whether for any length of time she could ever boast of so exuberant a population, so wide a circumference, or such durable peace and prosperity, as from the middle to the end of the last century. Many, we well know, are the blessings which accompany independence; but independence, by which I mean exemption from foreign influence, is only a partial advantage if it be not perfected by liberty. This observation is, I think, in a peculiar manner elucidated by the history of *Milan*, which, from its situation, the fertility of the surrounding country, and

the mildness of the climate, soon attained, and with a few intervals of visitation and disaster generally preserved, but never exceeded, a certain mediocrity of fame and magnificence.

This city, like most of those situated between the *Alps* and *Apennines*, is of Gallic origin. The *Insubrians* were its founders, and at an early period of Roman history, built it, or rather erected a few hovels, which gradually rose from a village to a town, and at length became a city, that is, during the reign of Tarquinius Priscus, or perhaps his successor Ancus Martius. As the capital of a considerable territory it had acquired, in the year of Rome 531, strength sufficient to keep a Roman army in check for some time, and to require the united efforts of two Consuls. Under Roman controul it enjoyed tranquillity undisturbed for many ages, increased in extent and opulence, improved in the polite arts, and became the seat of an academy, honoured, if we may be allowed to conjecture from an inscription still extant, with the appellation of *Novæ Athenæ*. One advantage indeed this city possessed quite peculiar to itself, as its prosperity was rather increased than diminished by the civil wars and invasions of the third and fourth centuries; so that while the other cities of Italy and of the whole empire were gradually wasting away under the increasing calamities of the times; and even Rome herself, with all her lofty prerogatives of majesty and fame, saw her streets deserted and her pomp withering under the influence of warring Powers; *Milan* flourished in population and splendor, and became, not indeed the nominal but oftentimes the real seat of empire. Such was its state under some of the successors of Constantine, and particularly during the reign of the Valentinians, and such its glory when described by Ausonius, and decorated with

temples and porticos, baths and amphitheatres. But here its ancient prosperity closed, and the era of its disasters commenced. Seated at the foot of the *Alps*, its situation exposed it to the attacks, while its splendor and fame attracted the attention of every invading barbarian. *Attila* visited it in his fury, and first plundered, then butchered its inhabitants. Next the *Goths*, under *Vitiges*, in order to punish an effort of Roman spirit indignantly spurning at their yoke, delivered it up to flames and devastation. It was then taken and sacked by the *Langobardi*, under their King *Alboin*, and abandoned during the existence of their kingdom, to contempt and insignificance. *Charlemagne* restored it, in part at least, to its former dignity; but one of his successors, the Emperor *Barbarossa*, irritated by the insolence of its inhabitants, or perhaps instigated by the neighbouring rival cities, razed it to the ground, and if we may believe some historians, tore up its foundations and passed the ploughshare over its ruins. But *Milan* survived even this tremendous visitation, and rose almost immediately, and even with the assistance of the same prince, from her ashes.

This re-establishment, as well as her former splendor, was in some measure owing to the zeal and authority of her pastors, who, like the Roman pontiffs, after having long been the benefactors and fathers of their flocks, at length became their sovereigns. One of them, of the name of *Visconti*, transmitted his temporal authority to his nephew, whose descendants reigned for several generations with considerable influence and reputation. Of these dukes, for such was their title, *John Galeas Visconti*, was the most distinguished, and the first perhaps who merited both by his military talents, and by his useful institutions, the sovereignty which his ancestors had in part usurped. The

Cathedral of *Milan*, the Carthusian abbey of *Pavia*, several bridges and aqueducts, and above all the various canals that intersect, drain, and fertilize this country, are to this day monuments of the piety, the patriotism, and the benevolence of this prince.

Unfortunately for *Milan*, and indeed for all Italy, the family of the *Visconti* formed matrimonial connections with the royal dynasty of France, which on the extinction of the former, laid claim to its territories, and made repeated attempts with various success to take possession of them. These attempts at length terminated in the decisive battle of *Pavia*, which broke the French power in Italy, and secured the possession of *Milan* to Spain, and eventually to Austria, which retained it, with a few intervals of incidental and temporary incursions, till the French revolutionary invasion.

I have elsewhere observed that the Austrian government is in general mild and benevolent, and that the provinces under its controul enjoy a fair proportion of ease and prosperity. This observation is peculiarly applicable to the *Milanese*, the natural fertility of which, if the cultivators be not checked by despotic regulations, and partial taxation, supplies in abundance all the comforts of life, and all that can stimulate and recompense industry. Hence, under the Austrian sway, it exhibited like the Netherlands, a scene of population, riches, and felicity, seldom equalled even in free countries, and alike delightful to the eye, and to the mind of the humane traveller. The Emperor *Joseph*, with good intentions but bad policy, first disturbed the tranquillity of both these happy provinces, in attempting to introduce innovations, most of which, whether in their own nature useful or not, were unquestionably unpopular. The fermenta-

tion excited by these ill-advised measures, was scarcely appeased by the prudence of *Leopold*, *Joseph's* successor, when the French revolution burst forth, like a volcano, and disgorged its burning torrent over all the neighbouring territories. How long the effects of this infernal ebullition may be felt, or how far its ravages may extend, it is difficult to determine. Suffice it to say, that both the *Milanese* and the *Netherlands* fell within its range, and have experienced the full effect of its fury. The latter, plundered of its riches, and its constitution, and deprived of half its population, shares with France, her name, her misery, and her infamy. The former erected into the capital of a nominal republic, but in fact, of a miserable and oppressed province, sees its resources swallowed up in contributions, its churches stript, its public establishments plundered, its youth corrupted and enrolled in the armies of its oppressors, and all its scenes of peace and opulence, and all its prospects of security, turned into dismay, want, and uncertainty.

Milan is a great and splendid city, near eleven miles in circumference, containing about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Its general appearance however, does not in my opinion, correspond with its reputation; the streets are not always either wide or regular, or well built, and it presents few edifices of magnificence or beauty sufficient to attract attention. Of these, the Cathedral without doubt is the principal. It is situated almost in the centre of the city, and occupies part of the great square. It is of Gothic architecture, and its materials are white marble. In magnitude this edifice yields to few in the universe. Inferior only to the Basilica Vaticana, it equals in length, and in breadth surpasses the cathedral of *Florence* and St. Paul's; in the interior elevation it yields to both; in exterior it

exceeds both ; in fret-work, carving, and statues, it goes beyond all churches in the world, St. Peter's itself not excepted. Its double aisles, its clustered pillars, its lofty arches ; the lustre of its walls; its numberless niches all filled with marble figures, give it an appearance novel even in Italy, and singularly majestic. Such, at least, it must appear to those who admire the Gothic manner called by the Italians *Tedesca*, so uncommon in Italy in its purity, as most of the edifices that bear that appellation are, as I have before observed, a mixed style formed of a degradation of Roman architecture dressed up in *moresco* ornaments. The admirer of English Gothic will observe one peculiarity, which is, that in the cathedral of *Milan*, there is no screen, and that the chancel is entirely open, and separated from the nave only by its elevation.

In the front of the chancel, and almost immediately above the steps, rises on four additional steps the altar, and behind it, in a semicircular form, the choir. Thus the altar stands as in the Roman *Basilicæ*, and indeed in all ancient churches, between the clergy and the people. Two circumstances are particularly observable in this church ; the one is, that there are no chapels properly so called, because the Ambrosian rite, which long retained the ancient custom of allowing one altar only, and one service in each church, not having conformed to the modern mode when the cathedral was commenced, no provision was made in the plan for private masses and oratories. This omission contributes much to the simplicity and unity of the edifice. Altars however there now are in abundance, but placed in such a manner as does not interfere with the general design. The second is the thinness of the pillars or rather of the clusters of

pillars, which, while they support the vault, and are of course numerous, amounting to fifty-two, yet conceal no part of the edifice, and allow the eye to range over the whole at pleasure. How much superior, in fact, are pillars to buttresses, and colonnades to arcades! the lightness, the simplicity, and the openness of the one, to the cumbersome weight of the other, which occupies so much space, conceals so many parts, and so obstructs the appearance of an edifice. In truth, the traveller when he has seen and admired the majestic simplicity of *St. Peter ad Vincula*, *Sta. Maria Maggiore*, and *St. Paul, fuori li mura*, views even the towering arcades of *St. Peter's* with regret, and laments that a colonnade is wanting to the interior perfection of the Vatican.

The pillars of the cathedral of *Milan* are more than ninety feet in height, and about eight in diameter. The dimensions of the church at large are as follows: In length four hundred and ninety feet, in breadth two hundred and ninety-eight, in interior elevation under the dome two hundred and fifty-eight, and four hundred in exterior, that is to the summit of the tower. The pavement is formed of marble of different colours, disposed in various patterns and figures. The number of niches is great, and every niche has its statue, which, with those placed on the ballustrade of the roof, are reported to amount to more than four thousand. Many among them are said to be of great merit.

Over the dome rises a tower or spire, or rather obelisk, for its singular shape renders it difficult to ascertain its appellation, which, whatever may be its intrinsic merit, adds little either to the

beauty or to the magnificence of the structure which it surmounts. This obelisk was erected about the middle of the last century*, contrary to the opinion of the best architects. Though misplaced, its form is not in itself inelegant, while its architecture and mechanism are extremely ingenious, and deserve minute examination. In ascending the traveller will observe, that the roof of the church is covered with blocks of marble, connected together by a cement, that has not only its hardness and durability, but its colour, so that the eye scarcely perceives the juncture, and the whole roof appears one immense piece of white shining marble. The view from the summit is extensive and even novel, as it includes not only the city and the rich plain of *Milan*, intersected with rivers and canals, covered with gardens, orchards, vineyards, and groves, and thickly studded with villages and towns; but it extends to the grand frame of this picture, and takes in the neighbouring *Alps*, forming a magnificent semicircle and uniting their bleak ridges with the milder and more distant *Apennines*.

The traveller will regret as he descends, that instead of heaping this useless and cumbersome quarry upon the dome, the trustees of the edifice did not employ the money expended upon it in erecting a front, (for that essential part is still wanting), corresponding with the style and stateliness of this superb temple. A front has indeed been begun, but in a taste so dissimilar to that of the main building, and made up of such a medley of Roman orders and Gothic decorations, that the total suspension of such a work might be considered as

* 1763.

an advantage, if a more appropriate porta were to be erected in its place. But unfortunately the funds destined for the completion and repair of this cathedral are now swallowed up in the general confiscation; and an edifice destined to be a monument of the piety of fifty generations, will be abandoned by the present atheistical government to neglect and decay. Had it been finished, and the western front built in a style corresponding with the other parts, the admirers of the Gothic style would have possessed one specimen perfect in its kind, and accompanied with all the advantages of the best materials set off by a fine climate.

In materials indeed, the cathedral of *Milan* surpasses all the churches of the Universe, the noblest of which are only lined and coated with marble, while this is entirely built, paved, vaulted, and roofed with the same substance, and that of the whitest and most resplendent kind. Here then there would have been an object of comparison, and the lover of sacred architecture, after a minute examination, I will not say of the Vatican, for the magnitude, elevation, and accompaniments of that vast fabric, admit of no comparison, but of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, *S. Paolo fuori li Mura*, *Sta. Justina* at *Padua*, *St. Paul* in *London*, might decide which of the two styles is best adapted to the solemnity of religious offices, or which delights the eye and the mind most. The decision would be difficult. Most men have habits to resist, and prejudices to conquer on the subject. All the ancient, and with the exception of *St. Paul's* only, all the great edifices dedicated to religion in our own country are Gothic and Saxon, while Greek and Roman architecture is seen only in palaces, villas, and theatres. How naturally there-

fore does the former excite sentiments of awe and devotion? especially when we learn from our very infancy

> To walk the studious cloister pale,
> And love the high imbowed roof,
> With antique pillars, massy proof,
> And storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light.

If to these enchantments we add the *pealing organ*, the *full-voiced choir*, the *service high*, and *anthems clear*, we are irresistibly attracted to a style that awakens so many delicious recollections, and calls forth some of our best and most holy feelings. When opposed to it, Greek and Roman architecture, though it may retain its beauty, yet seems divested of its majesty; and appropriated as it is almost entirely amongst us to the mansions of the great and to the resorts of the gay, it inspires pleasurable ideas only, and awakens emotions of mirth, and expectations of theatrical amusement. But this association of ideas, so favourable to Gothic, is peculiar to an Englishman. An Italian's prejudices run in a contrary direction. The Gothic or *Tedesca* he considers as an invention of the northern barbarians, and a combination of disproportions and dissonances. Its *twilight pale* is to him the sullen gloom of northern forests, and of skies for ever clouded; its clustered pillars are mere confusion, ill-contrived bundles of stone; the apparent length or elevation is the result of narrowness and disproportion; the pointed arch, the consequence of ignorance in not knowing the art of forming a round one; the stone braces that intersect the vault, clumsy contrivances to support it; the fretwork of the windows, happy inventions to obstruct the light; in short, he looks upon the whole style as an ill assorted mass of incongruities, dispro-

portions, encumbrance, confusion, darkness, and intricacy, well adapted indeed, as were the forests of *Scandinavia*, to the gloom and horror of Druidical sacrifices and Runic incantations,

> Barbara ritu
> Sacra Deum, structæ diris feralibus aræ.
> *Lucan.*

but very ill calculated for the purposes of a christian congregation, the order and decorum of its rites, and the festive celebration of its mysteries.

It would here, perhaps, be the place to inquire when and whence the Gothic style passed into Italy; an inquiry which would naturally lead to another, inseparable indeed from it, though more extensive and intricate, where that style originated. But, as the subject is, if not strictly speaking Gothic, at least anticlassical, I may be allowed to exclude it from these sketches, and instead of a dissertation and my own very insignificant opinion, call the attention of the reader to a passage from Cassiodorus; and admitting that it may not refer to the style in question, yet I will ask him whether it would be possible to describe it more accurately*.—*Quid dicamus columnarum junceam proceritatem? moles illas sublimissimas fabricarum, quasi quibusdam erectis hastilibus contineri et substantiæ qualitate concavis canalibus excavatas, ut magis ipsas æstimes fuisse transfusas alias cæris judicas factum, quod metallis durissimis videas expolitum* †.

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* Cassiodorus lived in the sixth century, and was secretary to the first Gothic kings.

† Lib. VII. Var. Form. XV. From this epistle we learn, that under the abovementioned princes, Rome still abounded in statues even of bronze—that its edifices

The most remarkable object in the interior of this church is the subterranean chapel, in which the body of St. Charles *Borromeo* reposes. It is immediately under the dome, in form octangular, and lined with silver, divided into pannels representing the principal actions of the life of the Saint. The body is in a shrine of rock crystal, on, or rather behind the altar; it is stretched at full length, drest in pontifical robes, with the crosier and mitre. The face is exposed, very improperly because much disfigured by decay, a deformity increased and rendered more hideous by its contrast with the splendor of the vestments which cover the body, and by the pale ghastly light that gleams from the aperture above. The inscription over this chapel or mausoleum, was dictated by St. Charles himself, and breathes that modesty and piety which so peculiarly marked his character. It is as follows:

CAROLUS CARDINALIS
TITULI S. PRAXEDIS
ARCHIEP. MEDIOLAN.
FREQUENTIORIBUS
CLERI POPULIQ. AC
DEVOTI FÆMINEI SEXUS
PRECIBUS SE COMMENDATUM
CUPIENS HOC LOCO SIBI
MONUMENTUM VIVENS ELEGIT.

If ever a human being deserved such honours from his fellow-creatures, it was St. Charles *Borromeo*. Princely birth and fortune, the highest dignities, learning, talents, and accomplishments,

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were in good repair—and that government was extremely attentive to their preservation.

qualities so apt to intoxicate the strongest mind even in the soberness of mature, I might say, in the sullenness of declining, age, shone in him even when a youth*, without impairing that humility, simplicity of heart, disinterestedness and holiness, which constituted his real merit and formed his most honourable and permanent distinction. It was his destiny to render to his people those great and splendid services which excite public applause and gratitude, and to perform at the same time those humbler duties which, though perhaps more meritorious, are less obscure, and sometimes produce more obloquy than acknowledgment. Thus, he founded schools, colleges, and hospitals, built parochial churches, most affectionately attended his flock during a destructive pestilence, erected a lazaretto, and served the forsaken victims with his own hands. These are duties uncommon, magnificent and heroic, and are followed by fame and glory. But, to reform a clergy and people depraved and almost barbarized by ages of war, invasion, internal dissension, and by their concomitant evils, famine, pestilence and general misery; to extend his influence to every part of an immense diocese including some of the wildest regions of the *Alps*, to visit every village in person, and inspect and correct every disorder, are offices of little pomp and of great difficulty. Yet, this laborious part of his pastoral charge he went through with the courage and the perseverance of an apostle; and so great was his success, that the diocese of *Milan*, the most extensive perhaps in Italy, as it contains at least eight hundred and fifty parishes, became a model of decency, order, and regularity, and in this respect

* He was made cardinal and archbishop in his twenty-third year, by his uncle Pius VI. who had resigned several rich livings to him twelve years before.

has excited the admiration of every impartial observer*. The good effects of the zeal of St. Charles extended far beyond the limits of his diocese; and most of his regulations for the reformation of his clergy, such as the establishment of seminaries, yearly retreats, &c. were adopted by the Gallican church, and extended over France and Germany.

Many of his excellent institutions still remain, and among others that of Sunday schools; and it is both novel and affecting to behold on that day the vast area of the Cathedral filled with children forming two grand divisions of boys and girls ranged opposite each other, and these again subdivided into classes according to their age and capacities, drawn up between the pillars, while two or more instructors attend each class, and direct their questions and explanations to every little individual without distinction. A clergyman attends each class, accompanied by one or more laymen for the boys, and for the girls by as many matrons. The lay persons are said to be oftentimes of the first distinction. Tables are placed in different recesses for writing. This admirable practice, so beneficial and so edifying, is not confined to the Cathedral or even to *Milan*. The pious archbishop extended it to every part of his immense diocese, and it is observed in all the parochial churches of the *Milanese*, and of the neighbouring dioceses, of such at least as are suffragans of *Milan*.

The private virtues of St. Charles, that is, the qualities that

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* See La Lande.

give true sterling value to the man, and sanctify him in the eyes of his Creator, I mean humility, self-command, temperance, industry, prudence, and fortitude, were not inferior to his public endowments. His table was for his guests; his own diet was confined to bread and vegetables; he allowed himself no amusement or relaxation, alleging that the variety of his duties was in itself a sufficient recreation. His dress and establishment was such as became his rank, but in private he dispensed with the attendance of servants, and wore an under dress coarse and common; his bed was of straw; his repose short; and in all the details of life, he manifested an utter contempt of personal ease and indulgence*.

The immense charities of St. Charles exceed the income and magnificence of sovereigns. In every city in which he had at any time resided, he left some monument of useful munificence; a school, a fountain, an hospital, or a college. Ten of the latter, five of the preceding, and the former without number, still remain at *Pavia*, *Bologna*, *Milan*, and in all the towns of its diocese. Besides these public foundations, he bestowed annually the sum of thirty thousand crowns on the poor, and added to

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* That uniformity of action, demeanor, and conversation, which constitutes consistency of character, and gives to all stages of life a certain symmetry and unity of design so much admired by the ancients*, was peculiarly conspicuous in St. Charles. He lived only to serve his God, to this grand object he directed his thoughts, actions, and whole being, without one sideling glance at interest or pleasure.

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* Cicero De Off. lib. i. 31.

it in various cases of public distress during his life the sum of two hundred thousand crowns more, not including numberless extra benefactions conferred upon individuals whose situations claimed peculiar and perhaps secret relief. The funds which supplied these boundless charities were derived partly from his own estates, and partly from his archi-episcopal revenue. The former, as he had no expensive tastes or habits to indulge, were devoted entirely to beneficence; the latter he divided according to the ancient custom into three parts, one of which was appropriated to the building and reparation of churches and edifices connected with them, the second was allotted to the poor, and the third employed in the domestic expenditure of the bishop. But, of the whole income, the humble and disinterested prelate ordered an account to be submitted annually to the diocesan synod.

It is not wonderful that such virtues should have engaged the affection of his flock during his life, and that after his death they should be recollected with gratitude and veneration. The benevolent protestant will not quarrel with the *Milanese* for supposing that the good pastor at his departure cast an affectionate glance on his beloved flock, *non deserens sed respectans**, that the flame of charity still burns in the regions of bliss, that he looks down upon the theatre of his labours and of his virtues with complacency, and that he still continues to offer up his orisons for his once beloved people through the common Lord and Mediator †.

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* Cic. de Sen.

† This extraordinary person died at the age of forty-six, not exhausted by his

Of the statues crowded in and around this edifice I have already observed that many are esteemed, and some admired. Of the latter, that of St. Bartholomew is the first; it stands in the church, and represents the apostle as holding his own skin, which had been drawn off like drapery over his shoulders. The play of the muscles is represented with an accuracy, that rather disgusts and terrifies than pleases the spectator. The sculptor *Agrati* may have just reason to compare himself, as the inscription implies, to Praxiteles; but his masterpiece is better calculated for the decoration of a school of anatomy than for the embellishment of a church. The exterior of the chancel is lined with marble divided into pannels, each of which has its *basso relievo;* the interior is wainscoted, and carved in a very masterly style. The whole of the chancel was erected by St. Charles *Borromeo.* Two large pulpits stand one on each side of its entrance; that on the right, appropriated to the reading of the gospel, rests upon four bronze figures representing the four mys-

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labours or austerities as the reader might imagine, nor of the plague to which he exposed himself without precaution or antidote, (excepting the most effectual of all, *abstemiousness*), but of a violent fever caught in the neighbouring mountains *. He was nephew to the last Medicean Pope, Pius IV. and by him he was nominated archbishop of *Milan* in the twenty-third year of his age. He who reads his life will find few miracles to entertain him, but will see many virtues which are much better; these virtues have extorted a reluctant compliment from Addison and even from Burnet, and when we consider on the one side the spirit of these writers, and particularly of the latter, and on the other recollect that *St. Charles Borromeo* was an archbishop, a cardinal, and, what is still worse, a *saint*, we shall be enabled to give this compliment its full value.

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* An. 1584.

terious animals of Ezechiel; that on the left is supported by the four doctors of the Latin church in the same metal.

But it is not my intention to enumerate all the ornaments of this church, but merely to enable the reader to form a general idea of its magnitude and decorations. When we saw it, its magnificence was on the decline; the income destined for its completion and support had been considerably retrenched by the Emperor Joseph, and was, I believe, entirely confiscated by the French; the archbishopric and chapter were impoverished by exactions and alienations; and thus all the resources that fed the splendor of this grand Metropolis were drained or exhausted. Hence, it seemed to want that neatness and lustre which arise from great attention and opulence united. Here indeed, as in every territory where the French domineer, appearances of irreligion too often strike the eye; neglected churches and plundered hospitals,

> Ædesque labentes Deorum et
> Fæda nigro simulacra fumo.
>
> *Horace.*

are frequent spectacles as little calculated to please the sight as to conciliate the judgment, that looks forward with terror to the consequences of such a system of atheism. In fact, the dilapidation of benevolent establishments and the decay of sacred edifices are neither the only nor the worst symptoms of the propagation of French principles. The neglect of education, arising partly from the want of instructors, and partly from the suppression of ancient establishments, and the early depravation of youth that results from it, are already deeply felt and lamented.

The lawless example of the French soldiery dispersed over the whole territory, carries vice and impiety into every village, and literally scatters disease and death, both of mind and body, over all this country lately so virtuous and happy.

> Ille sitim, morbosque ferens mortalibus ægris
> Nascitur, et lævo constristat lumine cœlum.
>
> *En.* 10.

But to return to our subject.—The character of St. Ambrose, the celebrated archbishop of *Milan*, his eloquence, his firmness, and his political, as well as ecclesiastical influence, are well known; but it is not equally so, that he modelled and regulated the liturgy of his church, and that this liturgy is still in use in the Cathedral, and indeed in most of the capitular and parochial churches of this diocese. The reader, who may perhaps be acquainted with such forms of public prayer only as are of a later invention, will be surprised to hear that the Ambrosian liturgy in the fourth century, was more encumbered, as a protestant would express it, with rites and ceremonies than the Roman is in the nineteenth. It must be remembered that St. Ambrose did not institute or compose the liturgy that now bears his name, for it existed before his time, and was probably cœval with the church of *Milan*, but that he merely reduced it into better order, and improved it in expression and arrangement.

The body of this saint lies, not in the Cathedral, but in an ancient church at a considerable distance from it, that is now called from him the Basilica Ambrosiana, and is said to have been that in which he generally officiated. Though ancient,

it has been so often repaired that it may possibly retain not much of its original materials or appearance. One proof indeed of its antiquity is the gradual elevation of the ground all around it, occasioned by the ruins of neighbouring buildings; so that you descend some steps to enter it, a circumstance that gives it a damp and cheerless aspect. It has in front a large court surrounded with galleries conformably to the ancient mode, which ought never to have been neglected, because it contributes so much to the silence and tranquillity so necessary to the exercise of devotion. The doors are of bronze and said to be those which St. Ambrose closed against the Emperor Theodosius, but without the least foundation, as no doors were closed on the occasion; the piety of the Emperor rendered such a precaution unnecessary, and in the next place the present doors were made in the ninth century.

The church is divided by arcades into a nave and two aisles; it is terminated by a semicircle, and vaulted nearly in the same manner as the church of the Carthusians at Rome (the great hall of Diocletian's baths). The body of the saint is supposed to lie under the high altar together with those of St. Gervasius and St. Protasius, of his brother Satyrus and of his sister Marcellina. St. Victor's church called, in St. Ambrose's time, Basilica Portiana, is ennobled by its connection with the actions of the saint, and by his contests with the Arians. It is however old in site and in name only; the whole fabric being entirely modern, and far too gaudy for ancient taste. This censure indeed may be passed upon many other churches in *Milan*, which lose much of their majesty and even of their beauty by the profusion of rich and splendid decorations that encumber them. The materials of all are costly, the arrangement of most tasteless; yet there are few

which do not present some object of curiosity worth a visit. The same observation is applicable both to the convents and to the palaces.

From these edifices therefore we will pass to the Ambrosian library, an establishment which, notwithstanding its appellation, has no connection with antiquity, and owes its existence entirely to the munificence of Cardinal *Federigo Borromeo*, nephew of the Saint, and his successor in the See of *Milan*. This prelate, who seems to have inherited the virtues, if not the talents of his uncle, began to collect books when a student at Rome, and enlarging his plan as he advanced in age and dignities, at length when raised to the archbishopric, erected an edifice, placed his collection in it, and opened it to the public under the title of *Bibliotheca Ambrosiana*. It contains about forty thousand volumes, and more, it is said, than fifteen thousand manuscripts. There is also annexed to this library a gallery of pictures, statues, antiques, and medals, which contained many articles of great rarity and reputation. But these, whether statues, medals, or paintings, have, together with the most valuable books and manuscripts, been conveyed to Paris. The hall of this library is well-proportioned, though not so large as might be expected and as is indeed requisite for a collection of books so considerable. The ceiling is adorned with paintings, and the space between the bookcases and the cornice filled up, by the portraits of the most eminent authors, whose writings are deposited below, or to use the loftier expression of Pliny the Elder, *quorum immortales animæ, in locis iisdem loquuntur* *.

* Pliny, xxxv.

It is well known, that one of the most curious and valuable articles in this library was a manuscript collection of various works of *Leonardo da Vinci*, accompanied with drawings, designs, &c. which had been presented to it by a citizen of the name of *Galeas Arconati*, who generously refused vast sums offered for this precious deposit, and to secure its possession to his country, consigned it to the Ambrosian library as to an inviolable sanctuary. The reputation of *Leonardo*, whose genius ranged over all the sciences at pleasure, and shone with equal lustre in poetry, painting, architecture, and philosophy, gave these volumes of sufficient importance in themselves, an inestimable value in the eyes of his countrymen, who accordingly, with that enthusiasm for the arts which distinguishes the modern Italians as honourably as it did the ancient Greeks, erected a marble statue to the donor, and enregistered his name among the public benefactors of the city. What then must have been their rage and indignation when they saw this relic, the object of their pride and complacency, torn from them by the French*, and sent off jumbled and tost in the common mass of plunder to Paris? But this injustice was not the last nor the greatest insult offered to the feelings of the *Milanese* by their invaders.

In the refectory or hall of the convent of the Dominicans was, as is well known, the celebrated Last Supper of the same painter,

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* Di Parigi
Le vagabonde belve
Ab. *Monti*.

supposed to be his masterpiece. The convent was suppressed, the hall turned into a store-room of artillery, and the picture served as a target for the soldiers to fire at! The heads were their favourite marks, and that of our Saviour in preference to the others. Their impiety, though wanton and to them unprofitable, was impotent, and may be passed over with contemptuous abhorrence; but their barbarism in defacing a masterpiece which, though in decay, was still a model in the art, succeeded to the full extent even of their mischievous wishes, and has erased for ever one of the noblest specimens of painting in the world. It may be doubted whether the Goths, the Lombards, or even the Huns were ever guilty of such unnecessary outrage.

In colleges, hospitals, and establishments of charity in general, *Milan* is or rather was, most splendidly endowed, owing in a great degree to the princely munificence of St. Charles. Of the former, the college of *Brera*, once belonging to the Jesuits, is the principal; it contained twelve hundred students besides professors, masters, and teachers; is of vast extent, and considerable magnificence. Its courts surrounded with galleries in two stories supported by granite pillars, its staircase, its library, and its observatory, are much admired by the *Milanese*, and not without reason; but the galleries would appear to more advantage if the pillars were nearer. Wide intercolumniations are however very general in almost all galleries, piazzas, and colonnades, that I have seen even in Italy; a defect more opposite perhaps to Greatness of manner and even to beauty than any other.

The Seminary, and *Collegio Helvetico*, particularly the latter,

are adorned in the same manner with courts and porticos, and furnished with noble halls and libraries.

The *Ospedale Maggiore* is an immense edifice; its principal court, for it has several, is more than three hundred feet square; it is lined with a double portico, supported by columns of granite: the lower order is Ionic, the upper Composite; it contains more than twelve hundred persons, and has halls appropriated to different trades and to working convalescents.

The *Lazaretto* is a spacious quadrangle of twelve hundred and fifty feet in length, and twelve hundred in breadth. It contains about three hundred rooms with fire-places, is surrounded by a stream, and admirably adapted for the residence of epidemical patients, by its airiness and cleanness. In the centre of the court stands a chapel, so contrived that the priest at the altar may be seen by the sick even from their beds. The pillars that support the portico are slender, and distant from each other; yet the solidity, uniformity, and immensity of this edifice give it a grand and very striking appearance. It is now used as barracks, or rather, I believe, as cavalry stables.

The reader may, perhaps, expect an account of the remains of ancient magnificence, the relics of that imperial splendor which once adorned *Milan*, and is recorded in the well known verses of Ausonius.

——— duplice muro
Amplificata loci species, populique voluptas
Circus, et inclusi moles cuneata theatri;
Templa, Palatinæque arces, opulensque Moneta
Et regio Herculei celebris ab honore lavacri

Cunctaque marmoreis ornata peristyla signis.
Mæniaque in valli formam circumdata labro,
Omnia quæ magnis operum velut æmula formis
Excellunt; nec juncta premit vicinia Roma.

But of these edifices the names only remain annexed to the churches, built on their site or over their ruins—*Sta. Maria del Circo, S. Georgio al Palazzo, S. Vittore al Theatro.* We must except the baths, of which a noble fragment still stands near the parochial church of *St. Lorenzo.* It consists of sixteen beautiful Corinthian columns fluted, and of white marble, with their architrave. They are all of the best proportion, and placed at the distance of two diameters and a quarter, the most regular and most graceful intercolumniation. The houses behind these pillars, and indeed the church itself, evidently stand on ancient foundations, and have enabled the antiquary to ascertain with tolerable accuracy the form of the original building. The era of the erection of these baths is not known, but the extreme elegance of the remains is a sufficient proof that they are the work of a period of architectural perfection, and consequently long prior to the iron age of Maximian*.

But while the grand features of the ancient are wanting to the modern city, the minor advantages are nearly the same in both; and the plenty, the number of splendid and well-furnished houses, and till the present disastrous epoch, the

* The inscription on one of the pilasters is allowed in general to have no reference to this edifice.

simple manly manners of the inhabitants of *Milan* in the eighteenth century would, perhaps, enable it to vie, without losing much by the comparison, with *Mediolanum* in the fourth.

> Copia rerum
> Numeræ cultæque domus—fœcunda virorum
> Ingenia; antiqui mores . . . .

The mental qualifications which the poet ascribes to the ancient inhabitants of *Milan* may, perhaps with equal reason be attributed to the modern; especially as the Italians are no where deficient in natural abilities. I do not however find that this city was at any period particularly pregnant with genius, nor do I recollect the names of any *very* illustrious writers born in it, or formed in its schools. We may therefore consider the import of this verse, as far as it confers on the *Milanese* any pre-eminence of talent, as merely poetical and complimentary. Another mark of resemblance I must mention, which is, that the modern like the ancient town is surrounded with a double wall, which is perhaps raised on the foundations of the old double circumference, and may be considered as an indication that the city covers as great a space now as formerly, and perhaps contains as many inhabitants.

I shall say nothing of the intended embellishments, nor of the future *Forum* of *Bonaparte:* the present government has a great talent for destruction, and is now occupied in the demolition of ramparts, convents, and houses to make room for the latter magnificent edifice, destined hereafter to outshine that of Trajan itself. When it is to be begun is not known; meantime the work of destruction proceeds.

However be these improvements what they may, I must say, that the beauties of *Milan* are not a little at present, and in opposition to the poet's declaration were, I believe, anciently still more eclipsed by the splendor of Rome. *Juncta premit vicinia Romæ*, an observation applicable to *Milan*, to *Genoa*, and still more to *Florence* because nearer that Capital, so long the seat of beauty, of empire, and of majesty *.

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* The mind of the traveller naturally turns to this city; *et antiquitas amabilis sed et religio venerabilis sæpe eo vocant*, says Lipsius. He would do well to visit, as he easily may, the three cities above-mentioned, to which we may add *Turin* and *Venice*, on his way to Rome. As for *Naples* it derives its attractions not from art but from nature, and will charm as long as its bay with all its isles, its coasts with their windings, its lakes with their wild borders and classic haunts, and its mountains with their fires, fertility and verdure continue to glow with the beams of the sun that now enlightens them.

CHAP. XV.

COMO—THE LARIAN LAKE—PLINIANA, THE INTERMITTING FOUNTAIN—INSULA COMACENA---THE LAGO DI LECCO---THE ADDUA ---SITE OF PLINY'S VILLAS----OBSERVATIONS ON COLLEGIATE CHURCHES---LAGO DI LUGANO---VARESE AND ITS LAKE.

ON Monday the 27th of September, we set out from *Milan*, and took the road to *Como*. The distance is about twenty-six miles, and runs over an extensive plain, presenting in the midst of verdure and fertility many villas, but no object particularly interesting.

At *Berlasina* (about half way) we changed horses; and a few miles further on, the distant *Glacieres* began to increase in magnitude and grandeur, and at the same time the country around gradually assumed rougher features, and presented hills heightening as we advanced, and exhibiting a variety of wild broken scenery. We left *Milan* at twelve, and entered *Como* about the half hour past six o'clock.

Comum is like most of the towns between the *Alps* and *Apennines* of great antiquity, and like them also owes its origin to a

Gallic tribe, and its importance to Roman colonization. For the latter benefit it was indebted partly to the father of Pompey, and partly to Julius Cæsar. It never fell to its lot to make a figure in the world, nor indeed to attract the attention of the historian, either by its glories or by its reverses; and it seems to have derived from its humble mediocrity a greater degree of security and quiet in the numberless disasters of Italy than any of the more powerful and more illustrious cities can boast of. Its principal advantage is its situation, and its greatest glory is the reputation of one of its ancient denizens, Pliny the Younger. Its situation is beautiful. On the southern extremity of the *Larian* lake it commands a fine prospect of that noble expanse of water, with its bold and varied borders. It is covered behind, and on each side, with fertile hills. It is an episcopal town of some extent, and a pleasing appearance. The cathedral is of white marble, and mixed architecture: the front is of light and not inelegant Gothic; the nave is supported by Gothic arches; the choir and transepts are adorned with composite pillars; a dome rises over the centre. The effect of the whole, though the mixture is incorrect, is not unpleasant. In the front of the cathedral, there is a statue of Pliny with basso relievos alluding to his writings, and on each side of the grand entrance is an inscription in his honour. The inscriptions are more commendable for their spirit than for the style; the best of the two concludes in the following manner:

Ordo, populusque Comensis Caium Plinium Secundum . . . . . Municipem suum incomparabilem statuâ et elogio ornavere.

Faustus honor, dulcisque juvat me fama Secundum
At mage concives hæc posuisse meos.

Without doubt, a writer so much attached to his country on

one side, and so fond of fame on the other, as Pliny seems to have been, may be supposed to look down with complacency on the honours thus zealously paid in his beloved *Comum** to his memory so many ages after his decease. However, these honours are justly due, not to his reputation only but to his public spirit, as few citizens seem to have conferred so many solid benefits upon their country as he did on *Comum*. In the first place he established, or at least, he contributed largely both by his example and munificence, to the establishment of a school with an able teacher at its head†. In the next, he provided a fund for the support of free children; built a temple to contain the busts of the Emperors, which he had presented to his fellow citizens‡; adorned the temple with a bronze statue of exquisite workmanship, *dignum templo, dignum Deo donum*§; voluntarily resigned a legacy in favour of *Comum*; and, in short, seized every occasion of manifesting his affection for the town and for its inhabitants. Few characters in truth appear more accomplished and more amiable than that of Pliny the Younger. Indefatigable both in the discharge of his duties and in the prosecution of his studies, frugal in the management and generous in the disposal of his fortune, gentle in the private intercourse of society, but firm and intrepid in his public capacity, grateful and affectionate as a husband and friend, just as a magistrate, and high-minded as a senator, he seems to have possessed the whole circle of virtues, and acted his part in all

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* *Tuæ meæque deliciæ*, says he to his friend, speaking of this town, their common country.—I. 3.

† IV. Ep. 13. ‡ X. 24. § III. 6.

the relations of life with grace and with propriety. Nothing can be more pleasing than the picture which he gives of his domestic occupations, and few lessons are more instructive than the transcript which we find in his epistles, of his sentiments and feelings on every occasion where friendship, merit, virtue, and patriotism are interested. It is true, that the picture is drawn by Pliny himself, and both it and the transcript confessedly intended for the public; but the intimacy of such men as Tacitus, Suetonius, and Quintilian, and the countenance of an Emperor like Trajan, who knew so well how to appreciate merit, are sufficient guarantees that the author's life and writings were not in opposition. One reflection however occurs not a little derogatory to the real substantial virtue of Pliny, and that is, that its motive was, or to speak more tenderly seems to have been vanity*, a mean principle that makes virtue the handmaid of self-love, and instead of the noble object of ambition, degrades her into its tool and instrument. But, Christianity alone can correct this depravity, and we can only deplore the misfortune of Pliny, who never opened his eyes to its heavenly light.

But to return to our subject.—We may collect from Pliny that *Comum* was in his time a rich and flourishing city, adorned with temples, statues, porticos, and pillared gates, and encircled with large and splendid villas; that it was governed by decurions, inhabited by opulent citizens, and endowed with rich lands. In most of these respects modern *Como* does not perhaps yield to the ancient city. The cathedral, in materials, magni-

* IX. 3.

tude, and probably in decoration though not in style, equals the temple of Jupiter, and ten or fifteen other churches, four or five of which are remarkable for some peculiar excellence or other, may be deemed as ornamental to the city as half the number of temples. One of these churches, that of *St. Giovanni*, is adorned by several pillars, which are supposed to have belonged to a portico which Pliny mentions, as erected by Fabatus, his wife's grandfather*. Three colleges of reputation, and as many public libraries are advantages, which Pliny would have extolled with rapture, and far superior, it must be owned, even to the collection of imperial statues, and to the temple erected for their receptacle†. To complete the resemblance or the equality, *Como* is now (was lately, I should have said) as anciently, governed by *Decurions* of birth and property; to which I must add, that it contains a population of nearly twenty thousand souls. Pliny therefore might still behold his beloved country with delight and exult in its prosperity after so many centuries of revolution, as well as in its gratitude after so many ages of barbarism and oblivion.

Next morning we embarked at nine o'clock. The view of the lake from the town is confined to a small bason that forms the harbour of *Como*, but the view of the town from the lake, taken at the distance of a mile from the quay, is extremely beautiful. The expanse of water immediately under the eye, the boats gliding across it; beyond it the town with its towers and domes, at the foot of three conical hills all green and wooded, that in the

* V. 12.

† The curious reader may see a description of a temple which Pliny was about to erect, though probably on his Tuscan property, not at *Comum*.—IX. 40.

middle crowned with a crested castle extending its ramparts down the declivity; on both sides bold eminences chequered with groves and villas, form altogether a varied and most enchanting picture. In passing the little promontory that forms the harbour, we discovered a fine sheet of water of seven miles, with the pretty little town of *Carnobio* full before us; and on our left, an opening between the hills, through which we discovered some *glacieres*, and in particular Mount *St. Bernard*, covered with perpetual snows. The mountains on both sides rose to a great elevation, sometimes ascending abruptly from the lake itself, and sometimes swelling gradually from its borders, always shaded with forests of firs and chesnuts, or clad with vines and olives. But whether steep or sloping, the declivities are enlivened by numberless villas, villages, convents, and towns, seated sometimes on the very verge of the water, sometimes perched on craggs and precipices; here imbosomed in groves, and there towering on the summits of the mountains. This mixture of solitude and of animation of grandeur and of beauty, joined with the brightness of the sky, the smoothness of the lake, and the warm beams of the sun playing upon its surface, gave inexpressible interest to the scene, and excited in the highest degree our delight and admiration.

We next doubled the verdant promontory of *Torno* on the right, and bending towards the eastern bank landed at a villa called the *Pliniana*. It owes this appellation, as the reader will easily guess, to the intermittent fountain so minutely described by the younger Pliny. It is situated on the margin of the lake, at the foot of a precipice, from which tumbles a cascade, amid groves of beeches, poplars, chesnuts, and cypresses. A serpentine walk leads through these groves, and discovers at every

winding some new and beautiful view. The famous fountain bursts from the rock in a small court behind the house, and passing through the under story falls into the lake. Pliny's description of it is inscribed in large characters in the hall, and is still supposed to give an accurate account of the phænomenon. It is rather singular that the intervals of the rise and fall of this spring should be stated differently by the elder and by the younger Pliny; both of whom must have had frequent opportunities of observing it. The former represents it as increasing and decreasing every hour—*In Comensi juxta Larium lacum, fons largus, horis singulis semper intumescit, ac residet* *; the latter thrice a day only—*ter in die statis auctibus ac diminutionibus crescit, decrescitque* †. According to some modern observers, the ebb and flow are irregular; but the greater number, with the inhabitants of the house, assure us, that now, as in Pliny's time, it takes place usually thrice a day; *usually*, because in very stormy and tempestuous weather, the fountain is said to feel the influence of the disordered atmosphere, and to vary considerably in its motions. This latter circumstance leads to the following conjectural explanation of the cause of this phænomenon. The west wind, which regularly blows upon the lake at twelve o'clock or mid-day, begins at nine in the upper regions, or on the summits of the mountains; upon these summits, and particularly that which rises behind the *Pliniana*, there are several cavities that penetrate into the bowels of the mountain, and communicate with certain internal reservoirs of water, the existence of which has been ascertained by various observations. Now, when the wind rushes down the cavities abovementioned and

* Lib. II. cap. 106. † IV. Ep. 30.

reaches the water, it ruffles its surface, and carries its waves against the sides of the cavern, where, just above its ordinary level, there are little fissures or holes. The water raised by the impulse which it receives from the wind, rises to these fissures, and passing through them trickles down, through the crevices that communicate with the fountain below, and gradually fills it. In stormy weather the water is impelled with greater violence, and flows in greater quantities, till it is nearly exhausted; or at least reduced too low to be raised again to the fissures. Hence, on such occasions, the fountain fills with rapidity first, and then dries up, or rather remains low, till the reservoir regains its usual level, and impelled by the wind begins to ebb again. Such is the explanation given by the *Abate Carlo Amoretti.*

We had not time to verify the return of the fountain, which when we visited it, was at its lowest ebb, but we have no doubt as to the flux and the reflux; the regularity of which was confirmed by the testimony of the servants of the house, and indeed by that of all persons in its vicinity. After all, this fountain is classical, the scenery around it is romantic, and the way to it is magnificent; but in itself, it is inferior in every respect to the intermitting fountain near *Settle* in Yorkshire, whose ebb and flow recur every quarter of an hour, and succeed each other without a minute's variation.

Some writers have supposed that one of the villas which Pliny possessed in the neighbourhood of *Como* occupied this site; but though he had many in the vicinity of the lake, he yet describes only his two favourite retreats, and the situation of the *Plinians* corresponds with neither. The one was, it seems, on the very verge of the lake, almost rising out of the waters, and

in this respect it resembled the *Pliniana ;* but it would be difficult to find in the latter sufficient space among the rocks for the *gestatio quæ spatiosissimo xysto leviter inflectitur.* The other villa might possibly have stood on the neighbouring promontory of *Torno*, whence *(editissimo dorso)* it might have commanded two bays. There are, indeed, many situations on the banks of the lake which correspond with Pliny's descriptions, and consequently leave us at a loss to guess at the particular spots to which he alludes. A little farther on, the lake first contracts itself at *Brienno*, remarkable for its flourishing laurels, and then expands again and makes a fine sweep, which forms the bay of *Argegno*, a busy little town, the mart of the neighbouring vallies. The banks still continued to present the same bold and wooded scenery—*amœnum** (as Pliny the Elder expresses it) *arbusto agro*—the constant characteristic feature of the *Larian* lake, and territory.

We next landed on a little island, now called *Di S. Giovanni*, anciently or rather formerly, that is, in the seventh age, *Insula Comacena.* This island is wooded and cultivated like a garden, or rather, an orchard, and presents a most enchanting retreat to its proprietor, if he have either taste to discern or means to enjoy its beauties. However, with all the charms of its situation it never seems to have attracted much notice, as we find no allusion to it among the ancients, and little attention paid to it by the moderns. But, in the ages of barbarian invasion, and particularly under the *Longobardic* kings, it was occasionally resorted to as an asylum safe from sudden attack, and

* x. 29.

sometimes capable of sustaining a siege. There is, indeed, an account of one of the *Longobardic* monarchs having discovered and conveyed to *Pavia* a treasure which the Romans had here deposited, a circumstance which, with a few additional embellishments, might be worked into a tolerable romance, especially as the age in which the event is supposed to have taken place is fertile in legends, and of course fully open to fiction. In fact, we are told that it afforded a retreat to the Christians during the persecutions of the three first centuries, and that from their numbers it derived the rank of a town, under the appellation of *Christopolis;* that it next sheltered the Greek exarchs, and enabled them to make a successful stand against the *Longobardic* invaders; and, in fine, that it became an independent republic, extended its conquests over the neighbouring banks, and carried on a long and eventful war with *Como*. But, these and its other brilliant achievements, not having a Thucydides to transmit them emblazoned to posterity, are gradually sinking into darkness, and will probably ere long be buried in total oblivion. This romantic island swells gently from the lake, is about a mile in length, half a mile in breadth, and half a mile distant from the western bank.

Nearly opposite to it on the eastern bank, the rocks and precipices are rough, shapeless, and menacing; hollowed into caverns and recesses, all dark and tremendous, while beneath them the water is unusally deep, and from its depth, and the shade which the superincumbent rocks cast upon it, appears black and dismal to the eye as well as to the imagination.

As we advanced, we passed some beautiful bays and promontories with their villas and villages. Among these are *Balbiano*,

Lenna, where some years ago a subterraneous temple was discovered with a marble statue of Diana, and on the very margin of the lake, *Villa*, which took its name without doubt from the superior extent or magnificence of the mansion which formerly occupied the same spot; being remains of pillars discernible, in calm weather, under the water close to the shore. Some antiquaries suppose this to be the real site of Pliny's villa; he could not indeed have chosen a more beautiful spot, nor, if we may believe the general opinion, a more genial climate. Hence, its productions, such as aloes, capers, &c. seem to belong to a more southern sky, and surprize us by their blooming appearance under the snowy brows of the *Alps*. We then traversed the little bay of *Tramezzina*, and landed at *Cadenabbia* about four o'clock.

The view from *Cadenabbia* is the most extensive, and at the same time, the most interesting on the lake; it takes in the greatest expanse of water, because it overlooks the *Larian* before its division into its two branches, one of which takes its name from *Como*, and the other from *Lecco;* and it includes the greatest variety of scenery, because it commands the entrance into both these branches, and the promontory that separates them from each other. This promontory swells into a lofty eminence, is covered with woods, adorned with several villas, and crowned with a convent. It is called *Bellaggio*, from a village that stands on its extremity.

In front and over the widest part of the lake rises a rough rocky shore, with a ridge of broken grotesque mountains beyond, and above them the bare pointed summit of *Monte Legnone*, one of the highest of the *Alps*. As the situation of *Cade-*

nabbia is so beautiful, and as its accommodations are good, the traveller, who wishes to explore the recesses of the *Larian* lake and its bordering mountains, may make it his head-quarters, and from thence commence his excursions. *Bellaggio*, and the branch of the lake which lies beyond it, will first attract his attention. The *Lago di Lecco* (for so that branch is called) takes its name from the town of *Lecco* (probably the ancient *Licini Forum*) which stands at its extremity, at nearly the same distance from the point of separation as is *Como*. The *Lago di Lecco* is, properly speaking, the channel of the *Adda (Addua visu cærulus*)* which flowing through the upper and wider part of the lake, may be considered as turning from it at *Bellaggio*, and contracting its channel as it withdraws, at length resumes its original form and name a little beyond *Lecco*.

The next excursion may be to *Bellano*, some miles above *Cadenabbia*, and on the opposite side of the lake. He will here visit a cavern formed by the falling of the river *Pioverna* through a rocky cliff, and called very appropriately from its darkness and the murmurs of the torrent, *L'Orrido*. Lower down and nearly opposite *Cadenabbia* is a village called *Capuana*, supposed by some antiquaries to have been the real situation of Pliny's lower villa. Their conjectures are founded principally upon a Mosaic pavement discovered there, a circumstance which proves indeed that there was a villa there, but nothing more. Both Pliny's favourite seats must, I conceive, have been in the neighbourhood of *Comum*. Not far from this village is a stream

* Claudian De VI. Cons. Hons.

called *Latte*, which bursts from a vast cavern on the side of a mountain, and forms a cascade of more than a thousand feet before it reaches the plain. The cavern is supposed to extend for miles through the bowels of the mountain, and even to lead to the icy summit which supplies the stream. In short, he may return by *Bellaggio*, and range through its groves of olive and pines, visit its palaces, and compare it with the description which Pliny gives of his upper villa or his *Tragedia;* for on this spot it stood, if we may credit antiquaries, and certainly a more commanding and majestic site he could not have chosen; but though several circumstances of the description agree with this situation, yet, I doubt much as to the accuracy of their application—*Imposita saxis lacum prospicit . . . . lacu latius utitur . . . . fluctus non sentit*, &c. are features applicable to a hundred situations on both the shores of the lake, as well as to the promontory of *Bellaggio;* while the only expression which seems to distinguish it from many others is not, in my opinion, applicable, in Pliny's sense, to the spot in question. His words are—*Hæc unum sinum molli curvamine amplectitur; illa editissimo dorso duos dirimit.* That the word *sinus* may be understood of the two branches of the lake I admit, but that it is not so extensively applied in this passage must appear evident, when we consider that no villa, garden, nor park, can be supposed to embrace in its windings one of the branches of the lake, which is fifteen miles in length; and consequently we may conclude that the word *sinus* here signifies one of the little bays formed by some of the numberless promontories, that project from the shores between *Como* and *Cadenabbia.* I must here notice another mistake, into which the same antiquaries seem to have fallen. They suppose that the channel between the island above described and the shore, is alluded to in the

following words:—*Quid Euripus viridis et gemmeus*?* Now it is evident from the context, that the villa to which this *Euripus* belonged, was in the immediate vicinity of *Como*, *suburbanum amœnissimum*, an appellation by no means applicable to a seat sixteen or eighteen miles distant from a country town.

But to return to *Bellaggio*.—This delightful spot, now covered with villas and cottages, was, during the anarchical contests of the middle ages, not unfrequently converted into a receptacle of robbers, outlaws, and banditti, who infested all the borders of the lake during the night, and in day-time concealed themselves amid these thickets, caverns, and fastnesses: and indeed when neglected, and abandoned to nature it must have resembled the fictitious haunts of Apuleius's robbers, and have been a steep and savage wilderness—*Mons horridus, sylvestris, frondibus umbrosus et imprimis altus . . . per obliqua devexa . . . saxis asperrimis cingitur*†.

From *Cadenabbia* we sailed to *Menaggio*, a few miles higher up the lake. From this little town we had a full view of the lake from *Bellaggio* to *Gravedona* and *Domaso;* beyond this latter place the *Larian* receives the *Adda*, after which it contracts its channel, and changes its name into the *Lago di Chiavenna*. We are now about to take our leave of this celebrated lake, but think it necessary first to make some general observations.

The lake of *Como*, or the *Larian*, (for so it is still called, not

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* I. 3. † Apul. Metam. IV.

unfrequently even by the common people), retains its ancient dimensions unaltered, and is fifty miles in length, from three to six in breadth, and from forty to six hundred feet in depth. Its form is serpentine, and its banks indented with frequent creeks and harbours; it is subject to sudden squalls, and sometimes even when calm, to swells violent and unexpected; both are equally dangerous. The latter are more frequently experienced in the branch of the lake that terminates at *Como* than in the other parts, because it has no emissary or outlet, such as the *Adda* forms at *Lecco*. The mountains that border the lake are by no means either barren or naked; their lower regions are generally covered with olives, vines, and orchards; the middle is encircled with groves of chestnut of great height and expansion, and the upper regions are either downs or forests of pine and fir, with the exception of certain very elevated ridges, which are necessarily either naked or covered with eternal snow. Their sides are seldom formed of one continued steep, but usually interrupted by fields and levels extending sometimes into wide plains, which supply abundant space for every kind of cultivation. These fertile plains are generally at one-third, and sometimes at two-thirds, of the total elevation. On or near these levels are most of the towns and villages, that so beautifully diversify the sides of the mountains.

But cultivation is not the only source of the riches of the *Larian* territory: various mines of iron, lead, and copper, are now as they were anciently, spread over its surface, and daily opened in the bowels of its mountains; besides quarries of beautiful marble, which supply *Milan* and all the neighbouring cities with the materials and ornaments of their most magnificent churches.

Nor are, (*were*, I should say), the borders of the *Larian* lake destitute of literary establishments. Several convents, and some collegiate churches kept or patronized schools, and spread knowledge and civilization over the surface of a country apparently rugged and abandoned. Collegiate churches, especially where all the canons, without exception, are obliged to reside (as in the district of *Milan*, and indeed in all catholic countries) nine months in the year, have always appeared to me of great utility in the country in general, and particularly in remote tracts and unfrequented provinces. The persons promoted to stalls in these establishments are generally such as have acquired reputation as authors, distinguished themselves in universities and colleges as professors, or rendered themselves serviceable as tutors in private education. The conversation of such men was well calculated to propagate a spirit of application and improvement in the vicinity of their Chapter; while the service of the church, always supported in such establishments with great decency and even splendor, strengthened the influence of religion, and with it extended the graces and the charities which ever accompany its steps. To these we may add, that the decorations, both external and internal of these churches and of the buildings annexed to them, not only give employment almost constant to numerous artisans, but moreover inspire and keep alive a taste for the fine arts; and to the number of such establishments and to their splendid embellishments we may perhaps ascribe that relish for music, painting, sculpture, and architecture, and that nice discernment in these arts, so generally prevalent in Italy, and observable even in peasants and day-labourers. The entire suppression therefore of such foundations, which is now taking place almost all over the continent, is to be lamented as impolitic and mischievous, and

likely in its consequences to deteriorate the taste, and gradually to barbarize the manners of the people at large; and in a special manner, of the inhabitants of wild and mountainous regions*.

We set out from *Menaggio* about ten o'clock, and took our way towards the lake of *Lugano* on foot, first over a fine hill, and then through a most delightful vale, between two very lofty and steep, but verdant mountains. From the summit of the hill we looked down on the *Lario*, and had also a distinct view of a considerable part of its eastern branch, or the *Lago di Lecco*. The latter part of the valley through which we passed seems, at some distant period, to have been under water, as it is low and swampy, and terminates in a lesser lake, called from its situation *Lago di Piano*. The picturesque hill which rises beyond this lake appears from the marshy flats that surround it, as if it had once been an island. The traveller on passing the valley ought to turn round occasionally, in order to behold the magnificent barrier of craggy rocks that close it behind.

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* I cannot turn from the *Larian* lake without reminding the reader of the verses in which Claudian alludes to its magnitude, the fertility of its banks, and mountains that border it.

> Protinus umbrosa qua vestit littus oliva
> Larius, et dulci mentitur Nerea fluctu,
> Parva puppe lacum prætervolat. Ocius inde
> Scandit inaccessos brumali sidere montes.
>
> *De Bello Getico.*

LAGO DI LUGANO.

About twelve o'clock we arrived at *Porlezza*, six miles from *Menaggio*, and immediately embarked on the *Lago di Lugano*. This lake is twenty-five miles in length, in breadth from three to six, and of immense depth, indeed, in some places, it is said to be almost unfathomable. Its former name was *Ceresius Lacus;* but whether known to the ancients, or produced, as some have imagined, by a sudden convulsion in the fifth or sixth century, has not yet been ascertained. The banks are formed by the sides of two mountains so steep as to afford little room for villages or even cottages, and so high as to cast a blackening shade over the surface of the waters. Their rocky bases are oftentimes so perpendicular, and descend so rapidly into the gulph below, without shelving or gradation, as not to allow shelter for a boat, or even footing for a human being. Hence, although covered with wood hanging in vast masses of verdure from the precipices, and although bold and magnificent in the highest degree from their bulk and elevation, yet they inspire sensations of awe rather than of pleasure. The traveller feels a sort of terror as he glides under them, and dreads lest the rocks should close over him, or some fragment descend from the cragg and bury him suddenly in the abyss.

To this general description there are several exceptions, and in particular with reference to that part, which expanding westward forms the bay of *Lugano*. The banks here slope off gently towards the south and west, presenting fine hills, fields, and villas, with the town itself in the centre, consisting in appearance of several noble

lines of buildings. On the craggy top of the promontory on one side of this bay stands a castle; the towering summit of the opposite cape opens into green downs striped with forests, bearing a strong resemblance in scenery and elevation to the heights of *Vallombrosa*. The snowy pinnacles and craggy masses of the neighbouring *Alps* rise behind the town, and form an immense semicircular boundary. The town is said to be pretty, and the climate is considered as extremely mild and genial.

Lugano formerly enjoyed prosperity and independence under the protection of the Swiss Cantons. In the late revolutionary war it was seized by the French, and annexed to the *Cisalpine* Republic. The change was not very popular, as may be imagined; however submission was unavoidable, till, impoverished by taxes, and teazed by swarms of blood-suckers under the titles of prefects, mayors, commissioners, &c. the inhabitants yielded to the impulse of courage, threw off the yoke, and expelled the *Cisalpine* officers. It was in actual rebellion when we passed, and it had our cordial but unavailing wishes. In front of the town we sailed under a lofty mountain covered with wood, and projecting into the lake. Its interior is hollowed into a variety of caverns (called by the people *cantini*), remarkable for coolness and dryness. Here the citizens of *Lugano* store up their wine and corn, and in the summer months they keep their meat here, which, even in the most sultry weather, remains untainted for a considerable time.

The bay of *Lugano* lies nearer the southern than the northern extremity of the lake, which, a few miles beyond it, again expands and forms three other branches. One of the branches,

bending northward, is of considerable extent, and discharges itself by the river *Tresa* into the *Lago Maggiore*. In turning from *Lugano*, the depth of the lake is, where narrowest, considerably diminished, a circumstance ascribed to the fall of a vast promontory. The same effect is supposed to have been produced by the same cause lower down, near a town called *Melano*. These tremendous falls are occasioned principally by the action of subterraneous waters that hollow the mountain into caverns, and sometimes force their way through its sides, tearing it asunder as they rush forth, and hurling its fragments into the lake below. Such an event happened in the year 1528, and nearly swept away a little town called *Campione*, almost opposite *Lugano;* and again in the year 1710 near the *Tresa*, (the *emissary* or outlet of the lake), and choked its channel with the ruins of a neighbouring mountain. Hence we may conclude, that those who ascribe the origin of the lake itself to an internal convulsion, derive some presumptive and plausible arguments to support their conjecture from the frequency of similar accidents.

As we advanced the boatmen pointed to some distant caverns on the bank, as having once been the receptacles of a troop of banditti, who infested the lake and its immediate neighbourhood for a considerable time, and by the secrecy and the extent of their subterraneous retreats, long eluded the pursuit of government. We glided over the latter part in the silence and obscurity of evening, and landed about half past seven at *Porto*. The carriages had here been appointed to meet us, and as accommodations are very indifferent, being only a village, we immediately set out for *Varese*. The distance is seven miles,

The country is said to be very beautiful, but the darkness of the night prevented us from observing the scenery.

At *Bisuschio*, the first village from *Porto*, there is a villa belonging to a family called the *Cicogna*, surrounded with a garden, *veramente Inglese*, for so they assured us. In a country like this, where there is so great a variety of ground, so much water, so much wood, and so much mountain, nothing is wanting to make a garden or park *truly English* but a little judgment, and some partiality for a rural life to bring it into action. It is to be regretted that this taste, so conformable to nature, and so favourable both to public and private felicity should be uncommon in a country pre-eminently adorned with all the charms calculated to inspire and nourish it.

. . . . . Non ullus aratro
Dignus honos; squallent abductis arva colonis.

Georg. I.

Varese is a small and cleanly town. It seems formed principally of the villas of some of the *Milanese* nobility: the Ionic front of the principal church was the only object that attracted my attention.

From *Varese*, having sent the carriages to *Novara*, we proceeded post in the vehicles of the country to *Laveno*. We set out about half past nine. The country which we traversed, when considered as bordering upon the *Alps*, may be called flat, but it is in reality varied with fine swells and undulations. Its principal ornament is the *Lago di Varese*, an expanse of water very noble in itself, though it loses much of its real magnitude

from the comparison which is perpetually made between this lake and the three inland *seas* in its immediate vicinity. It appears to be of an oval form, about twelve miles in length, and six in breadth. Its banks slope gently to the verge of the water, and they are covered with all the luxuriancy of vegetation. Fields of deep verdure bordered by lofty trees, hills covered with thickets, villas shaded with pines and poplars, villages encircled with vineyards, strike the traveller wherever he turns his eye, and amuse him as he wanders along the margin of the lake, with a continual picture of fertility and of happiness.

CHAP. XVI.

THE LAGO MAGGIORE OR VERBANUS—ITS ISLANDS—LAKE OF MAGOTZO—VALE OF OSSOLA—SEMPIONE—ARONA—COLOSSAL STATUE OF ST. CHARLES—OBSERVATIONS ON THE LAKES—COMPARISON BETWEEN THE ITALIAN AND BRITISH LAKES—NOVARA—VERCELLI—PLAIN OF TURIN.

ABOUT twelve o'clock we arrived at *Laveno*, a large and handsome village on a bay of the *Lago Maggiore*. Close to this village northward rises a rough craggy mountain, that pours a constant stream in a cascade from its hollow bosom. In front spreads the *Lago Maggiore*, in its widest expansion. The ancient name of this lake was *Verbanus;* its modern appellation is derived from its greater magnitude, or rather from its superior beauty; for in this latter quality only is the *Larian* lake inferior to it. Opposite the bay of *Laveno* opens another bay, and in the centre of the latter rise the *Borromean* islands, which are considered as the principal ornaments of the lake, and ranked indeed among the wonders of Italy. To these islands, therefore, we immediately bent our course.

As we rowed along gently in order to enjoy the magnificent

prospect that opened around us in every direction, we were informed by the boatmen that we were then in the widest and deepest part of the *Verbano*. Its breadth may be here about seven or eight miles, while the plummet descends to the enormous depth of eighteen hundred feet! The imagination takes alarm at the idea of skimming in a light boat over the surface of such a tremendous abyss, and even the traveller, who has been tost in the bay of *Biscay*, or lifted on the swell of the ocean, may here eye the approaching shore with some degree of complacency.

We first landed on the *Isola Bella*, as the first in fame and the most attractive in appearance. It derives the epithet of *beautiful* from the palace and gardens which cover its surface. The palace stands on the extremity of the island, and almost hangs over the water. It contains upon the lower story a suite of rooms fitted up in the style of grottoes, and paved, lined, and even coved with spars, shells, and party coloured marbles, and in appearance, delightfully cool and refreshing. Two magnificent saloons in the principal story form the state apartments; the other rooms are not worth notice. The garden occupies nearly the whole island. It consists of a vast pyramid, formed of ten terraces rising above each other, and terminating in a square platform. These terraces have gravel walks their whole length; they are bordered with flowers, and their walls are covered with fruit trees. Rows of orange and citron shade the walks, and gigantic statues, which when near appear grotesque, crowd the corners and front the palace. These parterres are watered by fountains that rise in different parts of the edifice, and fall in sheets from marble vases. The area of the pyramid covers a space of four hundred feet square; the platform on its summit is

fifty feet square, and its elevation about one hundred and fifty. The terraces are supported by arcades, which form so many grand galleries or green-houses, where the more tender plants and flowers are ranged during the winter. The form and arrangement of this garden have been the subject of great admiration during part of the last century, and the *Isola Bella* has been represented by many as a terrestrial paradise, an enchanted island, the abode of Calypso, the garden of Armida. Burnet, who is enthusiastic in abuse only, when describing this island rises into panegyric, pronounces it to be the finest summer residence in the world, and rapturously gives it the epithet enchanted.

In process of time when the public taste changed, and strait walks and parterres and terraces with their formal accompaniments were exploded, the *Isola Bella* forfeited its fame, the spell was dissolved, the fairy scenes vanished, and nothing remained but a dull heavy mass, a heap of deformity. But if it was then too much panegyrized, it is now perhaps too much despised. Praise is due to the man who had taste and discernment enough to select such a spot for his residence, especially as it was originally a bare and craggy or rather shapeless rock, and had no recommendation, but its site till then unnoticed. In the next place it would be unjust not to applaud the nobleman who, instead of wasting his income in the fashionable amusements of a neighbouring capital, devoted it to works which gave employment to thousands of hands, diffused riches over a large extent of country, and converted three barren craggs into as many productive and populous islands. Edifices that give a permanent beauty to a country, that exercise the taste and the talents of the age in which they are erected, and become

monuments of that taste and of those talents to posterity, are at least a proof of public spirit, and deserve our praise and our acknowledgment. To this we may add, that if pleasant walks at all seasons, and the most delicious fruit in abundance, be objects of importance in gardening; we must allow the merit of utility to an arrangement which multiplies space, sunshine, and shade, and adapts itself in some measure to the state of the weather, and to the fancy of the proprietor. However, even modern taste will be gratified and delighted with a grove, lining the north side of the garden, formed of various evergreens, but particularly of bay (laurel) of great height and most luxuriant foliage. A path winding in an easy curve through this thicket leads to a town, and thence to the palace. This grove, from its resemblance to domestic scenery, awakens some pleasing recollections in the mind of an English traveller. A high wall surrounds the whole island, but it is so constructed as to form a terrace, and thus to aid the prospect. This prospect, particularly from the top of the pyramid, is truly magnificent. The vast expanse of water immediately under the eye, with the neighbouring islands covered with houses and trees. The bay of *Magotzo* bordered with lofty hills westward, eastward the town of *Lavena* with its towering mountain, to the south *Stresa*, the winding of the lake with numberless villages sometimes on the margin of the water, sometimes on gentle swells, and sometimes on the sides and craggs of mountains. To the north, first the little town of *Palanza*, at the foot of a bold promontory, then a succession of villages and mountains bordering the lake as it stretches in a bold sweep towards the *Alps*, and loses itself amid their vast snow-crowned pinnacles. The banks of the lake are well-wooded, and finely varied with a perpetual intermixture of vineyard and forest, of arable and meadow, of plain and mountain. This latter circumstance indeed

characterizes the *Lago Maggiore*, and distinguishes it from the others which are enclosed in a perpetual and uninterrupted ridge of mountains; while here the chain is frequently broken by intervening plains and expansive vallies. This interruption not only enlivens its surface by admitting more light and sunshine, but apparently adds to its extent by removing its boundaries, and at the same time gives a greater elevation to the mountains by bringing them into contrast with the plains. Another circumstance, common indeed to all these lakes, contributes much to enliven their borders; it is, that all the villages with their churches are built of white stone, and have, particularly in distant perspective and in high situations, a very splendid and palace-like appearance.

The bank nearest to the *Isola Bella* is formed of a bold swell covered with a forest, and intersected by several dells, the beds of mountain torrents. The foliage of this forest was even at this season, of a fresh and vivid green, and it harmonized admirably with the gleam of the waters below, and the deep azure firmament above. On the side of the island that faces this forest, a church with a few houses forms a little village.

About half a mile westward from the *Isola Bella* is the *Isola dei Pescatori*, so called from the ordinary occupation of its inhabitants. It is nearly covered with houses, and with its church makes a pretty object in the general view, but has no claim to nearer inspection. Its population amounts to about one thousand.

The *Isola Madre* rises at the distance of a mile north from the *Isola Bella*. The southern part of this island is occupied by

terraces; its northern side is covered with a wood; its summit is crowned with a villa. The terraces are formed on the slope of the hill, and may be considered almost as natural; the villa is spacious, but looks cold and uncomfortable. The wood is formed of laurel, cypress, and pine, and is the more beautiful for being neglected. This island is indeed in the whole less disfigured by ill-directed art, and for that reason more picturesque and more likely to please English travellers than the *Isola Bella*, notwithstanding the more flattering appellation of the latter.

From *Isola Madre* we sailed up the bay of *Magotzo* lying full west, and landed at its extremity, whence we walked over a rough stony road about three miles, and about eight o'clock arrived at *Magotzo*. The inn seemed poor and dirty, but the people were obliging. Next morning we arose at day-break, and had an opportunity of contemplating the surrounding scenery.

The little town of *Magotzo* is situated on the western extremity of a lake nearly oval, three miles in length, in breadth one and a half, bordered on the south and north by hills bold but not too steep, wild yet finely wooded. It is separated from the *Verbano (Lago Maggiore)* by a plain of luxuriant verdure, divided by rows of poplars into numberless meadows, and intersected by a narrow stream winding along the road side, navigable only when swelled by abundant rains. This streamlet forms a communication between the two lakes.

About seven o'clock we mounted our horses, and advanced towards *Domo d'Ossola* through one of the most delightful vallies that Alpine solitudes enclose, or the foot of the wan-

derer ever traversed. It is from two to seven miles wide, encompassed by mountains, generally of a craggy and menacing aspect, but not unfrequently softened by verdure, wood, and cultivation. It is closed at one end by the towering summits of *Sempione,* whitened with everlasting snows. Through the middle of the valley meanders a river called *Tosa*, wide and smooth, narrow and rough alternately. The road sometimes crosses meadows, sometimes borders the stream shaded by the poplar, the lime, and the weeping birch; here it winds up the mountains, and edges the brink of the precipice, and there intersects groves and vineyards, passing under vines carried over it on trellis-work, and interwoven into arbours of immense length and impenetrable foliage.

About three miles from *Domo d'Ossola* we crossed the river in a ferry, passed a marshy plain covered with underwood, and entered the town about one o'clock. Thence we immediately proceeded by an excellent road towards *Sempione.*

This mountain, the object of our excursion, is one of the highest of the Italian Alps, covered with perpetual snow, and remarkable for the passage of *Bonaparte* previous to the battle of *Marengo.* A road is now making over it by orders of the French government, in order to open an easy and commodious communication with *Milan*, and thus secure the dependence of the Italian republic. The ascent and difficult part of the road commences at the spot where the torrent of *Divario* burst through a vast chasm in the rock, and rushes headlong into the valley of *Ossola.* Over this chasm a bridge is to be thrown, an undertaking bold in appearance, but in reality not difficult, as the

shallowness of the water in summer enables them to lay the foundation with ease, while the rock on each side forms immoveable abutments. The piers were nearly finished. The road then, like all the Alpine passages, follows the windings of the defile, and the course of the torrent, sometimes on a level with its bank, and at other times raised along the side of the mountain, and on the verge of a precipice. To enlarge the passage, the rock has in many places been blown up, an operation carrying on as we passed, and adding, by the echo of the explosion, not a little to the grandeur of the scene. In one spot, where the mass of granite which overhung the torrent was too vast to be misplaced and too prominent to be worked externally, it was hollowed out, and an opening made of about sixty feet in length, twelve in breadth, and as many in height. This cavern is represented by the French as an unusual and grand effort, a monument of exertion and perseverance: but how insignificant does it appear when compared to the grotto of *Posilipo*, or to the gate of *Salzburg* *. The ascent is very gradual, and in the highest degree safe and commodious. It is therefore likely to become, when finished, the principal communication between Italy, France and Switzerland; since no art can render the mountains, *Cenis*, *St. Bernard*, and *St. Gothard*, so secure and practicable.

Beyond the spot where the rock is perforated, the road reaches an elevation too cold for the vine, and the face of nature resigns the warm features of Italy. Indeed, a little beyond the next village, called *Gondo*, where the traveller passes from

* The spacious galleries worked through the solid rock at Gibraltar, and formed into *aerial* batteries, are far superior to the above-mentioned *grottoes* both in extent and in difficulty of execution.

Pueze to *Imgutz*, the language itself alters; and German, more conformable to the ruggedness of the situation, assumes the place of Italian. The village which gives its name to the mountain, stands not on, but near, the summit, and is called by its inhabitants *Sempelendorf*. Its Latin appellation is supposed to be *Mons Cæpionis*, or *Sempronii*, now *Sempione*.

As the road was merely traced out, but not passable beyond *Gondo*, we stopped at a spot where the torrent, forcing its way through two lofty rocks, takes a sudden turn, because the scenery here appeared particularly magnificent. Indeed, in descending, the grandeur of the defile is seen to more advantage in all its parts. On the bank opposite the road, the mountains rose in large perpendicular masses of brown rock, and swelling to a prodigious elevation, displayed on their craggy summits a few scattered plants, and sometimes woods of pine, fir, and beech. Behind us, were the snow-clad pinnacles of *Sempione*, and in front a ridge of towering rocks that overhang the vale of the *Tosa*. The severity and terror of the prospect increases at every step as we approached the entrance of the defile, and the view from the bridge passing through the cliffs where apparently highest and darkest, and resting on the shining glacieres that crown the mountain, is by the contrast rendered peculiarly striking, and one of the most magnificent scenes of Alpine solitude.

We had in our progress noticed the mode of forming the road, and though praise is due to the undertaking, we could not much admire the execution. The foundation is generally the natural rock, but where that fails, small stones are employed as a substitute; all the upper strata are formed in the same

manner of small stones, and seem ill calculated to resist the force of torrents, or even the impetuosity of the winds that rush like hurricanes from the gullies of the *Alps*, sweep the snow in clouds from the frozen summit, and tear the trees and shrubs from the foot, of the mountains. The masses of stone employed by the Romans seem much better adapted to such situations, and would have resisted alike the action of winds and of waters. But the road over *Sempione*, however commodious, it may in time become, is not likely to equal the *Via Appia*, either in solidity or in duration ; nor indeed is it comparable either in convenience or in extent to the passage by the *Rhætian Alps* or by the *Tyrol*, which seems to be the most ancient, and is the best and the most frequented of all the grand avenues to Italy.

We returned by the same road, and passed the night at *Domo D'Ossola*. The first part of the name of this village or little town is *Duomo*, the appellation always given in Italy to the cathedral, as the *House* by eminence, and was appropriated to *Ossola*, because in it was the principal church of the whole valley to which it gives its name. It is pleasantly situated at the foot of a wooded hill, encircled with fertile meadows, and much frequented by *Milanese* and *Swiss* merchants. The inn is tolerable.

Next morning we returned to *Magotzo*, and after a slight repast, took boat and rowed across its lake. We traversed the meadows that enclose it to the east, on foot, and re-embarked on the *Lago Maggiore*. It seems highly probable that these two lakes were formerly united, and it is possible that the *Lago Maggiore* extended its waters over all the *Val*

d'Ossola, and once bathed the feet of the granite mountains that enclose it. Strabo represents the *Lago di Garda* as nineteen miles in breadth, that is, nearly the distance between *Laveno* and *Domo d'Ossola*, a circumstance not a little favourable to this conjecture. We once more glided by the *Isola Bella*, and turning southward, left the grand and stupendous boundaries of the northern part of the lake behind us, and found ourselves amid the milder scenes of ornamented cultivation, verdant swells, tufted hillocks, towns, and villages scattered confusedly on each side.

Approaching *Arona*, we were struck with the colossal statue of *St. Charles Borromeo*, erected on the summit of a hill near the town. It represents the archbishop in an attitude equally appropriate to his office and to his benevolent feelings, as turned towards *Milan*, and with an extended arm imploring the benedictions of heaven upon its inhabitants. It is supported by a marble pedestal forty-two feet in height, and is itself seventy; it is of bronze, and supposed to be finely executed. If the qualities which, according to Virgil, open Elysium to those who possess them, can claim at the same time the minor honours of a statue, *St. Charles* is entitled to it under a double capacity, both as a blameless priest and as a public benefactor.

> Quique sacerdotes casti dum vita manebat . . . . .
> Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

It must also be acknowledged that such a monument of public gratitude and veneration is highly honourable to the people who conceived and erected it. It bespeaks public feelings grand and capacious, and while it far surpasses the diminutive distinctions of modern nations, it emulates the style

and imperial honours of the Romans. A little above the town of *Arona* stands a castle now in ruins. It was once the principal residence of the *Borromean* family, where *St. Charles* was born. Yet neither this circumstance nor its strength and commanding position, could secure it against neglect and decay.

Arona is a little but an active commercial town; in the cathedral there are said to be some fine paintings. But it was dusk when we arrived, and as circumstances did not permit us to pass the night there, we took a coach and proceeding to *Novara*, where the carriages were waiting, arrived there at a late hour.

We have now taken leave of the Italian lakes, and as we turn from them, it is impossible not to express some surprise that their beauties should have been so little noticed by the ancients, even in poetry, and apparently so little known even by the travelled and the inquisitive. Virgil indeed alludes to them in general, as conspicuous features of Italian scenery, and mentions two in particular, the *Larius* for its magnitude, and the *Benacus* for its majestic ocean-like swell*. Catullus speaks with fondness of his beautiful villa on the promontory of *Sirmio*. But these poets were born in the vicinity of one of the lakes, and had it constantly under their eyes in their youth, and not unfrequently even in their riper years. Pliny the Elder mentions them in a cursory manner, though as

* The two other lakes he omitted, probably because they were little known, being in a remote part of the country, and at a considerable distance from any great town, while the vicinity of *Comum* to the *Larian*, and of *Verona* to the *Benacus*, gave publicity and fame to their beauties.

a native either of *Verona* or of *Comum*, he might be supposed to have gloried in them as the principal ornaments of his native country. The younger does enlarge with expressions of complacence on the views of the lake, and the charms of his villas on its borders. But neither he, nor even Virgil and Catullus, speak of them in such terms of admiration and rapture, as their beauty and magnificence seem calculated to inspire. Whence comes this apparent indifference? were the Romans in general insensible to the charms of nature? it cannot be supposed. Were the Latin poets—were Virgil and Horace inattentive observers? Every line in their works proves the contrary.

> Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes
> Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius, &c. *Virgil, Georg.* II.
>
> . . . . . Ego laudo ruris amœni
> Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque. *Hor. Epist. lib.* I. 10.

Is the language of passion and enthusiasm. Yet Virgil, in the lines immediately following those which I have cited, passes from the magnificent objects around him and almost before his eyes, to scenery remote, and certainly inferior, perhaps even known to him only in description, and embellished only by the charms of poetic imagery. This latter circumstance may perhaps in part account for the apparent indifference which we have remarked. At the era of these two poets, *Gallia Cisalpina* was scarcely considered as a part of Italy; it had been successively overrun by various Gallic tribes, and those tribes had not been long enough subjected nor sufficiently civilized and polished to assume the name of Romans. Their country had not yet become the seat of the muses; it had not

been ennobled by glorious achievements, nor inhabited by heroes, nor celebrated by poets. Its beauty was inanimate, its grandeur mute, and its forests, and its lakes, and its mountains, were all silent solitudes, unconnected with events and destitute of recollections. Such barren scenes the poet contemplates with indifference, and willingly turns to regions where history infuses a soul into nature, and lights up her features with memory and imagination. But what this grand subalpine scene then wanted, it has since acquired. One word of Virgil has given dignity to the *Larian* lake, one verse has communicated the grandeur of the ocean to the *Benacus*, and a few lines have raised the little streamlet of the *Mincius* above the full and majestic *Danube*.

> O testudinis aureæ
> Dulcem quæ strepitum Pieri, temperas . . . .
> Totum hoc muneris tui, est. *Horat. lib.* IV. 3.

The lakes of Westmorland and Cumberland are to England, what those of the *Milanese* are to Italy. Yet none of our ancient poets have noticed their distant beauties. They still remain unsung and unconsecrated in classic story. One of the Scottish lakes has lately been more fortunate. Yet, who ever heard of *Loch Katrine* till the Harp of the North sounded over its waves, and the Minstrel peopled its lonely isle with phantoms of valour and of beauty.

Before we abandon the subject it may perhaps be asked, what proportion in beauty, magnitude, and grandeur, the British lakes bear to the Italian. England, as far as regards

the face of nature, has been represented as a miniature picture of Europe at large, and its features of course, though perhaps equal in beauty, are yet considered as inferior in boldness and in relief to the traits observable on the continent. This remark is peculiarly applicable to its lakes and mountains, which contract their dimensions, and almost sink into insignificance when compared to similar objects in Alpine regions. In truth, to a traveller lately returned from Italy, Windermere appears a long pool, and Skiddaw shrinks into a hillock. Ullswater alone, in the comparative boldness of its banks, may perhaps present a faint resemblance to some parts of the *Lago di Como*; but the parallel is confined to that single feature. The rocks that frown over Buttermere may be sufficiently grand, but how insignificant is the sheet of water spread beneath them. One of the Scotch lakes (for the others I have not visited,) Loch Lomond, reminded me of the *Benacus* in the wideness of its expanse and in the gradual swell of its banks. But the resemblance goes no further; for, admitting that the little islands interspersed in the broad part of the lake have a considerable share of beauty, yet the heavy lumpish form of *Benlomond*, its heathy sides and naked brow, with the lifeless masses around it, which however form the only grand features the prospect can pretend to, are very indifferent substitutes for the noble Alpine ridge that borders the *Benacus*, and presents every mountain-form and colour from the curve to the pinnacle, from the deep tints of the forest to the dazzling brightness of snow. When to these conspicuous advantages we add the life and interest which such scenes derive from churches, villas, hamlets and towns, placed as if by the hand of a painter in the most striking situations, so as to contrast with and relieve the horror of the surrounding picture, we describe the peculiar and

characteristic features which distinguish the lakes of Italy, and give them an undisputed superiority *.

> Adde lacus tantos te Lari maxime, teque
> Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens *Benace* marino.
>
> *Virgil.*

Having taken a slight refreshment at *Novara*, as the night was far advanced, we determined to continue our journey; especially as the district which we were about to traverse was a dead flat, intersected with canals, and planted with rice, the distinguishing mark of an unwholesome and uninteresting country.

In leaving *Novara* I need only observe, that it is an episcopal city of great antiquity, but of little renown either in ancient or modern times, so that its Roman name is the only title it has to the traveller's attention. The night was clear and refreshing. At a little distance from *Novara* we passed the *Agogna*, and about break of day we crossed the *Sesia*, a wide but then shallow river, and immediately after entered *Vercelli*, a very ancient city, still retaining its Roman name, and probably containing as great a population as in Roman times. It never indeed rose to any very great celebrity, though it enjoyed a

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* I am willing to believe all that is related of the matchless beauties of the lake of Killarney, but as I have not had the pleasure of seeing them, I cannot introduce them into the comparison. However, they seem to be too often clouded with mists and drenched in rain, to be capable of disputing the palm of beauty with scenes lighted up by the constant sunshine and the azure skies of Italy. Of the Helvetian lakes we may perhaps discourse hereafter. At present I need only observe, that they are on the *wrong* side of the *Alps*.

transient gleam of liberty and independence in the middle ages. It is rather a handsome and flourishing town. The portico of the cathedral is admired.

We proceeded over a country flat and fertile, but neither so productive nor so beautiful, nor so populous as the *Milanese*. This plain has indeed been the theatre of many sanguinary contests between the French, Spaniards, and Austrians, during the two last centuries, and is now subject to the iron sway of the French republic, neither of which circumstances are calculated to improve its appearance, or to increase its importance in classic estimation. In our progress we crossed four rivers, all of which still preserve their ancient appellations; the *Baltea*, the *Orco*, the *Stura*, and the *Dora*, and entered *Turin* about six o'clock (October the third.)

CHAP. XVII.

TURIN, ITS HISTORY, APPEARANCE, EDIFICES, ACADEMY, AND UNIVERSITY—THE PO—THE SUPERGA—CONSEQUENCES OF THE FRENCH CONQUEST---PREVIOUS INTRODUCTION OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE, MANNERS, AND DRESS AT COURT—OBSERVATIONS ON DRESS IN GENERAL.

TURIN, like *Genoa*, though of ancient foundation, can boast only of modern fame; with this difference, that the reputation of the former is recent, and almost confined to the last century, while the glories of the latter rose early and blazed through a series of active and eventful ages. *Augusta Taurinorum* was the Roman appellation of this city, which it received when raised to the dignity of a Roman colony by Augustus. Before that period it seems to have been mentioned only in general, as a town of the *Taurini*, the Gallic tribe of whose territory it was the capital.

*Taurinorum unam urbem caput gentis ejus, quia volentes in amicitiam ejus non veniebant vi expugnarat**, says Livius, speaking

* L. XXI. 39.

of Annibal; and from these words we learn the little importance of this city in the eyes of the historian, and in the next place, the attachment of its inhabitants to the Romans. This insignificance and fidelity seem to have been the constituent features of the destiny of *Turin*, for a long succession of ages, and have continued to expose it both to the hatred, and to the vengeance of all the invading hordes, from Attila to Francis I. During this long era of anarchy and of revolution, it was alternately destroyed and rebuilt, deserted and repeopled.

Its importance commenced in the thirteenth century, when it became the residence of the princes of Savoy, and assumed the honours of a capital; since that period, though in the heart of a country, the constant theatre and oftentimes the object of war, though often besieged, and not unfrequently taken, yet it continued in a progressive state of improvement, and had become about the middle of the last century one of the most populous and flourishing cities in Italy. This its prosperity must in justice be ascribed to the spirit, the prudence, and the activity of its princes. Its disasters, like those of Italy in general, flow from its vicinity to France, whose armies have so often overrun its territories, assailed its ramparts, wasted its suburbs, and as far as their ability equalled their malice, destroyed its edifices. In one of these inroads, the French, under Francis I. demolished all the monuments of Roman antiquity, which had escaped the rage of preceding barbarians, and which had till then constituted the principal ornament of *Turin*. In another they were defeated by Prince Eugene, and obliged to raise the siege, with prodigious slaughter. But unfortunately they have since been more successful—*Turin* yielded without the formalities even of a

blockade, and *Piedimonte*, in spite of the *Alps*, was declared to be a department of France.

While the residence of its sovereigns, this capital was lively, populous, and flourishing. Its court was equally remarkable for politeness and for regularity, and much frequented by strangers, because it was considered as an introduction to the manners and to the language of Italy. Its academy enjoyed a considerable degree of reputation, and was crowded with foreigners, attracted in part by the attention which the king condescended to shew to the young members, and partly by the cheapness of masters, and the facility of instruction in every branch and language. In fact, this academy was a most useful establishment, and extremely well calculated to usher young men into the world in the most respectable manner, and to fashion them to courts and public life. A year passed in it, with the least application, enabled them to prosecute their travels with advantage, not only by supplying them with the information necessary, but by procuring them such connections with the first families in all the great cities as might preclude the formalities of presentation, and admit them at once into the intimacy of Italian society. Without this confidential admission, (which few travellers have enjoyed for many years past,) the domestic intercourse of Italians, and consequently the character of the nation, which is never fully and undisguisedly unfolded unless in such intercourse, must continue a mystery. Now, the academy of *Turin*, where the young students were considered as part of the court, and admitted to all its balls and amusements, placed this advantage completely within their reach, and was in this respect, and indeed in every other, far superior to *Geneva*, where the British youth of rank were too often sent to learn French and scepti-

cism from the disciples of *Rousseau*, and familiarity, insolence, and sickly sentimentality, from the vulgar circles of citizens.

Turin is beautifully situated on the northern bank of the *Po*, at the foot of a ridge of fine hills, rising southward beyond the river; while northward extends a plain bounded by the *Alps* ascending sometimes in gigantic groupes like battlemented towers, and at other times, presenting detached points darting to the clouds like spires glittering with unmelted icicles, and with snows that never yield to the rays of summer.

The interior of the town is not unworthy its fame and situation; its streets are wide and strait, intersecting each other at right angles, and running in a direct line from gate to gate, through some large and regular squares. The royal palace is spacious, and surrounded with delightful gardens. There are many edifices, both public and private, which present long and magnificent fronts, and interningled with at least one hundred churches, give the whole city a rich and splendid appearance. Such are the general features of *Turin*, both grand and airy. Among these features, the four gates of the city were formerly numbered, and as they were adorned with pillars, and cased with marble, they were represented as very striking and majestic entrances. But these celebrated gates the French had levelled to the ground, together with the ramparts, and the walks and plantations, that formerly encircled the town as with a forest. In the churches and palaces, marble of every vein and colour is lavished with prodigality, and decorations of all kinds are scattered with profusion; to such a degree indeed, as to encumber rather than to grace these edifices.

The misfortune of *Turin* has been, that while both its sovereigns and its inhabitants wanted neither means nor inclination to embellish it, no architect of taste and judgment was found to second their wishes. The two principal persons of that description employed at *Turin*, *Guarini* and *Juvara*, whatever might have been their talents, were deficient in judgment, and preferred the twisted, tortured curves and angles of *Borromini*, to the unbroken lines and simple forms of antiquity. Novelty, not purity, and *prettiness* instead of majesty, seem to have been their sole object. Hence this city does not, I believe, present one chaste model, one simple grand specimen in the ancient style, to challenge the admiration of the traveller. Every edifice, whatsoever its destination may be, whether church or theatre, hospital or palace, is encumbered with whimsical ornaments, is all glare and glitter, gaiety and confusion. In vain does the eye seek for repose, the mind long for simplicity. Gilding and flourishing blaze on all sides, and we turn away from the gaudy shew, dazzled and disgusted. The cathedral is an old Gothic edifice, in no respect remarkable; at its end is the chapel royal *Della Santissima Sindone*, rich in the highest degree, and surmounted with a heavy dome. The *Corpus Domini*, *S. Lorenzo*, *S. Philippo Neri*, *Sta. Cristina*, *S. Rocco*, *SS. Maurizio et Lazzaro*, and several other churches, deserve a particular inspection either by their magnitude or their pillars, or by the variety of marbles employed in their decoration.

The university of *Turin* occupied a most extensive building, containing a library of more than fifty thousand volumes; a museum furnished with a numerous collection of statues, vases, and other antiques of various denominations; a very

fine collection of medals; a hall of anatomy, admirably furnished; and an observatory. It was endowed for four-and-twenty professors, all of whom gave daily lectures. They were generally authors and men of great reputation in their respective sciences. There are two colleges dependent upon the university, remarkable also for their spaciousness and magnificence, as well as for the number of young students which they contained. To these we must add the academy which I mentioned above, forming altogether a very noble establishment for the purpose of public education in all its branches and modifications, highly honourable to the judgment and munificence of *Victor Amedeus*, who, by enlarging and reforming its different parts, may justly be considered its founder.

In hospitals *Turin* was, like the other cities of Italy, richly endowed. The *Regio Spedale della Carita*, was on the plan of the celebrated hospital at Rome, and furnished at the same time provisions and employment to the poor, education to orphans, an asylum to the sick and to the decayed, and a dowry to unmarried girls. Eight or more establishments of a similar nature, though on a lesser scale, contributed to the same object in different parts of the city, and left no form of misery without the means of adequate and speedy relief.

The palaces, though some are large and spacious, are yet so disfigured by ill-placed decorations and grotesque architecture, as to make little impression on the eye, and consequently to deserve little attention. The pictures which formerly adorned their galleries and apartments have been transported to France.

and their rich furniture carried off and sold by the plunderers.

We will pass therefore to the country immediately round *Turin*, which is by no means deficient in beauty. Its first and most conspicuous feature is the *Po*, which gives its name to the principal street of the city, and bathes its walls as it rolls by in all its magnificence. I need not here inform the reader that the *Ligurians*, a tribe of Gallic or German origin, gave this river the name of *Bodinco* or bottomless, on account of its depth; nor need I enlarge upon its different appellations and their origin. He will smile however, when he is informed by a learned Dutchman*, that the *Eridanus*, consecrated by the fall of Phaethon, shaded by his sister poplars, and enriched by their amber tears, is not the celebrated river that gives fertility and fame to one of the noblest provinces of Italy, but the *Raddaune*, a stream that intersects the plains of Prussia, and falls into the Vistula near *Dantzic!* This change of site, climate, and scenery, will add much, without doubt, to the ideal charms which poesy has thrown over the *Eridanus*, and considerably enhance the pleasure which the reader receives from the various classic passages in which it is described. But to drop alike the fictions of the Greek poets, and the dreams of the German critics, we may observe that the account which Pliny the Elder has given of the *Po*, is still found to be tolerably accurate, though physical commotions, aided by human exertions, may be allowed to have made some petty alterations †. Of the

* Cluverius, i. 33, p. 391. † Lib. iii. 20.

power of the former we have two striking instances in the destruction of two ancient cities in this very region by the fall of mountains, one of which, *Industria*, lay near the road between *Turin* and *Vercelli*, and consequently not far from the channel of the *Po*. As to the latter, it has been exerted principally in opening new outlets at the mouth of the river, and in giving a better direction to its vast mass of waters, in order to prevent the consequences of inundations, and to recover some portions of land covered by its waves. This magnificent river takes its rise about five-and-twenty or thirty miles from *Turin*, in the recesses of *Monte Viso* or *Vesulus*, celebrated by Virgil for its forests of pines, and for the size and the fierceness of the boars that fed in them *. It becomes navigable even before it reaches *Turin*, though so near its source, and in a course which, including its windings, extends to three hundred miles, receives thirty rivers, bathes the walls of fifty towns and cities, and gives life, fertility, and opulence to the celebrated plains called from it *Regio Circumpadana*. Its average breadth from *Turin* to *Ariano* may be about twelve hundred feet, its depth is every where considerable, and its current strong and equal. It may justly therefore be called the king of Italian rivers, and ranked among the principal streams of southern Europe. We had beheld it frequently in the course of our wanderings between the *Alps* and *Apennines*, and always beheld it with interest and admiration. We now had to take leave of it, and turn for ever from the plain,

qua
Eridanus centum fluviis comitatus in æquor
Centum urbes rigat et placidis interluit undis. *Fracast. Syph. h.* 1.

* Eneid, x. 708.

The next object which attracts the eye of the traveller, and which really deserves his attention, is the mountain of the *Superga*, and the lofty temple that crowns its summit. The elevation and pittoresque appearance of the hill itself, and the cause, the destination, and the corresponding magnificence of the edifice, are all so many claims upon our curiosity.

The *Superga* is about five miles from *Turin;* the ascent is gradual, and the road good. On the summit of the hill, which commands a noble view of the city, its suburbs, the river, and the circumjacent country, *Victor Amadeus*, and Prince Eugene met during the famous siege of *Turin* in 1706, and formed the plan for the attack of the enemy and for its deliverance. The duke (for the sovereigns of *Piedmonte* had not then assumed the title of king) made a vow, if Heaven prospered his arms, to build a church on the very spot as an eternal monument of his gratitude. He succeeded; the French were defeated with great slaughter, the siege was raised, and the church was built. The edifice is not unworthy of its origin. It is really a grand memorial of royal and national acknowledgment. Its situation is peculiarly well adapted to its object. On the pinnacle of a lofty mountain, it is visible not to the inhabitants of *Turin* only, but of the whole country for many miles round, and instantly catches the eye of every traveller and awakens his curiosity.

The church is of a circular form, supported by pillars; the portico is ornamented with pillars, and the dome rises on pillars. All these columns are of beautiful marble of different colours, and give the edifice an appearance unusually rich and stately. Instead of pictures the altars are decorated with basso relievos,

the pavement is of variegated marble; in short, all the different parts of the edifice, and even the details of execution are on a scale of splendor and of magnificence, well adapted to the rank of the founder, to the occasion, and to the importance of the object.

The mansion annexed to the church for the use of the officiating clergy is, in the galleries, library, and even private apartments, proportioned to the grandeur of the establishment, and like the temple itself, rich in marbles and in decorations. It is occupied by twelve clergymen, who are remarkable for their talents and acquirements, and are here occupied in qualifying themselves for the highest offices and dignities of the church. In fact, the *Superga* is a sort of seminary which supplies the Sardinian or rather Piedmontese territory with deans, bishops, and archbishops. The expenses necessary for the support of this edifice and establishment were furnished by the king himself, who considered it as a royal chapel, and as the destined mausoleum of the Sardinian monarchs and the dynasty of *Savoy*. But, alas! I am now speaking of establishments that no longer exist, of temples verging to decay, of monarchs dethroned, and of dynasties exiled and degraded.

Turin was late the capital of a large and populous territory, and long the residence of a race of active and magnanimous princes, furnished with all the establishments, literary and civil, that usually grace the seat of royalty, enlivened by a population of one hundred thousand souls, and frequented by crowds of strangers from the most distant countries. *Turin* is now degraded into the chief town of a French department, the residence of a

petty tyrant called a *prefect;* it is stripped of its university, of its academy, and of all its noble and its well endowed establishments, it is reduced to one-half of its population, and mourns in vain its slavery, its impoverishment, and its solitude. The reader, therefore, will easily believe that the French, every where disliked, are here abhorred; that their language, manners, and persons are equally objects of antipathy; and that the day of deliverance and of vengeance is most ardently desired by the oppressed *Piedmontese.*

But though we sympathize most sincerely with this injured people, and lament the fall of the court of *Turin* as a general calamity; yet we may be allowed to observe, that this catastrophe is, in some degree, imputable to its own weakness and irresolution. Had the present sovereign inherited, not the justice and the piety only, but the martial spirit of his ancestors; had he been animated with the magnanimous sentiments of his grandfather *Amadeus*, he would, at the first menace, have marched direct to the *Alps*, garrisoned their impregnable fastnesses with his troops, and if the enemy appeared, he would have swept the defiles with his artillery. If victorious, he would have buried half the French army in the precipices, and stifled the war at its birth. If defeated, he would have given his people, and they wanted neither courage nor inclination, time to assemble and to arm; and had he fallen in the contest he would have fallen, like Leonidas at *Thermopylæ*, as a hero and a king, encircled with glory and with renown. But at that period of infatuation the Roman Pontiff alone had the sagacity to see the danger, and the courage to meet it. All the other Italian powers adopted a temporizing system, an ineffective neutrality, of all measures the most pernicious, because it

leaves a state open to any attack without the means of repelling it. *Sine gratiâ, sine dignitate premium victoris**. Thus they were easily overpowered one after the other, and plundered by the French, who ridiculed their want of policy while they profited by it. How different the conduct of the ancient Romans, and how different also the result.

When the Cimbri, far more numerous than the French, rushed like a torrent down the *Alps*, and threatened to inundate Italy with their myriads, the Senate, not content with the armies opposed to them under Marius and Catulus, ordered a census to be taken in all the states, and found that seven hundred thousand foot and one hundred and fifty thousand horse were ready to march at their orders and to meet the common enemy. Yet at that time Italy was bounded by the *Apennines*, and one-third less than it now is; but very different was the spirit of the numerous little republics into which it was then divided under the guardian genius of Rome, from that of its present monarchies and its aristocracies, too often under the influence of foreign intrigue. This influence, which may justly be ranked among the greatest evils that modern Italy labours under, has been considerably increased, unintentionally perhaps, by the court of *Turin*. In fact, the matrimonial connections which so often united the house of *Savoy* to that of *Bourbon*, and the partiality which naturally accompanies such connections, gradually introduced the language, dress, and manners, and with them not a few of the fopperies of the court of *Versailles* into that of *Turin*, and thence opened a passage for them into the other provinces

* Liv. xxxv. 49.

of Italy. Hence an Italian author of some eminence observes, in a tone of half smothered indignation, that at *Turin* French is spoken oftener than Italian* ; and he might have added, that the preference, thus absurdly and unnaturally given to a foreign tongue so inferior in every respect to the native dialect of the country, is entirely owing to the example and the influence of the court. How impolitic such a preference is, I have elsewhere observed ; here I shall only repeat, that the knowledge of the French language introduced French literature, taste, and principles into *Piedmont*, and that they again opened the way to French bayonets, cruelty, and oppression, to all the evils that now prey upon this once noble capital, consume its resources, devour its population, and seem likely to reduce it ere long to the loneliness and the insignificance of a village. A lesson to the northern capitals, and particularly to Petersburgh.

As for the French dress, it was first introduced into the northern parts of Italy by the Dukes of *Savoy*, probably about the time of Lewis XIV. and thence it passed to the southern provinces, and since has been adopted in all the courts of Europe. To enable the reader to determine how far the adoption of this *costume* is to be regretted, I take the liberty of offering the following observations. The human body is the most graceful and most majestic object that nature presents to our contemplation, yet neither decency nor convenience permit it to be exposed to the eye, in all its naked proportions. A covering, therefore, of some kind or other is necessary, but its form and quantity depend upon opinion and circumstances. That which fits the limbs exactly,

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* Denina. Vicende della Letteratura.

and shows their form and proportion, is not unbecoming. That which floats in light drapery around the body, and rather shades than conceals its outline, is highly graceful; that which covers the person entirely, and folds the whole man up in his garments, is cumbrous, and if not managed with unusual art, borders upon deformity. The last seems at all times to have been very generally preferred by the Orientals, and is still the mode of dress in use among the Turks and Persians. The first, according to Tacitus, was the distinctive mode of the nobles among the ancient Germans, and is still the national dress of the Hungarians, imitated in the uniform of the Hussars*. The second and most elegant, as well as most natural, was the dress of the Greeks and Romans. Though all the motives of dress are necessarily combined in these different raiments, yet the object of the first seems chiefly convenience; of the second, grace; of the third, magnificence. These different habits have of course been modified, altered, and intermixed in various manners, according as taste or barbarism, reason or fancy have prevailed; though in most countries some remnant may be discovered of their ancient and long established garments. To the instances which I have just hinted at, I need only add, that in Italy, in Sicily, and in the other provinces long subject to the Romans, some trace of the *toga* may be still discovered in the cloak without sleeves, which is thrown about the body to cover it in part or entirely, sometimes over one shoulder and under the other, and sometimes over both, so that one of the skirts falls loosely down the back. The *toga* was the characteristic dress of the Romans, the habit of peace and of ceremony, the badge of freedom, and the distinguishing ornament of a Roman citizen. Yet with these honourable

* De moribus Germ. cap. xvii.

claims in its favour, it could not resist the influence of fashion, since so early as the age of Augustus, we find the Romans fond of appearing even in the Forum without it, and rebuked for it as a sympton of meanness and degeneracy, by that prince, so tenacious of the decorum of ancient times. *En*, said he, *indignabundus*.

> Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.
> *Suet. Oct. Cæs. Aug.* 40.

Horace alludes to the same custom, as a mark of vulgarity*. But as the prosperity of the state declined, and as the Roman name ceased to be an object of distinction and peculiar respectability, the dress annexed to it was gradually neglected, not by the populace only, but by the higher orders, and in process of time by the Emperors themselves, who were oftentimes little better than semibarbarians. This negligence increased considerably during the decline of the empire, and yet both then and long after its fall, the Roman habit was still, in a great degree, the most prevalent. And indeed the barbarians, who invaded Italy, have in general been very ready to adopt its language, manners, and dress, as more polished and more honourable than their own, and the changes which have taken place in all these respects are to be ascribed not to the tyranny of the conquerors, but to the slavish spirit of the Italians themselves, sometimes too much disposed to copy the habits and the dialect of their conquerors. The Goths, in fact (not to speak of the short

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* In Martial's time the *toga* still continued an essential part of decent dress in Rome; it was considered as one of the comforts of the country to be able to dispense with it—Hic *tunicata* quies.

reign of Odoacer) were Romans in every respect, excepting in name, long before they were introduced into Italy by Theodoric, and the *Longobardi*, though at first the most savage of barbarians, yielded to the influence of the climate, and bowed to the superior genius of their new country.

The principal change which took place therefore during those turbulent ages, was rather the neglect of what the Romans considered as decency of dress than the adoption of any new habit. The toga was laid aside as cumbersome, and the tunica gradually became the ordinary habit; and on the various forms of the tunica most of our modern dresses have been fashioned. In the middle ages richness and magnificence seem to have prevailed; in later times the Spanish dress appears to have been in use among the higher classes, at least in the north of Italy, and to it finally succeeded the French *costume*, without doubt the most unnatural, and the most ungraceful of all the modes hitherto discovered by barbarians to disfigure the human body. By a peculiar felicity of invention, it is so managed as to conceal all the bendings and waving lines that naturally grace the human exterior, and to replace them by numerous angles, bundles and knots. Thus the neck is wrapped up in a bundle of linen; the shoulders are covered with a cape; the arms, elbows, and wrists are concealed and often swelled to a most disproportionate size, by sleeves; the knees are disfigured by buttons and buckles. The coat has neither length nor breadth enough for any drapery, yet full enough to hide the proportions of the body; its extremities are all strait lines and angles; its ornaments are rows of useless buttons; the waistcoat has the same defects in a smaller compass. Shoes are very ingeniously contrived, especially when aided by

buckles, to torture and compress the feet, to deprive the instep and toes of their natural play, and even shape, and to produce painful protuberances. As for the head, which nature has decked with so many ornaments, and made the seat of grace in youth, in age of reverence; of beauty in one sex, of sense in the other; the head is encumbered with all the deformities that human skill could devise. In the first place, a crust of paint covers those ever-varying flushes, that play of features which constitute the delicacy and expression of female beauty, because they display the constant action of the mind. In the next place, the hair, made to wave round the face, to shade the features, and to increase alike the charms of youth and the dignity of age; the hair is turned back from the forehead, stiffened into a paste, scorched with irons, and confined with pins; least its colour should betray itself, it is frosted over with powder; and least its length should *hang clustering* in ringlets, it must be twisted into a tail like that of a monkey, or confined in a black bag, *in sable state depending*. When the man is thus completely masked and disguised, he must gird himself with a sword, that is, with a weapon of attack and defence, always an encumbrance, though sometimes perhaps necessary, but surely never so when under the protection of the law, and perhaps under the roof, and in the immediate presence of the first magistrate*. In fine,

* The reader need not be informed, that this custom is a remnant of barbarism. The Greeks and Romans never carried any kind of weapon, except when actually in war, and when embodied as soldiers. Among the latter, it was deemed a crime to fight, and it was murder to slay, even a public enemy, without having previously taken the military oath.—See a striking instance of this delicate sense of law and justice, in Cicero de Officiis, lib. 1. The barbarians, on the contrary, con-

to crown the whole figure thus gracefully equipped, nothing is wanting but a black triangle, (a form and colour admirably combining both inconvenience and deformity,) in other words, a cocked hat! Addison has said, that if an absurd dress or mode creeps into the world, it is very soon observed and exploded; but that if once it be admitted into the church, it becomes sacred and remains for ever. Whether the latter part of this observation be well or ill founded, I will not at present undertake to determine, but the first part is clearly contradicted by the long reign of French fashions in courts, and by the apparent reluctance to remove them. After all, it must appear singular, and almost unaccountable, that courts so proud of their pre-eminence, and nations so tenacious of their independence, should so generally submit to the sacrifice of their national habits, and in their stead put on the *livery* of France, a badge of slavery, and a tacit acknowledgment of inferiority.

It was hoped at the union, that the French phrases, which still remain in parliamentary usage to perpetuate the memory of the Norman conquest, and to disgrace the lips of the sovereign even when arrayed in all the majesty of the constitution, would have been suppressed. The public were then disappointed, but

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sidered the sword as the mark of freedom and independence; they looked to it, and not to the law for protection. Like Mezentius they invoked it as their tutelary divinity.

Dextra mihi Deus et telum quod missile libro.
Virgil x.

Our polished courtiers choose to imitate the latter. I recommend to their perusal a passage of Thucydides on this subject.—*Lib.* i.

it may not be too much to expect that a public spirited sovereign will, ere long, reject both the livery and the language of a hostile nation, and not yield in patriotism to an usurper*, who never appeared in any foreign dress, or listened to any foreign language. Princes can by example, every where, and in their own courts, as well as in all public meetings, by command, establish whatever dress they may please to adopt, and it is not a little extraordinary, that they have so seldom exerted this controul which they have over fashion, in favour of taste, of grace, or of convenience. Yet a sovereign of Britain need not go beyond the bounds of his own empire for a national dress, both graceful and manly, that displays at once the symmetry of the form, and furnishes drapery enough to veil it with majesty. The reader will perhaps smile when I menti n the Highland dress, not as disfigured in the army, but as worn once, it is said, by Highland chiefs, and perhaps occasionally even now, by some remote lairds. This raiment borders nearer upon the Roman, and like it, is better calculated both for action and for dignity, than any modern dress I have ever beheld. A few improvements might make it perfect, and qualify it admirably for all the purposes of a national habit, that would very soon, by its intrinsic merit and beauty, supersede the *monkey* attire of France, not in the British empire only, but even on the Continent, still partial to the taste and to the fashions of England.

* Cromwell, whose foreign correspondence was always carried on in Latin, and whose dress was that of the cavaliers of the time.

CHAP. XVIII.

SUSA (SEGUSIUM)—NOVALESE—PASSAGE OF MOUNT CENNIS—CONVENT ON ITS SUMMIT—OBSERVATIONS ON THE PASSAGE OF HANNIBAL—THE ADVANTAGE OF HAVING VISITED ITALY IN ITS PRESENT STATE—CONSEQUENCES OF THE FRENCH INVASION—CONCLUSION.

ON Wednesday, the 6th of October, we took a final leave of the last great city of Italy, and at eight in the morning set out for *Susa*. The road for several miles consists of a noble avenue, and runs in a direct line to *Rivoli*, remarkable only for a royal villa. Here we entered the defile of *Susa* through a narrow pass, formed by rocky hills branching out from the *Alps*, and approaching so near as merely to leave room enough for the road between them. From this spot Alpine scenery again commences; the sides of the mountains are successively craggy and naked, or green and wooded; the valley sometimes expands into a plain, and sometimes contracts itself almost into a dell; the *Dura*, which waters it, sometimes glides along as a rill, and sometimes rolls an impetuous torrent. Woods and fields are interspersed amidst heaths and precipices; and a

perpetual mixture of the wild and the cultivated varies the whole tract, and gives it a romantic and delightful appearance. *Susa* is seated amid rocky eminences on the banks of the *Dura* here a mountain stream, on the very confines of the more savage regions of the *Alps*, where the steeps become precipices, and the mountains rise into *glacieres*. The town is in extent and appearance below mediocrity; but holds forth its antiquity and a triumphal Arch as claims to the attention and respect of the traveller. Its original name was *Segusium*, under which appellation it was considered as the capital of the Cottian Alps, and of the bordering territory, and was the seat of Cottius the petty sovereign of this mountainous region. Cotys (for such was his real appellation) resigned his kingdom to Augustus, and wisely preferred the safer and more permanent honours of a Roman prefect to the insecure tenure of an Alpine crown.

The triumphal arch, which still remains, was erected by this prince to his benefactor, and is a monument rather of his gratitude than of his means or magnificence. He rendered a more solid service to the Romans by opening a road through his mountains, and establishing a safe communication between Italy and Gaul. This road still exists, and traverses *Mont Genevra*. The situation of the town and its strong citadel formerly rendered it a place of considerable importance; but it is now totally disregarded, as the citadel is dismantled, and as the French territory includes all the other passages of the *Alps*, and all the fastnesses that command them*.

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* Though the inn did not appear very alluring, yet as the night approached

We arrived at *Novalese* about ten o'clock, and as the moon shone in full brightness we could easily distinguish the broken masses of Mount *Cenis* hanging over the town, with their craggy points and snowy pinnacles. Early in the morning, the carriages were dismounted; the body of each was suspended between two mules, one before and one behind; the wheels were placed on a third, and the axletree on a fourth; the trunks and baggage of all kinds were divided into several loads, and each bound up in a very close and compact manner, and laid on mules, and the whole set out about six o'clock.

At half past seven we mounted our mules, and followed. The morning was fine, and the air cool, but not chilling. The ascent commences from the town-gate, at first very gradual; the steepness however increases rapidly as you ascend. The road at first winds along the side of the hill, then crosses a torrent, and continues along its banks all the way up the mountain. These banks are for some time fringed with trees and bushes. About half-way stands the village of *Ferrieres*, amid rocks and precipices, in a situation so bleak and wintry, that the traveller almost shivers at its appearance. A little above this village, the acclivity becomes very abrupt; the bed of

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and we were unwilling to pass Alpine scenery in the dark, we were inclined to put up with it. However, considering the time necessary to cross the mountain, and listening to the representations of our drivers, who entreated us to proceed, we drove on. We had reason to thank Providence for the determination, as that very night the inn at *Susa*, with forty horses and all the carriages in the court, was burnt!

the torrent turns into a succession of precipices, and the stream tumbles from cliff to cliff in sheets of foam with tremendous uproar. The road sometimes borders upon the verge of the steep, but it is so wide as to remove all apprehension of danger. In one place only the space is narrower than usual, and there, a gallery or covered way is formed close to the rock, which rises perpendicular above it, in order to afford the traveller in winter shelter against the driving snows and the wind, that sweep all before them down the steep.

We shortly after entered a plain called *San Nicolo*. It is intersected by the *Cenisolle*, for that is the name of the torrent that rolls down the sides of Mount *Cennis*, or as the Italians call it more classically, *Monte Cinisio*. At the entrance of this plain the torrent tumbles from the rocks in a lofty cascade, and on its banks stands a stone pillar with an inscription, informing the traveller, who ascends, that he stands on the verge of *Piedmont* and *Italy*, and is about to enter *Savoy!* Though this pillar marks rather the arbitrary than the natural boundaries of Italy, yet it was impossible not to feel some regret at the information, not to pause, look back, and reflect on the matchless beauties of the country we were about to leave for ever.

We continued our ascent, and very soon reached the great plain, and as we stood on the brow of the declivity we turned from the bleak snowy pinnacles that rose before us, and endeavoured to catch a parting glimpse of the sunny scenery behind.

Here, amid the horrors of the Alps, and all the rigours of

eternal winter, Religion in her humblest and most amiable form had, from time immemorial, fixed her seat to counteract the genius of the place and the influence of the climate, to shelter the traveller from the storm, to warm him if benumbed, to direct him if bewildered, to relieve him if in want, to attend him if sick, and if dead, to consign his remains with due rites in the grave. This benevolent establishment did not escape the rage of the philosophists, and was by them suppressed in the commencement of the republican era. On the re-establishment of religion, it was restored and augmented by order of the first Consul, and is now in a more flourishing state perhaps than at any former period. This convent was formerly inhabited by friars; they are now replaced by monks. The superior was formerly a member of the celebrated Abbey of *Citeaux*, the parent monastery of the Bernardin order, and of consequence of noble birth, as no others were admitted into that house. His manners are extremely polished, and his appearance gentlemanlike. He received us with great cordiality, shewed us the different apartments of the convent, and offered us such refreshments as the place afforded. He was accompanied by a fine boy his nephew, born to fortune, but reduced by the consequences of the revolution to want and dependence. The education of this youth was his principal amusement, and occupied him delightfully, as he assured us, during the dreadful solitude of winter, when, secluded from the whole universe, and visited only accidentally by a needy wanderer, they see no object but driving snow, and hear no sound but the howling of wolves, and the pelting of the tempest. Such readers as may have visited *Citeaux* in the days of its glory, will not be surprized at the compassion which we felt for the poor monk transported from such a palace-like residence, in

the plains of *Burgundy*, to an hospital on the bleak summit of Mount *Cennis*.

The weather was still clear, and the air just cold enough to render walking extremely pleasant, and as we proceeded very leisurely towards the inn, we had an opportunity of observing the scenery around us. The plain which we were traversing is about six miles in length, and about four in breadth where widest. In the broadest part is a lake, in form nearly circular, about a mile and an half in diameter, and of immense depth. The plain is about six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and notwithstanding this elevation, is, when free from snow, that is, from June till October, covered with flowers and verdure. It is bordered on all sides by the different eminences and ridges that form the summit of Mount *Cennis*, covered for the greater part with everlasting snows, that glitter to the sun, and chill the traveller with the frozen prospect. On the highest of these ridges, which rises three thousand feet above the convent, there is a chapel to which the neighbouring parishes proceed in procession once a year, on the fifth of August; the ascent from the plain on the north seems gradual and not difficult; to the south, that is, towards Italy, the cliff presents a broken, and almost perpendicular precipice. From hence, it is said, the view extends over the inferior *Alps* that rise between, to *Turin*, to the plains of the *Po*, and to the Apennines beyond; and from hence, some add, Annibal pointed out the sunny fields of Italy to his frozen soldiers. *Prægressus signa Annibal in promontorio quodam unde longe ac late prospectus erat, consistere jussis militibus Italiam ostentat, subjectosque Alpinis montibus Circumpadanos campos.* The appearance of the ridge advancing like a bold headland

towards *Novalese*, and the extensive prospect from its summit answers the description; but these two circumstances are not in themselves perhaps sufficient to justify the inference.

Most authors are of opinion that Annibal entered Italy by the Grecian *Alps*, about thirty miles eastward of Mount *Cenis*, and seem to suppose that the road over this latter mountain was not open in ancient times. But as the route which Annibal took in his passage was a subject of doubt and controversy even in Livy's time, and as this historian's own opinion on the subject is far from being very clear, the traveller is at liberty to indulge his own conjectures, and may, without rebelling against the authority of history, suppose that the Carthaginian general entered Italy by the very road which we are now treading, and took his first view of its glories from the summit of yonder towering eminence.

Those glories we could indeed no longer discover, yet as we paced along the summit of this vast rampart, these eternal walls* which Providence has raised round the garden of Europe, we had time to retrace in our minds, the scenes which we had contemplated, and to revive the impressions which they made.

To have visited Italy at any time is an advantage, and may

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* Mœnia Italiæ. *Liv.*

ἐν τειχους σχηματι ἑρυμα ἀῤῥηκτον. *Herod* II.

ὡιπερ τειχος Ιταλια. VIII.

justly be considered as the complement of a classical education. Italy is the theatre of some of the most pleasing fictions of the poets, and of many of the most splendid events recorded by historians. She is the mother of heroes, of sages, and of saints. She has been the seat of empire, and is still the nursery of genius, and still, in spite of plunderers, the repository of the nobler arts. Her scenery rises far above rural beauty; it has a claim to animation and almost to genius. Every spot of her surface, every river, every mountain, and every forest, yes, every rivulet, hillock, and thicket, have been ennobled by the energies of the mind, and are become monuments of intellectual worth and glory. No country furnishes a greater number of ideas, or inspires so many generous and exalting sentiments. To have visited it at any period, may be ranked among the minor blessings of life, and is one of the means of mental improvement. But this visit at all times advantageous, was on the present occasion, of peculiar interest and importance.

Italy seems now to be in the first stage of one of those revolutions that occasionally change the destinies of nations, and very much improve or very much injure the state of society. Improvement Italy can scarce expect; she has enjoyed a long series of tranquil and almost glorious years, and attained a degree of prosperity and independence far greater than at any period of her history, from the reigns of the first Cæsars down to the present epoch. She is now once more fallen into subjection, and actually lies prostrate at the feet of her most ancient and most inveterate enemies. These enemies have at all times been remarkable for their treachery and their rapacity,

and these two destructive qualities they have already exercised in Italy with considerable latitude, and will probably indulge, without restraint, when their new domination shall be consolidated by time and by habit*. Though the levity of the national character, and the history of the Gallic tribes, which represents them as invading almost every country, from the *Hebrides* to the *Caspian*, with success always followed by defeat, seem to militate against the probable durability of their empire beyond the *Alps*; yet, should it last for any time its consequences would be infinitely more pernicious to Italy than all the preceding invasions united. That many of the hordes of ancient barbarians were cruel, I admit, and also that they ravaged Italy, sometimes butchered and always oppressed her unfortunate inhabitants; but it must be remembered that they all submitted to her religion, adopted her language, assumed her habits and manners, and made either Rome herself, or some one of the Italian cities, the seat of their empire. Now a country that retains all these advantages, though wasted by war and depredation, still possesses the means of restoration, and cherishes in its bosom the very seeds of independence and of prosperity.

How different are the views, how opposite the conduct, of the modern invaders. Declared enemies to Christianity, to the religion of Italy, they persecute it in all its forms. Their own language they wish to make the dialect of Europe;

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* Gens rapiendi avidissima. *Livius* XXXVIII.

their fashions are to be the standard of civilization; and Paris is the destined metropolis of the universe. Italy is to be degraded into a province, her sons are to be the slaves and the instruments of the *Great Nation*, to recruit its armies and to labour for its greatness. With such views they will inevitably drain Italy of its population; they will strip it of its ornaments and its riches; they will break its spirit, and consequently they will stifle its genius; that is, they will deprive it of all its proud distinctions, of all its glorious prerogatives, and reduce it to the state of Greece under the Turks, that of a desolated province, the seat of ignorance and of barbarism, of famine and of pestilence. Thus these golden days will be followed, as the Augustan age was, by years of darkness and of disorder; the magnificent remains of its palaces and its temples will strew its surface in their turn, and perhaps excite hereafter the interest and exercise the ingenuity of future travellers. The seven hills will again be covered with shattered masses, and the unrivalled Vatican itself only enjoy the melancholy privilege of presenting to the astonished spectator a more shapeless and a more gigantic ruin!

But we had now reached the northern brow of the mountain; we had passed the boundaries of Italy, and left the regions of classic fame and beauty behind us. Nothing occurred to attract our attention, or to counterbalance the inconvenience of delay. England rose before us with all its public glories, and with all its domestic charms. England, invested like Rome with empire and with renown, because like Romeg, overned by its senate and by its people. Its attractions, and our eagerness increased as we approached; and the remaining

part of the journey was hurried over with indifference, because all our thoughts were fixed on home and on its endearments*.

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* Not only tost on bleak Germania's roads,
And panting breathless in her *fumed* abodes,
Not only through her forests pacing slow,
And climbing sad her mounts of driv'n snow:
All dreary wastes, that ever bring to mind
The beauties, pleasures, comforts left behind:
But in those climes where suns for ever bright,
O'er scenes Elysian shed a purer light;
And partial nature with a liberal hand,
Scatters her graces round the smiling land.
On fair Parthenope's delicious shore,
Where slumb'ring seas forget their wonted roar,
Where Ocean daily sends his freshening breeze,
To sweep the plain and fan the drooping trees;
And evening zephyrs springing from each grove,
Shed cooling dews and incense as they rove.—
And there, where Arno curled by many a gale,
Pours freshness o'er Etruria's vine-clad vale;
Where Vallombrosa's groves, *o'er-arching high*,
Resounding murmur through the middle sky——
Even there, where Rome's majestic domes ascend,
Pantheons swell, and *time-worn* arches bend;
Where Tiber winding through his desert plains,
Midst modern palaces and ancient fanes,
Beholds with anguish half, and half with pride,
Here ruins strew, there temples grace his side;
[Unhappy Rome! though once the glorious seat
Where empire throned saw nations at his feet,
Now doom'd once more by cruel fate to fall
An helpless prize to treacherous pilfering Gaul.]

Even in these scenes, which all who see admire,
And bards and painters praise with rival fire,
Where memory wakes each visionary grace,
And sheds new charms on nature's lovely face;
Even in these sacred scenes so fam'd, so fair,
My partial heart still felt its wonted care,
And melted still to think how far away,
The dearer scenes of lovely Albion lay.

DISSERTATION.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE GEOGRAPHY——CLIMATE——SCENERY——HISTORY——LANGUAGE——LITERATURE——AND RELIGION OF ITALY——AND ON THE CHARACTER OF THE ITALIANS.

THE following reflections are the result of the author's observations and researches while in Italy, and may, in part, be considered as a recapitulation of the whole work, and as the summary of an Italian tour. We will begin with its geography, because from its situation and climate it derives that beauty and fertility which render it the garden of Europe, and mark it out as perhaps the most delicious region on the surface of the globe.

GEOGRAPHY.

In geography, there are two modes of division to be considered; one natural, the other artificial. The former is generally permanent and unalterable; the latter being factitious, is liable to

change, and seldom indeed outlasts the cause that produced it. The former, interests us where its lines are bold and magnificent; the latter, when connected with great events and with the history of celebrated nations*. In both these divisions Italy is peculiarly fortunate, but transcendently so in the former. The *Alps*, the highest ridge of mountains in the ancient world, separate it from the regions of the north, and serve as a barrier against the frozen tempests that blow from the boreal continents, and as a rampart against the inroads of their once savage inhabitants. Annibal justly calls these mountains, *Mœnia non Italiæ modo sed etiam urbis Romanæ* †.

The *Adriatic Sea* bathes it on the east; the *Tyrrhene* on the west; and on the south the *Ionian* opens an easy communication with all the southern countries. Numberless islands line its shores, and appear as so many outposts to protect it against the attacks of a maritime enemy; or rather as so many attendants to grace the state of the queen of the *Mediterranean*. Such are its external borders. In the interior, the *Apennines* extend through its whole length, and branching out into various ramifications divide it into several provinces materially differing in their climates and productions.

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* Most of the provinces still retain their ancient names, such as, Latium (Lazio), Etruria, Umbria, Sabina, Campania, Apulia (La Pulia), Calabria, Samnium, &c. names blended with the fictions of the fabulous ages, as with the first events recorded in the infancy of history.

† Liv.

Italy lies extended between the thirty-eighth and the forty-sixth degree of northern latitude, a situation which exposes it to a considerable degree of heat in summer and of cold in winter: but the influence of the seas and of the mountains that surround or intersect it, counteracts the effects of its latitude, and produces a temperature that excludes all extremes, and renders every season delightful. However, as the action of these causes is unequal, the climate of the country at large, though every where genial and temperate, varies considerably, and more so sometimes than the distance between the places so differing might induce a person to expect. Without entering into all, or many of these variations the effects of the bearings of the different mountains, Italy may be divided into four regions, which, like the sister naiads of Ovid, though they have many features in common, have also each a characteristic peculiarity.

The first of these regions is the vale of the *Po*, which extends about two hundred and sixty miles in length, and in breadth, where widest, one hundred and fifty. It is bounded by the *Alps* and the *Apennines* on the north, west, and south, and on the east, lies open to the *Adriatic*. The second, is the tract enclosed by the *Apennines*, forming the Roman and Tuscan territories. The third, is confined to the *Campania Felix* and its immediate dependencies, such as the borders and the islands of the bay of Naples, and of the plains of *Pæstum*. The last consists of *Labruzzo*, *Apulia*, *Calabria*, and the southern extremities of Italy.

The first of these regions or climates has been represented by many as perhaps the most fertile and the most delicious

territory in the universe; to it we may apply literally the encomium which Virgil seems to have confined to the vicinity of *Mantua*.

> Non liquidi gregibus fontes, non gramina desunt,
> Et quantum longis carpent armenta diebus
> Exigua tantum gelidus ros nocte reponit.
>
> *Georg.* II.

It owes this fertility to the many streams that descend from the bordering mountains, and furnish a constant supply to the majestic river that intersects it, the *Fluviorum Rex Eridanus*. But while the mountains thus water it with fertilizing rills, they also send down occasionally gales to cool it in summer, and blasts that sometimes chill its climate, and give its winter some features of transalpine severity, slight indeed, as if merely to call the attention of the inhabitants to that repository of eternal snow that rises perpetually before them; but sufficient to check the growth of such plants as, like the orange, and the almond, shrink from frost or pine away under its most mitigated aspect. The vine, though common and indeed luxuriant, is supposed by the French not to prosper in this climate, because the wines are in general thin and sour; but this defect must be ascribed, not solely to the climate, which in warmth and uniformity far excels that of *Champagne* or *Burgundy*, but to the mode of cultivation. To allow the vine to raise itself into the air, to spread from branch to branch, and to equal its *consort* elms and poplars in elevation and luxuriancy, is beautiful to the eye and delightful to the fancy; but not so favourable to the quality of the wines, which become richer and stronger when the growth

is repressed, and its energies confined within a smaller compass *.

The second climate is protected from the blasts of the north by an additional ridge of mountains, so that it is less obnoxious to the action of frost, and, in fact, more liable to be incommoded by the heats of summer than by wintry cold. Its productions accordingly improve in strength and flavour; its wines are more generous, and its orchards graced with oranges. It is however exposed occasionally to chill piercing blasts, and not entirely unacquainted with the frosts and snows of transalpine latitudes.

In the third climate, that is, in the delicious plains of *Campania*, so much and so deservedly celebrated by travellers, painters, and poets, nature seems to pour out all her treasures with complacency, and trusts without apprehension her tenderest productions to gales ever genial, and skies almost always serene.

The plains of *Apulia*, that lie beyond the *Apennines*, opening

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* The reader will observe, that I avoid the name frequently given to the plains of the *Po* or of *Milan*. *Lombardy* is a barbarous appellation derived from one of the fiercest tribes that invaded and wasted the delicious region I am describing. After more than two centuries of devastation and restless warfare, they were exterminated by Charlemagne; and I do not see why their name should survive their existence, or why a barbarous term should displace a Latin appellation.

Occidit, occideritque sinas cum nomine.
Virg.

to the rising sun, with the coasts of *Abruzzo* and *Calabria*, form the last and fourth division, differing from that which precedes in increasing warmth only, and in productions more characteristic of a southern latitude, such as the aloes and the majestic palm; objects which, though not common, occur often enough to give a novelty and variety to the scenery. I have confined this distinction of climates principally to the plains, as the mountains that limit them vary according to their elevation, and at the same time enclose in their windings, vallies which enjoy in the south the cool temperature of the *Milanese*, and in the north glow with all the sultriness of *Abruzzo*. Such, in a few words, is the geography of Italy.

I must here observe, that an opinion has been adopted by several authors, that the climate of Italy has undergone a considerable change during the last fifteen centuries, and that its winters are much warmer at present than they were in the time of the ancient Romans. This opinion is founded upon some passages in the ancients, alluding to a severity of cold seldom experienced in latter ages, and sometimes describing winter scenes never now beheld beyond the *Apennines*. The supposed alteration is explained by the subsequent cultivation of *Germany*, whose immense forests and wide extended swamps, the receptacles of so many damp and chilling exhalations, have been cleared away, drained, and turned into fertile fields and sunny meadows, that fill the air with vegetable warmth and genial emanations.

Cultivation, without doubt, while it opens the thick recesses of woods, and carries away stagnating waters, not only purifies but warms the atmosphere, and may probably extend its

beneficial influence to the adjacent countries. Yet, it is much to be doubted, whether the air of *Germany*, howsoever it may have been ameliorated, could reach Italy, or ever have the least influence on its climate. Not to speak of the distance that separates the two countries, the *Alps* alone form an insurmountable barrier that soars almost above the region of the wind, and arrests alike the breath of the gale and the rage of the tempest. In fact, if the long lingering winters of *Germany* do not now retard the progress of spring in Italy, nor the deep snows and bitter frosts that chill the mountains and defiles of *Trent*, either check the verdure or blast the opening flowers in the neighbouring plains of *Verona*, it is not credible that anciently the damps, which rose from the overflowings of the *Elbe* or the *Oder*, should have clouded the Italian sky, or that the keen blasts that sprung from the depths of the *Hercynian* forest should chill the gales of *Campania*, or cover its vineyards with snow. The Alps formed then, as they do now, the line of separation which distinguishes the climates as effectually as it divides the countries, and confines the rigours of winter to the northern side, while it allows the spring to clothe the southern with all her flowers. The climate, we may then fairly conclude, remains the same, or if any partial changes have taken place, they are to be attributed to earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, or such like local causes, too confined in their operations to produce any general effect.

The classical passages which gave rise to the contrary conjecture may, I presume, be explained in a manner perfectly satisfactory without it. The first and principal argument in favour of the pretended change of climate is taken from Pliny

the Younger, who, when describing his villa on the banks of the *Tiber*, admits that the severity of the winter was oftentimes fatal to his plants; but as a kind of consolation adds, that the neighbourhood of Rome was not exempt from a similar inconvenience. The reader must observe, that the villa, of which Pliny speaks, was situated in a vale, flanked by the *Apennines*, and open only towards the north, obnoxious, of course, to the cold blasts that sweep the bleak forests of *Monte Somma* on one side, and the snowy summits of *Sera Valle* on the other, as well as to the boreal tempest that blows unimpeded in its progress over the whole length of the valley. That, in such a situation, plants should frequently suffer from the inclemency of the weather formerly as well as at present, is not wonderful. As for the effects of cold in the neighbourhood of Rome they are full as strong and as frequent now as in Pliny's time; and the reason is plain. The *Apennines* form an immense theatre, including Rome and its *Campagna*, as its arena. Of these mountains most are covered with snow, three, many six, and some nine months in the year. Whenever a strong wind happens to blow from any of these vast magazines of ice it brings with it so many frozen particles as to chill the warmest air, and to affect the temperature of spring though considerably advanced, and sometimes even of summer itself. Instances of such an alteration are by no means uncommon*. The same influence of mountain air on the climate

* One of these sudden squalls occurred during our visit to Horace's villa, and has been mentioned among the incidents of that excursion.—Vol. I. chap. xviii.

in general enables us to explain different passages of Horace usually quoted on this subject. *Mandela*, now *Bardela*, which the poet characterizes as, *rugosus frigore pagus*, is situated in the midst of the *Sabine* mountains, and of course chilled by many a biting blast; and as for Mount *Soracte*, the traveller may see it almost every winter *lifting its snowy ridge* to the clouds: while, if he traverses the defiles of the *Apennines*, he may behold many a forest *encumbered with its wintry load*, and discover here and there a stream *fettered with icicles* †.

On the twenty-third of March we ascended the *Montagna della Guardia*, near *Bologna*. The weather was so warm as to render the shade of the portico extremely pleasant during the ascent. Near the church, on the summit of the hill, we found a considerable quantity of deep snow, which had till then resisted the full force of a vernal sun. As this hill forms the first step of the neighbouring *Apennines*, the snow that lay on its summit was only the skirt of that vast covering which remains spread over the higher ridges of those mountains, till dissolved by the intense heats of Midsummer.

The climate of Italy is therefore now, as it was anciently, temperate though inclined to heat. The rays of the sun are powerful even in winter; and the summer, particularly when the *Sirocco* blows, is sultry and sometimes oppressive. The heat, however, is

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† Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineânt onus
Sylvæ laborantes, geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto.

Hor. Carm. lib. i. 9.

never intolerable, as the air is frequently cooled by breezes from the mountains, and on the southern coast, refreshed by a regular gale from the sea. This breeze rises about eight in the morning and blows without interruption till four in the afternoon, deliciously tempering the burning suns of Naples, and sweeping before it the sullen vapours that brood over the torrid *Campagna*. Moreover, the windings and recesses of the mountains afford as they ascend, several retreats, where, in the greatest heats of summer, and during the very fiercest glow of the dog-days, the traveller may enjoy the vernal coolness and the mild temperature of England. Such are the baths of Lucca, situated in a *long withdrawing* vale and shaded by forests of chestnuts; such is Vallombrosa, encircled by the forests of the Apennine; and such too the situation of Horace's Sabine Villa, concealed in one of the woody dells of Mount Lucretilis, with the oak and the ilex wafting freshness around it.

Though rain is not frequent during the spring and summer months, yet occasional showers fall abundant enough to refresh the air and revive the face of nature. These showers are generally accompanied by thunder storms, and when untimely, that is before or during the harvest, are as mischievous in their consequences as that which Virgil describes with such appearances of apprehension *. As I have elsewhere mentioned the regular

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* Sæpe ego cum flavis messorem induceret arvis
Agricola, et fragili jam stringeret hordea culmo
Omnia ventorum concurrere prælia vidi
Quæ gravidam late segetem radicibus imis
Sublime expulsam eruerent . . . .

Georg. I.

rains of Autumn, and the inundations of winter torrents, I need not enlarge upon the same subject again; but it will be sufficient to observe, that the periodical rains, and the accidental showers, the local effects of mountains and seas, and even the clouds and storms of winter, are only transient and temporary interruptions of the general serenity that constitutes one of the principal advantages of this delightful climate. The traveller when after his return, he finds himself wrapped up in the impenetrable gloom of a London fog, or sees the gay months of May and June clouded with perpetual vapours, turns his recollection with complacency to the pure azure that canopies Rome and Naples, and contemplates in thought the splendid tints that adorn the vernal skies of Italy.

> Largior hic campus æther et lumine vestit
> Purpureo.

SCENERY.

11. Nothing, in fact, is more pleasing to an eye accustomed to contemplate prospects through the medium of a vaporous sky, than the extreme purity of the atmosphere, the consequent brightness of the light and the distinct appearance of remote objects. A serene sky takes off much of the horrors of a desert, and communicates a smile to barren sands and shapeless rocks; what then must be its effects upon the face of a region in which nature seems to have collected all her means of ornament, all her arts of pleasing; plains fertile and extensive, varied with gentle swells and bold elevations; mountains of every shape outline and degree, sometimes advancing, sometimes retiring, but always

in view, presenting here their shaggy declivities darkened with woods, and there a long line of brown rugged precipices; now lifting to the skies a head of snow and now a purple summit; unfolding as you advance, and discovering in their windings rich vallies, populous villages, lakes and rivers, convents and cities; these are the materials of picturesque beauty, and these are the constant and almost invariable features of Italian scenery. Hence, this celebrated country has not only been the favourite resort or rather theme of poets, but the school of painters, whether natives or foreigners, who have found in its varied prospects, the richest source of every species of beauty. There, amid the Sabine hills, that spread so many soft charms around *Tivoli*, *Poussin* formed his taste, and collected the originals of the mild rural scenes displayed in his most famous landscapes. *Claude Lorraine* made the Alban Mount, and all the successive range of Apennine that sweeps along the Roman and the Neapolitan coast, his favourite haunt; and there he saw and copied the glowing shades that embrown the woods, the rich tints that gleam along the distant promontories, and brighten the surface of the ocean. *Salvator Rosa* indulged his bolder genius in contemplating the mountains and the forests of Calabria, where he found that mixture of strength and softness, of grace and wildness, and that striking combination of deep and airy tinges that characterize his daring pencil.

HISTORY.

III. That a country, thus gifted with a fertile soil, a serene sky, and unusual beauty, should have attracted the attention of its neighbours, and not unfrequently allured distant tribes from less favoured settlements, was natural; and accordingly we

find that the nations of the south and the tribes of the north, *Phenicians Trojans* and *Greeks*, *Gauls Goths* and *Vandals;* and in more modern times, that *Spaniards French* and *Austrians*, have invaded, subdued, or ravaged its several provinces in their turns with various success, and with very different consequences. The *Phenicians* established themselves in *Etruria*: the *Greeks* principally occupied the southern provinces: the *Trojans* fixed themselves in *Latium*, the heart and centre of the country; and the *Celtic* tribes seized the fertile territories extending along the banks of the *Po*, and stretching from the *Alps* to the *Apennines*. The *Phenicians* and *Greeks* brought with them their arts and sciences, established flourishing cities, and laid the foundations of the future glory and prosperity of the country. The barbarians of the north never passed their frozen barriers without bringing devastation and ruin in their train. If they made a transient incursion, like a tempest they swept away every thing within their range of havoc; if they settled, they lay like an army of locusts, a dead weight on the soil, and ages passed over their iron generations before they were softened into civilization and humanity. To the *Trojans* was reserved the nobler lot of establishing the Roman power, of taming and breaking the fierce spirit of the northern savages, of carrying the arts and sciences of the southern colonists to the highest degree of perfection, of uniting the strength, the genius, the powers of Italy in one centre, and of melting down the whole into one vast mass of interest and of empire.

Previous to the establishment of the Roman sovereignty, Italy, though independent and free, was weak because divided into petty states, and incapable not only of conquest, but even of long and successful defence. During the era of Roman

glory, Italy united under one head and directed by one principle, displayed talents and energies which astonished and subdued the Universe, and furnished the brightest examples of virtue and courage, of wisdom and of success that emblazon the pages of history. After the fall of the empire, Italy was again divided and again weakened, frequently invaded with success, and repeatedly insulted with impunity. The *Venetians*, it is true, rose to a high degree of pre-eminence and consideration; but they retained even in their greatness the spirit of a petty republic, and alive to their own, but indifferent to the general interest, they too often conspired against their common country, and to further their own projects, abetted the cause of its oppressors. The sovereign Pontiffs alone seem to have inherited the spirit of the Romans, and like them to have kept their eyes ever fixed on one grand object, as long as its attainment seemed possible; that object was the expulsion of the *barbarians* and the annihilation of all foreign influence in Italy. They have failed, though more than once on the very point of success, and their failure, as was foreseen, has at length left Italy at the disposal of one of the most insulting and wantonly mischievous nations that ever invaded its fair domains. What may be the duration, or what the consequences of the present dependent and degraded state of that country, it is difficult to conjecture; but should it terminate in the union of all its provinces under one active government seated in Rome, (and there is at least a possibility that such may be the result,) such an event would compensate all its past sufferings, and place it once more within the reach of independence, of empire, and of renown. The power which the present sovereign of Italy and of France enjoys, is peculiarly his own; and like that of Charlemagne, will probably be wrested from the grasp of his feeble successors.

Whoever then becomes master of Italy, if he should possess abilities, will find all the materials of greatness ready for his use; an Italian army, a rich territory, an immense population, and a national character bold, penetrating, calm, and persevering; with such means at his command he may defy all foreign power or influence, perhaps stand up the rival of France, and share with the British monarch, the glory of being the umpire and the defender of Europe. No country in reality is better calculated to oppose the gigantic pride of France than Italy; strong in its natural situation, big with resources, *magna parens frugum*, *magna virum*, teeming with riches and crowded with inhabitants, the natural mistress of the *Mediterranean*, she might blockade the ports, or pour her legions on the open coast of her adversary at pleasure, and baffle her favourite projects of southern conquest, with ease and certainty.

But the fate of Italy, and indeed of Europe, hangs still uncertain and undecided; nor is it given to human sagacity to divine the permanent consequences that will follow the grand revolutions which have, during the last fifteen years, convulsed the political system. To turn, therefore, from dubious conjectures about futurity to observations on the past; Liberty, which has seldom visited any country more than once, and many not at all, has twice smiled on Italy, and during many a happy age covered her fertile surface with republics, bold, free, and independent. Such were the *Sabines*, *Latins*, *Volsci*, *Samnites*, most of the *Etrurian* tribes, and all the Greek colonies, previous to the era of Roman preponderance; and such the States of *Siena*, *Pisa*, *Florence*, *Lucca*, *Genoa*, and *Venice*, that rose out of the ruins of the empire, flourished in the midst of barbarism, and transmitted the principles and the spirit of ancient

liberty down to modern times. Of these commonwealths, some were equal, and two were superior, in power policy and duration, to the proudest republics of Greece, not excepting *Lacedemon* and *Athens;* and like them enjoyed the envied privilege of producing poets and historians to record and to illustrate their institutions and achievements. The reader, who peruses these records, will applaud the spirit of liberty and patriotism that animated almost all the Italian republics during the periods to which I allude, and he will admire the opulence and prosperity that accompanied and rewarded that spirit, as well as the genius and the talents that seemed to wait upon it, or to start up instantaneous at its command.

While contemplating the splendid exhibition of the virtues and powers of the human mind, called into action and perfected in these latter as in those more ancient commonwealths of Greece and Rome, the candid reader will perhaps feel himself disposed to question that grand axiom of politicians, that monarchy, when lodged in the hands of a perfectly wise and good prince, is the best mode of government. If peace, security, and tranquillity, were the sole or even the principal objects of the human mind in the present state of existence, such a position might be true; and in admitting its truth, man must resign his dignity, and sacrifice the powers and the accomplishments of his nature to ease and to indolence. But the intention of Providence seems to be very different. He has bestowed upon man great intellectual powers, and endowed him with wonderful energies of soul, and his Will must be, that these powers and energies should be put forth, and developed and matured by exertion. Now, the more perfect the monarchy, the less occasion there is for the talents and exertions of subjects. The

wisdom of the prince pervades every branch of administration and extends to every corner of the empire; it remedies every disorder, and provides for every contingency: the subject has nothing to do but to enjoy, and to applaud the vigilance and foresight of his sovereign. That a state so governed is very delightful in description, and very prosperous in reality, I admit; but what are its fruits, and what the result of its prosperity? Ease, or rather indolence, pride, and luxury. No manly talents ripen, no rough hardy virtues prosper under its influence. Look at the Roman empire under Trajan and the Antonines, the most accomplished princes that have ever adorned a throne, whose era is represented by Gibbon as constituting the happiest period of human history. Peace, justice, and order, reigned, it is true, in every province, and the Capital received every day additional embellishments.

Mollia securæ peragebant otia gentes. *Ovid.*

But what great men arose to distinguish and immortalize this age of happiness? The two Plinys, Tacitus, and Suetonius. Look next at the great republic in the days of Cicero, when jarring factions and clashing interests roused every passion, and awakened every energy: when every virtue and every vice stood in array and struggled for the mastery. See, what talents were displayed! what genius blazed! what noble characters arose on all sides! Lucretius, Sallust, Cato, Pompey, Cicero, and Cæsar, all sprang up in the midst of public fermentation, and owe their virtues, their acquirements, and their fame to the stormy vicissitudes of a popular government. Behold again the glories of the Augustan age, all a splendid reflection of the setting sun of liberty. Virgil, Horace, and Titus Livius, were nursed, educated, and formed under the Republic; they speak its lofty

language, and breathe in every page its generous and ennobling sentiments. Let us again turn to the Italian states. Naples has for many ages, indeed almost ever since the time of Cæsar, been under the sway of a monarch; Florence, for many a century, and in reality till the sixteenth, was a republic. How unproductive in genius is Naples; how exuberant Florence!

In pursuing these observations I am tempted to go a step farther, and to infer from the great prosperity of the Italian, as well as of the ancient Grecian republics, that small territories are better calculated for happiness and for liberty than extensive empires. Almost all the great towns in Italy, particularly on the coasts and in the northern provinces, have in their turns been independent; and during the era of their independence, whatsoever might be the form of their internal government, have enjoyed an unusual share of opulence, consideration, and public felicity. *Mantua*, *Verona*, and *Vicenza*, owe all their magnificence to their governors or to their senate, during that period; since their subjection or annexation to greater states, they have lost their population and riches, and seem to subsist on the scanty remains of their former prosperity.

Sienna and *Pisa* could once count each a hundred thousand inhabitants, and though their territories scarce extended ten miles around their walls, yet their opulence enabled them to erect edifices that would do honour to the richest monarchies. These cities yielded in time to the prevailing influence of their rival *Florence*, and under its Dukes withered away into secondary towns; while their wide circumference, stately streets, and marble edifices, daily remind the few scattered inhabitants, of the greatness and of the glory of their ancestors.

Lucca still retains its independence and its liberty, and with them its full population, its opulence, and its fertility. *Parma* and *Modena* possess the latter advantages because independent, but in an inferior degree comparatively, because not free. *Bologna* is, (I am afraid I may now say, *was*,) a most flourishing city, though annexed to the papal territory; because though nominally subject to the pontiff, it is governed by its own magistrates, and enjoys almost all the benefits of actual independence.

These petty states, it is true, were agitated by factions at home, and engaged in perpetual warfare abroad; but their civic tempests and foreign hostilities, like the feuds and the contests of the ancient Greeks, seem to have produced more good than evil. They seldom terminated in carnage or in destruction; while they never failed to give a strong impulse to the public mind, and to call forth in the collision every latent spark of virtue and of genius. It may, perhaps, be objected, that such petty states are too much exposed to external hostility, and are incapable of opposing a long and an effectual resistance to a powerful invader; and the fate of Italy itself may be produced as an instance of the misery and desolation to which a country is exposed when divided, and subdivided into so many little independent communities. It may indeed be difficult for such states to preserve their independence at a time like the present, when two or three overgrown Powers dictate to the rest of Europe, and when great masses are necessary to resist the impetus of such preponderant agents. But I know not whether a sort of federal union, like that of *Switzerland* (for *Switzerland* lost her liberty, not because subdivided but because enervated);

or rather an occasional subjection, like that of the Greeks to Agammemnon, and that of the Italian municipal towns to the Roman republic, when the common cause required them to unite and act as one body, (while at other times each state enjoyed its own laws and was governed by its own magistrates, under the honourable appellation of *Socii:)* I know not whether such a conditional and qualified submission would not be adequate to all the purposes of defence, and even of conquest in general, without subverting the independence, or checking the prosperity of any state in particular.

——— Sic fortis Etruria crevit:
Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.

But to conclude, and to sum up the history of Italy in one short observation: no country has ever been the subject or the theatre of so many wars, has enjoyed a greater portion or a longer duration of liberty, exhibited more forms of government, or given birth to so many and such powerful empires and republics. Virgil seems, therefore, not only to have described its past, but explored its future destinies, when comprising in four emphatic words its eventful annals, he represents it as,

Gravidam imperiis, belloque frementem.
Æneid IV. 229.

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF MODERN ITALY.

IV. That a country subject to so many vicissitudes, colonized by so many different tribes, and convulsed by so many

destructive revolutions, should have not only varied its dialects but sometimes totally changed its idiom, must appear natural and almost inevitable: we are only surprized when we find that in opposition to the influence of so many causes, Italy has retained, for so long a series of ages, so much of one language, and preserved amidst the influx of so many barbarous nations uttering such discordant jargons, the full harmonious sounds of its native Latin. I have elsewhere made some observations on the origin and progress of this language*, and need only add to them, that it remained long in a state of infancy and imperfection; that, in the short space of one hundred and fifty or two hundred years, it passed rapidly to the highest refinement; and that in the days of Cicero and Virgil, it was compared by the partial Romans, and not without some appearance of reason, for copiousness, grace, and majesty, to the most perfect of human dialects, the language of Plato and of Demosthenes. Its decline was as rapid as its progress. The same century may be said to have witnessed its perfection and its decay. The causes that produced this decay continued to operate during ten or even twelve centuries with increasing activity, during which Latin was first corrupted, and then repolished and softened into modern Italian. When this change took place, by what causes it was effected, or, in other words, when and from what the Italian language originated, has been a matter of much curious research and long discussion among the learned in Italy; and where the most eminent native critics differ, it would be presumption in a foreigner to decide. As to the precise period when pure

* Vol. II. Chap. X.

Latin ceased to be spoken it would indeed be useless to inquire, because impossible to discover. Languages are improved and corrupted, formed and lost almost imperceptibly: the change in them, as in the works of nature, though daily carried on, becomes observable only at distant periods, while the intermediate gradations are too nice to excite observation. Gibbon, who might have been expected to enlarge upon a point so interesting in itself and so intimately connected with his subject as the fate of the Latin language, has only mentioned in general terms and without any allusion to the time, its entire cessation as a living tongue. For want of better information on this point, the following observations may, perhaps, be acceptable.

The Latin language, stripped indeed of its elegance, but still grammatical and genuine, survived the invasion and expulsion of the Goths, and continued to be spoken in Rome in the beginning of the seventh century. That it was spoken under Theodoric and his successors appears evident from their laws, regulations, and letters in Cassiodorus. In one of these letters, *Theodahatus*, then king of Italy, speaking of the language of Rome, says—"*Roma tradit eloquium quo suavius nihil auditur**." After the long and most destructive war which terminated in the expulsion of the Goths, we find Gregory the Great, in the beginning of the seventh century, delivering his instructions to his flock in Latin, and in a style far more fluent and correct than Cassiodorus, who preceded him by more than fiftyyears. It is to be remembered, that these instructions were not learned

* Cass. lib. x. ep. 7.

harangues, *ad clerum*, but familiar discourses addressed to the people on Sundays and holidays, and consequently in the language best understood by those to whom they were directed. I am aware, that *Fornerius* asserts in a note on the epistle of *Theodahatus*, which I have quoted above, that he himself had seen a deed drawn up at Ravenna in the reign of Justinian, in the language of modern Italians; *eo sermone quo vulgus Italiæ nunc utitur;* but whatever may be the genuineness of such an instrument or deed, it is evident, from the expression of the king which I have cited, that such could not have been the language of Rome at that era.

From the time of Gregory the Great to the restoration of the western empire, Rome, though perpetually threatened, was never taken by the Lombards, nor by any other barbarians, nor is there any appearance that any very extraordinary influx of strangers flowed into it during that interval. We may therefore conclude, that, excepting the natural progress of barbarism in a dark and distracted age, the language remained unaltered, especially as all the public and private documents that have been transmitted to us from the intervening period are all drawn up in regular grammatical Latin. We may, I believe, on the same or similar reasons, ground an inference, that the same language though more corrupted still continued in use during the ninth, tenth, and even eleventh centuries. In fact, all the sermons, letters, documents, and inscriptions of this era are all Latin, more or less corrupt, according to the profession and the information of the writer.

But, while I represent Latin as the language of the higher

and better informed part of the community, so late as the eleventh century, I do not mean to assert that the lower classes, particularly in the country, spoke a dialect so regular and correct; and I am aware that at a much earlier period the pure and grammatical language of the classics was not even understood by the common people, at least in the transalpine provinces. In the third council of Tours, Anno 813, the clergy are required to explain or to translate their sermons into *Rusticam Romanam linguam;* and in *Fontanini* we find the form of a solemn engagement between *Charles the Bald* king of France, and *Lewis* of Germany, in the year 842, in that language, or rather jargon very different indeed from Latin; but we can only infer from hence, that beyond the Alps the progress of barbarism was far more rapid than in Italy. In fact, so late as the twelfth century, we find a Calabrian hermit traversing the country, and crying out as he went along—*Benedittu, sanctificatu, laudatu, lu patre, lu Fillu, lu spiritu sanctu,* terminations still retained in the Sicilian and Wallachian dialects, probably taken from the vulgar tongue, and though corrupted still very intelligible to a Roman; at all events, this language and indeed modern Italian was long honoured with the appellation of *Lingua Romana* and *Latina.*

From these observations, I think we may at least conclude, that no new language was introduced into Italy by any of the invading tribes *. Odoacer and the Heruli were masters of

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* Odoacer made himself master of Rome and of Italy in the year 476, and was

Italy during the space of seventeen years only, a time too short to influence the language of a whole country. Theodoric and his Goths probably spoke Latin. They had long been in the service of the empire, and many, perhaps most of them, had been nursed and educated in its schools and legions. Besides, they were collected in an army, and not numerous enough to produce such a revolution as a change of language over a country so extensive; to which may be added, that their veneration for the Roman name was such, that, in order to conceal their barbarism, they endeavoured to adopt the language, manners, and dress of a people so far superior to them. Moreover, their reign did not exceed the narrow limits of sixty years, after which, during the course of a long and bloody war, they were almost exterminated by Belisarius and by Narses. The Lombards entered Italy soon after the expulsion of the Goths, and remained there for the space of two hundred years; but their influence was confined principally to the northern provinces, and consequently neither extended to Rome, nor to the greater part of the south: and they also, like the

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defeated and slain by Theodoric king of the Goths, in 493. The Goths were, in their turn, expelled in 553. The Lombards under Albion invaded Italy, and made themselves masters of the northern provinces in the year 569, and their kingdom was destroyed in the year 774. The Saracens visited it, for the first time, in the year 820, and the Normans in 1016. A considerable number of Vandals were introduced by Belisarius into Italy, after the conquest of Africa, as was a whole colony of Bulgarians at a later period, to cultivate its provinces depopulated by the war. Of these latter colonies it was observed by contemporary writers, that they soon equalled the native Italians in the purity and correctness of their language.

Goths, seem, as appears from their laws, to have adopted the language of Italy, and whatever share they might have had in corrupting it, most undoubtedly they did not attempt to substitute any other in its place. The transient visit of the French and German Cæsars, the predatory incursions of the Saracens, and the settlement of some bands of Norman adventurers, were inadequate to produce the effect in question, nor can we possibly attribute a change, so slow and so extensive as the suppresion or formation of a language, to causes so confined in their continuance and operation. To these observations, we may add one more of great importance on the subject, which is, that there is not the least resemblance between the languages of Italy and the dialects of the various tribes which I have mentioned, as far as these dialects are known to us; that the former is peculiarly soft and harmonious, all the latter rough and discordant; and consequently we may conclude, that Italian does not owe its origin to barbarians, and farther, that its introduction was gradual, and the operation, not of one, but of many succeeding ages.

But it may be still asked, whence does Italian derive its origin? May not Italian derive its origin from the corruption of the Latin language, the causes of which began to operate so early as the era of Julius Cæsar, and continued till the twelfth century, when the modern dialect first assumed a regular and grammatical form. The causes were, first, the great influx of provincials into Rome. Cæsar, to strengthen his party, brought several noble Gauls who had attached themselves to his fortunes into Italy, raised them to various dignities, and perhaps introduced some of them into the senate itself then thinned by the

civil war and its consequences *. This evil increased after the extinction of the Julian line, when the governors, and oftentimes the natives of distant provinces educated in the midst of soldiers, and unacquainted with the refinements of the capital, were promoted to the first stations, and not unfrequently raised to the imperial dignity itself. It reached a most alarming pitch in the time of Diocletian, and continued from that period to the downfal of the western empire, filling all the offices of state, crowding the legions, and degrading the throne itself, by the introduction and the usurpation of barbarians. The influence of these intruders upon the Roman idiom, may be traced through Lucan, Seneca, and Martial, to Ammianus Marcellinus and to Salvian.

Secondly, the introduction of colloquial and oftentimes rustic pronunciation into the style of the higher classes, as well as into regular composition or writing. The suppression of final letters, such as *s* † and *m*, was, we know, common in ordinary

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* The concourse of strangers was so great about this period, that Cæsar, to enable them to share the public amusements with which he entertained the Roman people, had plays acted in *all* languages.—*Suet. Div. Jul Cæs.* 39.

Confluxerunt enim, *says Cicero about the same time*, multi inquinate loquentes ex diversis locis.—*De Clar. Orat.*

† Quin etiam quod jam subrusticum videtur, olim autem politius, eorum verborum, quorum eædem erant postremæ duæ, quæ sunt in *optumus*, postremam litteram detrahebant, nisi vocalis insequebatur. Ita non erat offensio in versibus, quam nunc fugiunt poetæ novi. Ita enim loquebamur:

Qui est omnibu princeps. Non, *omnibus princeps.* Et
Vitâ illâ dignu locoque. Non *dignus.*

conversation and in light compositions, and was probably, on account of the length and solemnity of the full sound, almost universal in the provinces and in the country. In the latter class, the custom of uniting a word terminating in a vowel, with the following word beginning with one, as well as an indistinct pronunciation of vowels and consonants of similar sounds, was noticed by Cicero. These elisions were very ancient, and probably remained among the peasantry when given up by the more polished inhabitants of the Capital. In fact, from the inscription on the rostral pillar, and the epitaph of the Scipios, we find that the *m* and *s* were anciently suppressed, even in writing; that the *b* and the *v*, the *e* and the *i*, were used indiscriminately, and that the *o* was generally employed instead of *u*. In an illiterate age, when few know how to read or write, and such were the ages that followed the fall of the Roman Empire, the pronunciation of the lower class generally becomes that of the community at

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Cicero had observed a little before, that the use of the aspirate was much less common anciently than it was in his time, and that the early Romans were accustomed to pronounce Cetegos, triumpos, Cartaginem, &c. that is as the modern Italians (*Orator* 48). The more frequent use of the aspirate was probably derived from the Greek pronunciation, which began to influence Roman elocution about that period.—*Cic. de Claris Orat.* 74.

The observations of Quintilian upon the *S* and the *M* are curious:

Cæterum consonantes quoque eæque præcipue quæ sunt asperiores in commissura verborum rixantur . . . . . quæ fuit causa et Servio subtrahendæ, S, literæ quoties ultima esset aliaque consonante susciperetur. Quod reprehendit Lauranius, Messala defendit. Nam neque Lucilium putant uti eadem ultima cum dicit *Scrœnu fuit* et *dignu' loco;* quinetiam Cicero in *Oratore* plures antiquorum tradit sic locutos inde *Belligerare*, po' *meridiem*. Et illa Censorii Catonis Die' hanc; æque', m, litera in e mollita. Quæ in veteribus libris reperta mutare imperiti solent et dum librariorum inscientiam insectari volunt, suam confitentur.—*Quintil.* lib. IX.

large, and at length acquires authority by time and prescription.

Another cause, similar and concomitant, was the ignorance of orthography. The dreadful and destructive wars that preceded and followed that disastrous event, suspended all literary pursuits, dissolved all schools and seminaries, and deprived for ages the inhabitants of Italy of almost all means of instruction. Books were rare, and readers still rarer; pronunciation was abandoned to the regulation of the ear only, and the ear was unguided by knowledge, and depraved by barbarous dissonance. We may easily guess how a language must be disfigured when thus given up to the management of ignorance, when we observe how our own servants and peasants spell the commonest words of their native tongue, even though in their infancy they may have learned at least the elements of reading and spelling*.

Among these causes we may perhaps number the false refinements of the Italians themselves; and it is highly probable, as the learned Maffei conjectures, that the unparalleled effeminacy of the Romans during the second, third, and fourth cen-

* To the ignorance of orthography we may attribute half the corruption of the Latin language: hence the degradation of the Capitolium into *Campidoglio*, the Portico of Caius and Lucius (Caii et Lucii) into *Galluccio;* hence the Busta Gallorum became *Porto Gallo*, the Cloaca, *Chiavicha*, Video, *Veggo*, Hodie, *Oggi*, &c. &c. &c.

The most material change took place not in the sound but in the sense of the words, though it is difficult to conceive how it could have been effected. Thus, laxare to loosen, unbind, has become *lasciare* to let go, to let in general; cavare to hollow, indent, is now to take, to draw. Morbidus, sickly, morbid, *morbido*, soft, &c.

turies, might have extended itself even to their language, multiplied its smoother sounds, retrenched some of its rougher combinations, and turned many of its manly and majestic closes by consonants into the easier flow of vowel terminations. In fact, no circumstance relative to the Italian language is so singular and so unaccountable as its softness. The influence of the peasantry of the country, as well as that of the northern barbarians, must have tended, it would seem, to untune the language and fill it with jarring and discordant sounds; yet the very reverse has happened, and the alteration has been conducted as if under the management of an academy employed for the express purpose of rendering the utterance distinct and easy, as well as soft and musical. Thus the termination of *m*, so often recurring in Latin, was supposed to have a bellowing sound, and indeed Cicero calls it *mugientem litteram;* the *s* again was heard to hiss too often at the end of words; as *t* closing the third person was considered as too short and smart for a concluding letter; they were all three suppressed. *Cl*, *pl*, *tr*, have somewhat indistinct as well as harsh in the utterance; the first was changed before a vowel into *chi*, the second into *pi*, the *t* was separated from the *r*, and a vowel inserted to give the organ time to unfold itself, and to prepare for the forcible utterance of the latter letter. Thus *Clavis*, *placere*, *trahere*, were softened into *chiave*, *piacere*, *tirare*. For similar reasons, *m*, *c*, *p*, when followed by *t*, were obliged to give way, and *somnus*, *actus*, *assumptus*, metamorphosed into *sonno*, *atto*, *assonto;* in short, not to multiply examples, which the reader's observation may furnish in abundance, the ablative case was adopted as the most harmonious, and the first conjugation as the most sonorous. The only defect of this nature in Italian, and it may be apparent only, is the frequent return of

the syllables *ce* and *ci*, which convey a sort of chirping sound, not pleasing I think when too often repeated. As for the want of energy in that language, it is a reproach which he may make who has never read Dante, Ariosto, or Tasso; he who has perused them knows that in energy both of language and of sentiment, they yield only to their illustrious masters, Virgil and Homer, and will acknowledge with a satyrist of taste and spirit, that they *strengthen and harmonize both the ear and the intellect* *.

In fine, though the invading tribes did not introduce a new language into Italy, yet they must be allowed to have had some share in corrupting and disfiguring the old, by perverting the sense of words, inverting the order of sentences, and thus infecting the whole language with the inaccuracy and barbarism of their own dialects†. Hence, though the great body of Italian remain Latin, yet it is not difficult to discover some foreign accretions, and even point out the languages from which they

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* Pursuits of Literature.

† This corruption Vida exaggerates and deplores as a change of language imposed by the victorious barbarians on the subjugated Italians.

> Pierides donec Romam, et Tiberina fluenta
> Deseruere Italis expulsæ protinus oris.
> Tanti caussa mali, Latio gens aspera aperto
> Sæpius irrumpens. Sunt jussi vertere morem
> Ausonidæ victi, victoris vocibus usi.
> Cessit amor Musarum, &c.

This *change of language* however is confined to about a thousand words, which are derived either from barbarous dialects or from unknown sources. Muratori has collected them in his *Thirty-third* Dissertation. The rest of the language is Latin.

have been taken, and though singular yet it is certain, that the Greek, the Sclavonian, and the Arabic tongues have furnished many, if not the greatest part, of these tralatitious terms.

The first remained the language of *Apulia*, *Calabria*, and other southern districts of Italy, which continued united to the Greek Empire many ages after the fall of the western. The second was brought into Italy about the middle of the seventh century by a colony of Bulgarians, established in the southern provinces by the Greek Emperors: and the latter by the Saracens, who established themselves in *Sicily*, and in some maritime towns in *Calabria*, during the ninth and tenth centuries. The Lombards probably left some, though, I believe, few traces of their uncouth jargon behind them; and the same may be supposed of the Vandals, whom Belisarius transported from *Africa*, and established as colonists in some of the most fertile provinces, to repair the dreadful havoc made in their population by the Gothic war. These causes were doubtlessly more than sufficient to produce all the changes which have taken place in the ancient language of Italy, even though we should reject the conjecture of Maffei, who supposes, that Italian retains much of the ancient dialects of the different provinces, which dialects yielded to Latin in the great towns during the dominion of Rome, but always remained in vigour in the villages and among the peasantry. Yet this opinion, in itself probable, as may well be supposed, since it is supported by such authority as that of the learned Marquis, is strengthened, and I might say almost established, by the information and acuteness of *Lanzi*.

But whatever foreign words or barbarous terms might have

forced their way into the language of Italy, they have resigned their native roughness as they passed the *Alps* or the sea, dropped their supernumerary consonants, or changed them into vowels, and instead of a nasal or guttural close, assumed the fulness and the majesty of Roman termination. Such words therefore may, in general, be considered rather as embellishments than as deformities, and doubtless add much to the copiousness, without diminishing, the harmony of the language. In this latter respect, indeed, Italian stands unrivalled. Sweetness is its characteristic feature: all modern dialects admit its superior charms, and the genius of music has chosen it for the vehicle of his most melodious accents. That this advantage is derived from the mother tongue principally, is apparent, as all the sounds of the modern language are to be found in the ancient; but some attempts seem to have been made, by retrenching the number of consonants and multiplying that of vowels; by suppressing aspirations and separating mutes; in short, by multiplying the opener sounds, and generalizing the more sonorous cases, tenses, and conjugations, even to improve the smoothness of Latin, and to increase, if possible, its harmonious powers. How far these attempts have succeeded is very questionable; especially as they have been counteracted by the introduction, or rather, the extension, of articles and of auxiliary verbs, that dead weight imposed by barbarism on all modern languages, and invented, it would seem, for the express purpose of checking the rapidity of thought, and encumbering the flow of a sentence. In this respect particularly, and almost exclusively, the modern dialect of Italy betrays marks of slavery and of degradation.

Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus.
Milton Epist. ad Patrem.

Italian is, however, freer from these burthens than any other modern language, but this partial exemption, which it owes to a nearer resemblance to its original Latin, while it proves its superiority on one side, only shows its inferiority on the other. To which we may add, that the Roman pronunciation, the only one which gives Italian all the graces and all the sweetness of which it is susceptible, is evidently the echo of the ancient language transmitted from generation to generation, and never entirely lost in that immortal Capital. Let not the daughter therefore

Sdegnosa forse del secondo onore.

dispute the honours of the Parent, but content herself with being acknowledged as the first and the fairest of her offspring*.

I will now proceed to point out some of the most striking features of resemblance, which have been observed between the modern and the ancient dialects of Italy, and at the same time indicate several words borrowed by the former from the latter. These I shall extract principally from *Lanzi*. I will then follow Latin in its decline, as I formerly traced it in its advancement, and by presenting the reader with specimens of the latinity of each century, enable him to mark its approximation to the modern language.

N. B. The reader will recollect, that the limits of the present

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* "Figlia bensi della Latina, ma non men bella e nobile della Madre," says Muratori with pardonable partiality.—*Dissert.* XXXIII.

work oblige me to confine myself to a few general observations, and to give him rather an imperfect sketch, than a full view, of this very extensive and interesting subject.

The differences between the early and later Latins, and between them and the modern Italians, may be classed under four heads—I. *Detractio*—II. *Adjectio*—III. *Immutatio*—IV. *Transmutatio.*

The Etrurians like the Dorians often retrenched syllables, as δω for δωμα, καρα for καρινον, and so the modern Italian *pro* for *prodo*, &c. and in *Dante*, *ca* for *casa.*

Retrenching the last syllable, was common from *Numa* to *Ennius*, *pa* for *parte*, *po* for *populo;* and in the latter, *cael* for *cælum*, *debil homo* for *debilis*, in *Lucretius famul* for *famulus:* a practice very common in Italian, especially in poetry,

Che non *han* tempo di *pur tor* gli scudi. *Ariosto.*

han for *hanno*, *pur* for *pure*, *tor* for *torre (togliere).*

The letters N and R were often omitted, as *Cosol rusus* for *Consul rursus.* M at the beginning, as *Ecastor* for *Mecastor*, &c. and oftener at the end, as *Regem Antioco*, and *Samnio cepet.* S was generally omitted at the end of words, as *fami' causâ.*

Cato the censor entirely omitted the M, according to Quintilian.

Vowels, in long syllables, were doubled, as *Feelix.*

In some of the ancient Italian dialects and even in Latin, as in the modern language, vowels were sometimes inserted between two consonants, merely to prevent harsh sounds; thus ΔΕΡΟΣΕΟ for ΔΡΟΣΕΟ, &c.; *principes*, *ancipes*, for *princeps*, *anceps*. *Materi* for *matri tirare* in Italian for *trahere*.

E and O were often added at the end, as *illico*, *face*, *dice*, for *illic*, *fac*, *dic*; like the modern, *amano*, *face*, *aice*.

Syllables added in the beginning, middle, and end of words, not uncommon anciently; *danunt* for *dant* is a remarkable instance: in Italian *Chiavica* for *Cloaca*.

The custom of the modern Italians of ending syllables and words with vowels is derived from their ancestors, the Latins, Umbri, and Etrurians, as well as Oscans, as *arferture* for *adfertur*, *hoco* for *hoc*, &c.

Letters were frequently transposed to facilitate utterance by the Dorians and their Italian colonies anciently, as ΚΑΡΝΕΙΟΣ for ΚΡΑΝΕΙΟΣ, a name of Apollo, as by the Italians now.

C, among the ancient Latins, often used for *g*, as *acnu* for *agnus*, and for *g* as *cotidie*, as also for *x* as *facit* for *faxit*, sometimes with *s* as *vocs*, &c. for *vox*, &c.

Syllables displaced, as *precula*, *pergula*, *Tharsomeno*, *Thrasomeno*; and in derivatives, as from Μορφη *forma*, Τερην *tener*, all in use in Italian.

F, V and B, and sometimes S and N, were used merely to

mark the aspiration, as *Ferdeum*, *Hordeum*, *Helia*, *Velia*, *Eneti*, *Veneti*, *Fruges*, *Bruges*.

Consonants, of sounds not very dissimilar were often used indiscriminately or confusedly as B P and F, M and N, D and T. *Bellum*, *Duellum*; *Parrhus*, *Burrhus*; *Capidolium*, *Capitolium*, from whence perhaps the modern *Campidoglio*, &c.

E was a prevalent letter, and often substituted for I, as in *Italian*. O also often substituted for E, and U, as *Vostri*, *colpa*, &c. as again in *Italian*.

Aspirations were marks of rusticity, common in the earlier ages of Rome.

Diphthongs were used in genitives, datives, ablatives, for simple vowels.

The Etrurians and ancient Latins, like the modern Italians, often wrote *o* for *au*, as *plostrum* for *plostro*, as also *dede* for *dedit*, *Orcule* for *Urguleius*.

Great confusion also prevailed in the ancient punctuation: sometimes neither sentences nor words were separated; at other times syllables and even letters. *Sapsa* for *seipsa*; *on* at the end of verbs instead of *unt*, as *conveneron*, whence the Italian *amaron sentiron*, &c. *cavneas* for *cave ne eas*.

The Italian sound of *z*, like *ts*, is very ancient, as appears from a medal of Trezæne, on which, for Ζευς, is ΣΔευς.

Ct was generally changed by the ancient as by the modern Italians into *tt*, as *Coctius* into *Cottius*, *pactum* into *pattum*, *factum* into *fattum*, &c.; in Italian, *Cottio*, *patto*, *fatto*, &c.—*(Cluv.)*

WORDS.

Susum (for *sursum*) ancient Latin; (hence the Italian *suso*), found in an inscription of the year of Rome 686.

Pusi for *sicut*, hence the Italian *cosi*.

Deheberis and *Teeberis* for *Tiberis*.

Among such words we may rank *Vitello*, *Toro*, *Capra*, *Porco*, which occur in the Eugubian tables, and were common in Italy before the formation and general adoption of Latin.

Casino is derived from the Sabine *Cascinum*.

The Italian *come* seems to be derived from *cumc* or *cum*, sometimes spelt *quom*.

Cima for summit, is found in Lucilius, and seems to have been confined in process of time to popular use.

Basium, *basia*, used by Catullus only in the purer age of Latin, and afterwards resumed by Juvenal, Martial and Petronius; it seems to have been borrowed, like the word *Ploxenum*,

used by the same author, from the Venetic dialect. *Circa Padum invenit*, says Quintilian.

Obstinata mente is used in the Italian sense by the same poet. —*Cat.* VIII. *v.* 11.

In Plautus we find several words supposed to be derived from the Sabines, which were gradually retrenched from pure latinity, but preserved probably in the popular idiom, and revived in the modern language. Such are,

Batuere (now *battere*) to strike.

Poplom for *populum.*

Danunt (dant) now *danno.*

Dice for *dic.*

Face for *fac.*

Grandire (now *ingrandire*) to grow.

Minacia for *minæ* threats.

Pappare (edere) to eat.

Merenda, a slight repast or collation.

Others of the same nature may be collected from Lucilius, as

Mataxa, now *Matassa*, a skein (of thread).

Spara, a lance (whence our word spear).

Potesse, &c.

Cicero uses the *habessit*, whence the Italian *avesse*, as an ancient and legal form. *Separatim nemo habessit deos.*—De Legibus II. 8.

He elsewhere notices the custom which he himself once indulged in, and afterwards corrected as faulty, of sometimes omitting the aspirate H, now universally suppressed in Italian.—*Orator* 48.

The following passage from Varro (quoted by *Muratori*) gives the origin of an Italian word *tagliare*, which without such authority, we should scarce have suspected of being derived from Latin.—Nunc *Intertaleare* rustica voce dicitur dividere vel excidere ramum ex utraque parte æqualibiter præcisum quas alii Calbulas alii Faleas appellant.

In Pliny the Elder we find the word *lætamen*, in Italian *letame*. —*Hist. Nat.* XVIII. c. 16.

DECLINE OF LATIN.

Suetonius (in Augusto, 88) alludes to various peculiarities of Augustus, both in writing and speaking; and Quintilian assures us,

that the Roman people assembled in the Circus and in the theatre sometimes exclaimed in barbarous expressions, and concludes, that to speak Latin is very different from speaking grammatically,*—*Vulgo imperitos barbare locutos, et tota sæpe theatra, et omnem Circi turbam exclamasse barbare.*—Lib. I. cap. 6.

That the cases required by the rules of syntax in the government of verbs and prepositions were not always observed even in the very family of the abovementioned Emperor, is clear from the following expressions, *quod est in palatium*, and *Dat Fufiae Climene, et Fufiae Cuche sorores*, used even in writing by his own freedmen. *(Murat.)*

Festus observes, that the rustic mode of pronouncing *au* was like *o*, whence so many Italian words are formed in *o* from the *au* of the Latins. "Orata," says he, "genus piscis appellatur a colore auri quod rustici *orum* dicebant." Cato, cited by Varro, makes the same observation, or rather uses the rustic pronunciation; a pronunciation so prevalent at a later period, that the Emperor Vespasian seems to have been partial to it, and was reprehended by an uncourtly friend for changing *plaustra* into *plostra*.—*Suet. in Vespasiano.* 22.

Statius, in one single verse, seems to use a very common word in a sense peculiarly Italian.

Salve supremum, *senior* mitissime patrum!
Epicedion in Patrem.

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* Aliud est Latine, aliud grammatice loqui.—*Cap.* 10.

" Quidquid," says Seneca, " est boni moris extinguimus levitate et politura corporum." The word *politura* is here taken in a sense purely Italian. *Impolitia*, taken in the opposite sense, was a word not uncommon among the early Romans, according to Aulus Gellius IV. 12.

The African writers seem to have used a dialect tending more to Italian than any others, whether derived from the early colonists or from some provincial cause of corruption, it is difficult to determine. In Apuleius we find, not only particular words, as *totus*, *russus*, *patronus*, &c. in the Italian sense, but united adverbs, accumulated epithets, and the florid phraseology of Italian poetic prose.

In the Augustan history several phrases bordering upon Italian, and words taken in an Italian sense, may be observed, as *a latus* instead of *a latere*, *ante fronte* for *frontem*, *ballista* (now *balletta)* for *saltationes*, *totum* for *omnia*, *intimare*, &c. &c.

The word *spelta*, signifying a certain vegetable, is represented by St. Jerom as *purely* Italian, and is still in use.—*Cap.* IV. *in Ezech.*

The same author alludes to the word *parentes*, taken in the Italian and French sense, that is, for *relations, kindred*, as used in his time, *militari vulgarique sermone.*—Lib. II. *Apol. adv Ruffin.*

Mulieri suæ for his wife, is used by St. Augustine—*De Catech. rudibus*, cap. xxvi. as is *jusum*, *(giu*, below, beneath, in Italian) *Tract.* VIII *in Epist.* I. *S. Johan.*

A bishop of Brescia, (St. Gaudentius) of the same era, mentions the word *brodium* for *broth*, a word solely Italian.—*Serm. 2do, ad Neophyt.**

St. Cæsarius, bishop of *Arles*, employs the word *balationes, ballare*, for balls, dancing, &c.†

In St. Gregory we find the word *caballus* used for *equus* almost constantly, together with other words of rustic origin, replacing the more polite terms of the preceding ages.

Fabretti, (in *Muratori*,) has published a curious passage, extracted from the manuscript work of Urbicius, a Greek author of the fifth century, containing the forms employed in command by the centurions and tribunes. They are in Latin, though writen in Greek characters, and run as follows:—

"Silentio mandata complete—Non vos turbatis—Ordinem servate—Bandum sequite—Nemo dimittat bandum et inimicos seque."

Here we discover the construction, and even the phraseology, of modern Italian, *complete, seguite—Bandum, (Bandiera)—Non vi turbate, segue*, &c.

In litanies sung publicly in Rome in the seventh century, we

* Fifth century.

† Sixth century.

find *Redemtor mundi tu lo adjuva;* thus *illum* first resumed its original form *illom*, and then became *lo*, as *illorum* by the same process, *loro;* thus also in the eighth century *ibi* was transformed into *ivi*, *ubi* into *ove*, *prope* into *presso*, &c. *Qui* and *iste* into *quiste*, *questa*, *questo*, &c. and frequently into *sto*, *sta*, &c.

From this period indeed the alteration of the language seems to have proceeded with more rapidity, and popular phrases bordering upon the modern dialect appear in every deed and instrument, as in a manuscript of Lucca*, "Una torre d'auro fabricata;" and in another of 730, "Uno capite tenente in terra Chisoni & in alium capite tenente in terra Ciulloni; de uno latere corre via publica & de alium latere est terrula Pisinuli plus minus modiorum dua, & staffilo."

Again, in a deed of the year 816, we find, "Avent in longo pertigas quatordice in transverso, de uno capo pedes dece, de alio nove in traverso . . . . . de uno capo duas pedis cinque de alio capo."

I alluded above to the oath which follows, it is well known, and shews what corruptions Latin had undergone beyond the Alps in the ninth century.

"Pro Deo amur, & pro Christian poblo, & nostro comun salvamento dist de in avant in quant Deus savir & podir me

* An. 753.

donat, si salvarcio cist meon fradre karlo, & in adiudha, & in cadhuna cosa, si cum om per dreit son fradre salvardist in o, quid il mi altre si fazet. Et ab Ludher plaid nunquam prindrai, qui meon vol cist meon fradre Karle in damno sit." *

In Italian this form would run as follows:

" Per amore di dio, e per bene del popolo Christiano, e per comune salvezza, da questo di' in avanti, in quanto Dio mi dara sapere e potere, cosi salvero questo mio Fratello Carlo, e gli sarò in aiuto, e in qualunque cosa, come uomo per deritto dee salvare il suo Fratello in quello che un altro farebbe a me; ne con Lottario farò mai accordo alcuno che di mio volere torni in danno di questo mio Fratello Carlo."

Of nearly the same era are the following curious letters which are translations of the papal rescripts to the Emir of Palermo, on the purchase of certain captives, and may be considered both as specimens of the vulgar Latin of the age, and as instances of the benevolence and the active charity of the Popes.

" Lu Papa de Roma Marinu servus di omni servi di lu maniu Deu te saluta . . . . . .
La tua dominakzione me invii la responsio quantus vorrai denari

* This is the first specimen on record of the Provincial, Provenzal, or Romance language.

per omni kaput de illa gens . . . de lu plus prestu; ki si farai ak kosa tantu bona, lu maniu Deu ti dat vita longa, omnia plena di benediksioni, &c. li tres di lu mensi di April oktocento oktanta dui, di lu usu di li kristiani.

This epistle was written or rather translated from one written by Pope Marinus in the year 882. The subsequent letter is of the same Pope.

" Abeo kapitatu la tua littera signata kum la giurnata dilli quindisi dilu mense di Aprili oktocento octanta tre. Abeo lectu in ipsa ki lu Mulai ti a datu lu permissu di vindirmi omne illi sklavi ego volo la quali kosa mi a dato una konsolazione Mania.

In 1029 we meet with words and phrases perfectly Italian, as, " In loco et finibus ubi dicitur civitate vetera . . . . prope loco qui dicitur a le grotte."

The first regular inscription in the modern language is of the following century, viz. 1135; it was engraved on the front of the cathedral of *Ferrara*, and is as follows :

Il mille cento tremptacinque nato
Fo questo tempio a Zorzi consecrato
Fo Nicolao Scolptore,
E Glielmo fo l'auctore.

There is however a considerable difference between these half-formed rhymes and the highly polished strains of *Petrarca*. In

the space that intervened between the date of the inscription of *Ferrara*, and the birth of that poet, taste began to revive, information became more general, and men of learning and genius applied themselves to the cultivation of the vulgar tongue. Latin, which still continued then as now the language of the Church, of the schools, and of formal discussion and public correspondence, furnished both the rules, and the materials of amelioration; and to infuse as much of its genius and spirit into the new language as the nature of the latter would permit, seems to have been the grand object of these first masters of modern Italian. Among them *Brunetto Latini*, a Florentine, seems to have been the principal, and to him his countrymen are supposed to be indebted for the pre-eminence which they then acquired, and have ever since enjoyed in the new dialect, which from them assumed the name of *Tuscan*. *Dante*, *Petrarca*, and *Boccacio* completed the work which *Brunetto* and his associates had commenced, and under their direction the Italian language assumed the graces and the embellishments that raise it above all known languages, and distinguish it alike in prose or verse, in composition or conversation.

> Illam quidquid agit, quoque vestigia vertit
> Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.
> *Tibul.* IV. 2.

In this form of beauty and perfection the new language had recovered so much of the parent idiom, that not the same words only, but even the same phrases are equally appropriate in both, and hymns have been written which may be called indis-

criminately either Latin or Italian*. Of this description are the two following.

In mare irato in subita procella
Invoco te, nostra benigna stella! &c.

The second turns upon the same thought, and must be considered by the reader merely as a poetical lusus, as I do not mean to be accountable for its theological accuracy †.

Vivo in acerba pena, in mesto orrone
Quando te non imploro, in te non spero
Purissima Maria, et in sincero
Te non adoro, et in divino ardore.
Et, O vita beata, et anni, et ore!
Quando contra me armato, odio severo
Te Maria amo, et in gaudio vero
Vivere spero ardendo in vivo amore.
Non amo te, Regina augusta, quando
Non vivo in pace, et in silentio fido;
Non amo te, quando non vivo amando.
In te sola o Maria, in te confido
In tua materna cura respirando,
Quasi columba in suo beato nido.

When the reader has seriously perused these observations, he will, I believe, agree with me when I recapitulate and conclude, that Italian owes little to barbarians; that it has bor-

* The same attempt has been made in favour of Portuguese, but the languages as may easily be imagined do not assimilate so naturally.

† It was composed by *P. Tornielli*, a Jesuit of great literary reputation.

rowed much from native sources; and that it still bears a sufficient resemblance to the ancient language, to entitle it to the appellation of LINGUA LATINA.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

V. But language is only the vehicle of instruction, and the sweetest dialect that ever graced the lips of mortals, if not ennobled by genius and consecrated by wisdom, may be heard with as much indifference as the warblings of the birds of the forest. Fortunately for Italy, if the Goddess of Liberty has twice smiled, the Sun of Science also has twice risen on her favoured regions, and the happy periods of Augustus and of Leo, have continued through all succeeding ages, to amuse and to instruct mankind. If the Greek language can boast the first, and Latin the second, Italian may glory in the third epic poem; and *Tasso*, in the opinion of all candid critics has an undoubted right to sit next in honour and in fame to his countryman Virgil. *Dante* and *Ariosto* have claims of a different, perhaps not an inferior, nature, and in originality and grandeur the former, in variety and imagery the latter, stands unrivalled. *Petrarca* has all the tenderness, all the delicacy of Catullus Tibullus and Propertius without their foulness and effeminacy; he seems to have felt the softness of love without any mixture of its sensuality; he has even raised it above itself, as I have observed elsewhere, and superadded to that grace and beauty, which have ever been deemed its appropriate ornaments, some of the charms of virtue and even a certain religious solemnity. Nor has the genius of Italian poesy, as if exhausted by the effort, expired with these, the first and the most illustrious of her offspring. The same spirit

has continued to inspire a succession of poets in every different branch of that divine art, from *Boccacio* and *Guarini* down to *Alfieri* and *Metastasio*, all *Phœbo digna locuti*, all inimitable in their different talents, equal perhaps to their celebrated predecessors in the same career and in the same country, and undoubtedly superior both in number and in originality to the bards of the northern regions.

The French, who glory, and not without reason, in their dramatical writers, have often reproached the Italians with the barrenness of their literature in this respect, and have even ventured to assert, that it proceeded from some inherent defect, from some want of energy or of pliability in the formation of their language. But the language of *Dante* and of *Ariosto* wants neither of these qualities; it has assumed all the ease and the grace of Terence, in the comedies of *Gherardo di Rossi;* in the tragedies of *Alfieri*, it appears in all the dignity and the strength of Sophocles;* and simplicity, tenderness, and delicacy, are the inseparable attendants of the virgin muse of *Metastasio*. It is indeed useless to enlarge on the excellency of Italian poetry: its superiority is admitted, and dull must be the ear, and unmusical the soul, which do not perceive in the

* The tragedy of *Aristodemo* by *Monti* is deemed a masterpiece; it is in the chastest style of the Greek school. It would have been well for the Poet's virtue and honour.

si sic
Omnia dixisset.

The unhappy man in his old age sunk into folly and wickedness, insulted his Sovereign, and blasphemed his Saviour. To flatter his new masters, the French, he indulges himself in a philippic against England, which he emphatically calls *La Seconda Roma*. We accept the omen, and trust that modern Rome, powerful

chant of the Hesperian Muse a glow and a harmony peculiar to the age and country which inspired the divine strains of Virgil and of Horace.

Namque haud tibi vultus
Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat; O Dea, certe
Et Phœbi soror! *Æn.* lib. i.

But the reader, if not better versed in Italian literature than most of our travellers, will be surprised to hear that Italy is as rich in history as in poetry, and that in the former as well as in the latter, she may claim a superiority not easily disputed, over every other country. Every republic and almost every town has its historian, and most of these historians, though their subject may sometimes appear too confined, possess the information and the talents requisite to render their works both instructive and amusing. The greater States can boast of authors equal to their reputation; while numberless writers of the first rate abilities have devoted their time and their powers to the records of their country at large, and related its vicissitudes with all the spirit of ancient, and with all the precision of modern times. In these cursory observations, a few instances only can be expected, but the few which I am about to produce are sufficient to establish the precedency of Italian historians.

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and free as the ancient, will triumph over modern Gaul. Its greatness is well described by the poet, and is an earnest of its success

Sei temuta, sei forte: a te rischiara
L'un mondo e l'altro la solar quadriga,
E le tue leggi il doppio polo impara.
A te d'Africa e d'Asia il sol castiga
L'erbe, i fiori, le piante; e il mar riceve
Dalle tue prore una perpetua briga.

Capitolo d'Emenda.

Paolo Sarpi,* in depth, animation, and energy, is represented by the *Abbé Mably*, no incompetent judge, as unrivaled, and proposed as a model of excellence in the art of unravelling the intricacies of misrepresentation and party spirit. Cardinal *Pallavicini* treated the same subject as *Paolo Sarpi*, with candor, eloquence, and judgment, and his style and manner are supposed to combine together with great felicity, the ease and the dignity that became the subject and the historian†. *Giannone* possesses nearly the same qualities, and adds to them an impartiality of discussion, and a depth of research peculiar to himself. *Guicciardini*, with the penetration of Tacitus, unites the fulness (*lactea ubertas*) of Titus Livius, and like him possesses the magic power of transforming the relation into action, and the readers into spectators. This historian has been reproached with the length and intricacy of his sentences, a defect considerably increased by the number of parentheses with which they are, not unfrequently, embarrassed. The reproach is not without foundation. But it must be remembered that his Roman master is not entirely exempt from the same defect, and that in neither, does it impede the fluency, or weaken the interest of the narration. The greatest fault of the Florentine historian is the frequency of his studied speeches, a fault into which he was betrayed by his admiration of the ancients, and by that passionate desire of imitating them, which is its natural consequence. But his harangues have their

* In his history of the Council of Trent.

† The latter history was written originally in Latin, but translated, I believe by the author, into Italian.

advantages, and, like those of Livius and of Thucydides, not only furnish examples of eloquence, but abound in maxims of public policy and of sound philosophy. *Machiavelli* ranks high as an historian, and may be considered as the rival of Tacitus, whom he imitates, not indeed in the dignity and extent of his subject, nor in the veracity of his statements, but in the concise and pithy style of his narration.

These historians were preceded and followed by others of talents and celebrity little inferior; such were the judicious historian of *Naples*, *Angelo de Costanzo*; the Cardinal *Bembo*, *Morosini*, and *Paruta* of *Venice*; *Adriani* and *Ammirato* of *Tuscany* or rather of *Florence*; *Bernardino Corio* of *Milan*; and in general history, *Tarcagnota* and *Campagna*, not to mention *Davila* and the Cardinal *Bentivoglio*. In each of these historians, the Italian critics discover some peculiar features, some characteristic touches exclusively their own; while in all, they observe the principal excellencies of the historic art, discrimination in portraits, judicious arrangements in facts, and in style, pure and correct language. These writers, it is true, flourished for the greater part, at a time, when Italian literature was in its meridian glory, that is, during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries; but its lustre *did* not cease with them, nor was Italy in the eighteenth century unenlightened by history or unproductive of genius.

Were I to mention the learned and judicious *Muratori* only, and close the list of Italian historians with his name, I should not be called upon for any further proof of the superiority of the Italians in the research, and combination that constitute the excellence of this branch of literature. So extensive is

the erudition, so copious the information, so judicious the selection, and so solid the criticism that reign throughout the whole of this voluminous author's writings, that his works may be considered in themselves, as a vast and well disposed library, containing all the documents of Italian history and antiquities, and all the reflections which they must suggest to a mind of great and extensive observation.

But to the name of *Muratori*, I will add another equally illustrious in the annals of literature, and like it capable even single, of fixing the reputation of a language of less intrinsic merit than Italian; I mean *Tiraboschi*, the author of numerous works, but known principally, for his *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*. This work takes in the whole history of Italian literature both ancient and modern, and contains an account of the commencement and progress of each science, of the means by which knowledge was promoted, of libraries and literary establishments, of the lives, the works, and the characters of great authors; in short, of persons, revolutions, events, and discoveries, connected with the fate of literature. It begins with the first dawn of science and taste in Rome, and follows their increase, decline, and revival during the succeeding ages; of course it includes a considerable portion of the general history of the country at each epoch, and conducts the reader from the first Punic war over the immense space of twenty intervening centuries down to the eighteenth. Few works have been planned upon a scale more extensive, and none executed in a more masterly manner. A strict adherence to veracity; a thorough acquaintance with the subject in all its details; a spirit of candor, raised far above the influence of party; a discernment in criticism, deep and

correct; and, above all, a clear and unbiassed judgment, *principium et fons recte scribendi*, pervade every part of this astonishing work, and give it a perfection very unusual in literary productions so comprehensive and so complicated. The style, according to the opinion of Italian critics, is pure, easy, and rapid, free alike from the wit that dazzles and the pomp that encumbers, yet graced with such ornaments as rise spontaneously from the nature of the subject. On the whole, it may be considered as one of the noblest and most interesting works ever published, and far superior to any historical or critical performance in any other language. The author intended it as a vindication of the claims of his country to the first honours in literature, and has, by establishing those claims, erected to its glory a monument as durable as human language, and appropriated for ever to Italy the title of Mother of the Arts and Sciences, and Instructress of Mankind.

The work of Abate *D. G. Andres Dell'Oregine, di progressi e dello Stato di ogni Letteratura*, is a noble, an extensive, and a very masterly performance. I have already spoken of the *Revoluzioni D'Italia*, by the *Abate Denina;* I need only say that to perspicuity and manly simplicity this author adds a great share of political sagacity, and a sound philosophic spirit. The same qualities are predominant in his discourses, *Sopra le Vicende della Letteratura*, a work which comprises, in a small compass, a great mass of information, and may be considered as a compendious history, and at the same time, as a very masterly review, of literature in general.

In antiquities the Italians are rich to superabundance, and can produce more authors of this description not only than any

one, but than all the other nations of Europe together. Among them we may rank the illustrious names of *Muratori*, *Maffei*, *Mazzochi*, *Carli*, and *Paciaudi*, to which many more might be added were it not universally acknowledged that the study of antiquities called forth by so many motives and by so many objects, is an indigenous plant in Italy, and flourishes there as in its native climate *.

For the last fifty years political economy has been a favourite subject on the continent, and in it some French writers have acquired considerable reputation. In this respect as in many others, the French may be more bold, more lively, and perhaps more entertaining, because more paradoxical; but the man who wishes to be guided by experience and not by theory, who prefers the safe, the generous principles of Cicero and of Plato, to the dangerous theories of *Rousseau* and of *Sieyes*, will also prefer the Italian to the French *economists*. Of the former the number is great, and from them has been extracted and printed in sets, as Classics, (in which light indeed they are considered,) a select number of the best, whose works form a collection of about fifty volumes octavo.

In Essays, Treatises, Journals, and Reviews, the Italians first

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* *En verite*, exclaims the Abbé Barthelemi, *on ne peut guere se dire antiquaire, quand on ne pas sorti de France!*—Letter IV.

The same ingenious writer observes elsewhere—*Il faut l'avouer encore une fois, ce n'est qu' ici que se trouvent des carrieres inépuisables d'antiquites; et relativement aux etrangers, on devroit ecrire sur la porte* del Popolo *cette belle inscription du Dante.*

Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate.

led the way, and still equal every other nation. In the Sciences, they have been considered as deficient, but this opinion can be entertained only by persons imperfectly acquainted with Italian literature. To be convinced, that it is without foundation, we need only enumerate the astronomers, mathematicians, geographers, and natural philosophers, who have flourished in Italy from the time of *Galileo* to the present period; and among them we shall find a sufficient number of justly celebrated names to vindicate the reputation of their country, and to justify its claim to scientific honours.*

Here indeed, as upon another occasion, I must observe that Italian literature has been traduced, because its treasures are unknown; and that the language itself has been deemed unfit for research and argument, because too often employed as the vehicle of amorous ditties and of effeminate melody. This prejudice, is owing amongst us in some degree to the influence of French fashions and opinions, which commenced at the Restoration, was increased by the Revolution, and was strengthened and extended in such a manner by the example of court sycophants, and by the writings of courtly authors, that French became a constituent part of genteel education, and some tincture of its literature was deemed a necessary accomplishment. Thence, French criticism

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* *Les sciences sont plus cultivees a Rome qu'on le croit en France*, says the Abbé Barthelemi, *je vous dirai sur cela, quelque jour, des details qui vous etonneront.*— Letter XXVIII.

Soyez persuade, says he again, *que malgrè l'avilissement et le decouragement general, l'Italie fournit encore bien des gens de lettres dignes de ceux qui les ont précédés. Ces gens la iroient bien loin si ils avoient un Colbert a leur tête.*

acquired weight, and the opinions of *Boileau*, *Bouhours*, *Dubos*, &c. became axioms in the literary world. Either from jealousy or from ignorance, or from a mixture of both, these critics speak of Italian literature with contempt, and take every occasion of vilifying the best and noblest compositions of its authors. Hence the contemptuous appellation of *tinsel**, given by the French Satirist to the strains *(Aurea dicta)* of Tasso, an appellation as inapplicable as it is insolent, which must have been dictated by envy, and can be repeated by ignorance only.

The flippant petulancy of these criticisms might perhaps recommend them to the French public, especially as they flattered the national vanity, by depreciating the glory of a rival, or rather a superior country; but it is difficult to conceive how they came to be so generally circulated and adopted in England; and it is not without some degree of patriot indignation, that we see Dryden bend his own stronger judgment, and Pope submit his finer taste, to the dictates of French essayists, and to the assertions of Parisian poets. Addison, though in other respects an Anti-Gallican, and strongly influenced by those *laudable prejudices*, to use his own expression, *which naturally cleave to the heart of a true-born Briton*, here condescended to follow the crowd, and resigning his own better lights and superior information, adopted without examination, the opinions of the French school. This tame, servile spirit of imitation became in a short time general, and not only contributed to give the language of our enemies that currency of which they are now so proud, but restrained the flight of British genius,

* Le clinquant de Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile. *Boileau, Sat.* IX.

and kept it confined in the trammels of French rules and of French example.

How detrimental, in fact, this imitative spirit has been to our national literature will appear evident, if we compare the authors, who were formed in the Italian school, with those who fashioned their productions on French models. To say nothing of Chaucer, who borrowed both his manner and his subject from Italy, or of Shakspeare, whose genius like that of Homer was fed, as the luminaries of heaven, by sources secret and inexhaustible; I need only mention the names of Spenser and of Milton, two towering spirits, who soar far above competition, and from their higher spheres look down upon the humbler range of Pope and of Dryden. Yet Spenser and Milton are disciples of the Tuscan sages, and look up with grateful acknowledgment to their Ausonian masters. Waller and Cowley pursued the same path though at a respectful distance, and certainly not, *passibus æquis;* especially as in the time of the latter, French fashion began to spread its baneful influence over English literature. Then came the *gossamer* breed of courtly poetasters, who forgetting, or perhaps not knowing, that

> The sterling bullion of one British line
> Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages shine;

derived their pretty thoughts from French madrigals, and modelled their little minds, as they borrowed their dress from French puppets. I mean not to say that Italian was utterly neglected during this long period, because I am aware that at all times it was considered as an accomplishment ornamental to all, and

indispensably necessary to those, who visit Italy. But though the language of Italy was known, its literature was neglected; so that not its historians only were forgotten, but of all the treasures of its divine poesy little was ever cited or admired excepting a few airs from the opera, or some love-sick and effeminate sonnets selected from the minor poets. French literature was the sole object of the attention of our writers, and from it they derived that cold correctness which seems to be the prevailing feature of most of the authors of the first part of the eighteenth century.

Nor was this frigidity, the only or the greatest evil that resulted from the then prevailing partiality for French literature. The spirit of infidelity had already infected some of the leading writers of that volatile nation, and continued to spread its poison imperceptibly, but effectually, till the latter years of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, when most of the academicians had, through interest, or vanity ever the predominant passion in a French bosom, ranged themselves under the banners of *Voltaire*, and had become real or pretended sceptics. The works of the subalterns, it is true, were much praised but little read by their partisans; and *Helvetius*, *Freret*, *Du Maillet*, with fifty others of equal learning and equal fame now slumber in dust and silence on the upper shelves of public libraries, the common repository of deceased authors. But the wit and the ribaldry of their Chief continued to amuse and to captivate the gay, the voluptuous, and the ignorant; to dictate the *ton*, that is, to prescribe opinions and style to the higher circles; and by making impiety current in good company, to give it the greatest recommendation it could possess in the eyes of his countrymen, the *sanction of Fashion*.

Such was the state of opinion in France, when two persons of very different tastes and characters in other respects, but equally enslaved to vanity and to pride, visited that country—I mean Hume and Gibbon, who, though Britons in general are little inclined to bend their necks to the yoke of foreign teachers, meanly condescended to sacrifice the independence of their own understanding and the religion of their country, to the flatteries and the sophisms of Parisian atheists. These two renegadoes joined in the views of their foreign associates, undertook to propagate atheistic principles among their countrymen, and faithful to the engagement, endeavoured in all their works to instil doubt and indifference into the minds of their readers, and by secret and almost imperceptible arts, gradually to undermine their attachment to revealed religion. Hints, sneers, misrepresentation, and exaggeration, concealed under affected candour, pervade almost every page of their very popular but most pernicious histories; and if the mischief of these works however great, be not equal to the wishes of their authors, it is entirely owing to the good sense and the spirit of religion so natural to the minds of Englishmen. This wise and happy temper, the source and security of public and private felicity, the nation owes to Providence; the *desolating* doctrines of incredulity,* Hume and Gibbon, and their disciples, borrowed from France and its academies. Italian literature is exempt from this infection: its general tendency is religious; all its great authors have been

* Fuyez ceux qui sous pretexte d'expliquer la nature sement dans les cœurs des hommes de *desolantes doctrines* . . . . nous soumettent a leurs decisions tranchantes, et pretendent nous donner, pour les vrais principes des choses, les inintelligibles systemes qu'ils ont bâtis dans leur imagination.—*Rousseau. Emile.*

distinguished by a steady and enlightened piety, and their works naturally tend to elevate the mind of the reader and to fix his thoughts on the noble destinies of the human race; an unspeakable advantage in a *downward* and perverse age, when men, formed in vain with *looks erect and countenance sublime*, confine their views to the earth, and voluntarily place themselves on a level with the *beasts that perish*.

To return.—Gray, who seems to have conceived, while in Italy, a partiality for its poetry, soon discovered the treasures which it contains; and first, I believe, attempted to copy the manner and to revive the taste that had formed the *princes of English verse*, and given them that boldness and that sublimity which foreigners now consider as their characteristic qualities. His school inherited his partiality, and the study of Italian began to revive gradually, though its progress was slow until the publication of the Life of *Lorenzo de Medici;* a work which evidently awakened the slumbering curiosity of the nation, and once more turned their eyes to *Italy*, the great parent and nurse of languages, of laws, of arts, and of sciences. Since the appearance of that publication, many champions have arisen to support the united cause of Taste and of Italian, and have displayed talents which might have obtained success with fewer advantages on their side, but with so many, could not fail to triumph. Among these the public is much indebted to Mr. Mathias, and to the author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, *(quocunque gaudet nomine)* who have struggled with unabating zeal to turn the attention of the public, from the frippery and the *tinsel* of France, to the sterling ore of Italy, and to place the literature of that country in the rank due to its merit, that is, next to the emanations of Greek and Roman genius.

VI. It is indeed much to be regretted that a language so harmonious in sound, so copious in words, so rich in literature, and at the same time so intimately connected with the ancient dialect of Europe and its modern derivatives, as to serve as a key both to one and to the others, should have been forced from its natural rank, and obliged to yield its place to a language far inferior to it in all these respects, and for many reasons not worth the time usually allotted to it in fashionable education. The great admirers of French, that is, the French critics themselves, do not pretend to found its supposed universality on its intrinsic superiority. In fact, not to speak of the rough combinations of letters, the indistinct articulation of many syllables, the peculiar sound of some vowels, the suppression, not of letters only but of whole syllables, and the almost insuperable difficulties which arise from these peculiarities to foreigners studying this language; the perpetual recurrence of nasal sounds, the most disagreeable that can proceed from human organs, predominating as it does throughout the whole language, is sufficient alone to deprive it of all claim to sweetness and to melody. Some authors, I know, and many French critics discover in it a natural and logical construction, which as they pretend, gives to it, when managed by a skilful writer, a clearness and a perspicuity which is scarcely to be equalled in Latin and Greek, and may be sought for in vain in all modern dialects. This claim has been boldly advanced on one side and feebly contested on the other, though many of my readers, who have perhaps amused themselves with French authors for many a year, may perhaps have never yet observed this peculiar excellence, nor discovered that the French language invariably follows the natural course of our ideas, and the process of grammatical construction.

I mean not to dispute this real or imaginary advantage; especially as the discussion unavoidably involves a long metaphysical question relative to the natural order of ideas and the best corresponding arrangement of words; but I must observe, that to be confined to one mode of construction only, however excellent it may be, is a defect; because it deprives poetry and eloquence of one of the most powerful instruments of harmony and of description, I mean, *Inversion:* and because it removes the distinction of styles, and brings all composition down to the same monotonous level. In fact, French poets have long complained of the tame uniform genius of their language, and French critics have been obliged, however reluctantly, to acknowledge that it has no poetic style; and if the reader wishes to see how well founded these complaints are, and how just this acknowledgment, he need only consult the ingenious translation of Virgil's Georgics by the *Abbé de Lille.* In the preface he will hear the *critic* lamenting the difficulties imposed upon him by the nature of his language; and in the versification he will admire the skill with which the *poet* endeavours, (vainly indeed,) to transfuse the spirit, the variety, the colouring of the original into the dull, lifeless imitation. If he has failed, he has failed only comparatively; for his translation is the best in the French language, and to all the excellencies of which such a translation is susceptible, adds the peculiar graces of ease and propriety. He had all the talents necessary on his side, taste, judgment, and enthusiasm; but his materials were frail, and his language, *Phœbi nondum patiens,* sunk under the weight of Roman genius. If other proofs of the feebleness of the French language, and of its inadequacy to the purposes of poetry were requisite, we need only open *Boileau's* translation of Longinus, and we shall there find innumerable instances of failure, which, as they cannot be

ascribed to the translator, must originate from the innate debility of the language itself.

In consequence of this irremediable defect the French have no poetical translation of Homer nor of Tasso; nor had they of Virgil or of Milton, till the *Abbé De Lille* attempted to introduce them to his countrymen in a French dress*. But, both the Roman and the British poet seem alike to have disdained the trammels of Gallic rhime, and turned away indignant from the translator, who presumed to exhibit their majestic forms masked and distorted to the public. The exertions of the *Abbé* only proved to the literary world, that even *his* talents and ingenuity were incapable of communicating to the language of his country, energy sufficient to express the divine sentiments and the sublime imagery of Virgil and of Milton. In this respect Italian is more fortunate, and seems formed to command alike the regions of poetry and of prose. It adapts itself to all the purposes of argumentation or of ornament, and submits with grace and dignity to whatever construction the poet, the orator, or the metaphysician chooses to impose upon it.

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet. *Tibullus*, 4—2.

In fact, this language has retained a considerable portion of the boldness and the liberty of the mother tongue, and moves

* The author was present in a party in Paris many years ago, when the *Abbé De Lille* being asked by an English gentleman why he did not translate the Æneid, answered in a style of delicate compliment, *Monsieur donnez moi votre langue et je commence demain*. He was indeed an enthusiastic admirer of English poetry.

along with a freedom which her tame rival would attempt in vain to imitate.

I have hinted at the difficulty of the French language, which is in reality so great as to become a serious defect, and a solid ground of objection. This difficulty arises, in the first place, from the general complication of its grammar, the multiplicity of its rules, and the frequency of exceptions; and in the next place, from the nature of several sounds peculiar, I believe, to it. Such are some vowels, particularly *a* and *u;* and such also many dipthongs, as *ieu*, *eu*, *oi*, not to mention the *l mouillé*, the *e muet*, and various syllables of nasal and indistinct utterance, together with the different sounds of the same vowels and dipthongs in different combinations. I speak not of these sounds as agreeable or disagreeable to the ear, but only as difficult, and so much so as to render it almost impossible for a foreigner ever to pronounce French with ease and strict propriety. Here again Italian has the advantage. Its sounds are all open and labial; it flows naturally from the organs, and requires nothing more than time and expansion. Its vowels have invariably the same sound, and that sound may be found in almost every language*. The nose and the throat, those *bagpipe* instruments of French ut-

* In the year 1669, a certain *Le Laboureur* undertook to prove that the French language was, in every respect, superior to Latin, not in construction only but even in harmony. He was in part answered and refuted by a canon of *Liege*, of the name of *Slüze*. The Frenchman writes with ease, flippancy, and confidence. His adversary, a German, manages his subject with less skill and much more diffidence. Neither of the combatants seem to have been sufficiently prepared for the contest, if we may judge of their information by the arguments employed.

terance, have no share in its articulation; no grouped consonants stop its progress; no indistinct murmurs choke its closes: it

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and the concessions made on both sides. Thus the Frenchman admits that Latin is an original or mother tongue, and that French is derived from it; and while he passes over the first part of this concession as self-evident, he softens the second by observing, that such a derivation was no proof of inferiority, as daughters are frequently more beautiful than their mothers; an observation so new and so dubious, that he fears his readers may call it in question, and therefore oppresses them at once with the authority of Horace, *O matre pulchra*, &c.

In order to prove that Latin is less copious than French, he asserts, that the Latins had only Greek to borrow from, while the French have Latin, Greek, Italian, Spanish, German, nay, even Hebrew and Syriac. He forgets, it seems, that the Latins, besides Celtic and Greek, had also the ancient dialects of Italy, at least six in number, open before them, from which they might cull at pleasure; and that the wars of Rome, first with the Carthaginians, and then with the Dalmatians, Syrians, and Egyptians, enabled them to lay the language of all these nations under contribution. That the Romans did not profit of all these advantages to the full extent will be admitted, but on the other hand nobody will maintain that French has derived much advantage from German, Hebrew, Syriac, or even from Greek, except through the medium of Latin, or which is the same, of Italian or of Spanish. On the contrary, so far from wishing to enrich their language with new acquisitions, the French seem to have been endeavouring to retrench its luxuriancy. In fact, whoever has read *Montaigne's* Essays will easily perceive, how many manly and majestic expressions have died away, and how much the energy and copiousness of this language has been impaired during the last three centuries.

But the whole of this argument is grounded on a supposition, that the richest languages are those which have borrowed most; which is proved to be false by the acknowledged copiousness of Greek, which however is of all languages the least indebted to others. His objections to Latin poetry are rather singular. He censures the additions of such epithets as paint the object in its own colouring, such as *brindled* when applied to a lion, and such as mark the principal

glides from the lips with facility, and it delights the ear with its fulness, its softness, and its harmony. As its grammar approaches

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temples or countries in which the divinity in question seemed most to delight; such as *Lydian* Apollo, *Cyprian* Venus. He is therefore unmercifully severe on the two following lines of Horace—

> O quæ beatam, Diva, tenes Cyprum, et
> Memphim carentem Sithonia nive,

as encumbered with circumstances introduced merely for the purpose of filling up the verse. This penetrating critic had never, it seems, discovered that the ancient poets excelled in painting, and that to retrench such exquisite pictures in Horace or Virgil (for we speak only of the Latins), is as absurd as it would be to expunge the temples, mountains, and streams that throw such glory and freshness over *Claude Lorraine's* landscapes. Rhyme, he finds, delightful and enchanting, and far preferable to metre. French verse, it is true, tires sooner than Latin, and now and then lulls the reader to sleep. But this is the natural effect of its fluency, clearness and harmony, while Virgil (so happy is this critic in his instances) is not *quite* so well understood, nor of course read with so much ease and avidity. The elisions in Latin verse are rough and intolerable: in French owing to the E *muet* all smoothness. The following eulogium on his own language cannot be perused without a smile at the simplicity of the writer. The exclamation with which it commences, is truly comic.—"*Notre langue est si belle, quand on seait s'en servir! Elle tient plus de l'esprit et depend moins des organes du corps que toute autre: il ne faut ni parler de la gorge, ni ouvrir beaucoup la bouche, frapper de la langue contre les dents, ni "faire des signes et des gestes," comme il m'a semble que font la plupart des etrangers quand its parlent la langue de leurs pays!*—The French *r* is not a very smooth letter, nor is the *u* very easily pronounced by any but Frenchmen. With regard to the other letters, the palate teeth and lips are relieved from all exertion by the action of the *nose*. The French, as *we* at least are apt to suppose, are not deficient in gesture. Latin (so says *Mons. Le Labourcur)* is monotonous, because all its vowels are pronounced with equal force. French is agreeably varied, because its vowels are frequently half

nearer Latin, it is more congenial to our infant studies, and may therefore be acquired with the greater facility.

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uttered. Here the author forgets, (what his countrymen are very apt to forget, as they have no prosody in their language) the difference of quantity in Latin, a difference which gives rise to so much variety and harmony; and in the next place he seems to consider indistinct sounds as pleasing; an opinion, I believe, peculiar to himself. French, he says, has a greater variety of terminations, and of course more grace, more amenity than any other language. Latin, Italian, Spanish, and almost every other, have always the same final letter. Had the author ever read ten lines of those languages he could not have made such a remark. He complains of the frequent recurrence of the letter *m* in Latin; in French, though retained in spelling, it is in pronunciation changed into *n*. The truth is, that in French both *m* and *n* final are confounded together in the same nasal sound, and lost in a *grunt;* so that the nicest ear can scarce distinguish between *fin* and *faim*.

Both the disputants find Virgil *obscure*, and both admit the superior harmony of French; in neither point, I believe, will the reader agree with them. *Mons. Labourcur* at length acknowledges, that in copiousness Latin surpasses, but to compensate for this humiliating acknowledgment, he peremptorily requires that his antagonist should confess, that French words are better and more naturally arranged than in Latin. This indeed is the great boast of French grammarians, who fill whole pages with encomiums on the admirable arrangement, the method, the perspicuity of their language. If we may believe them, every object is placed in the sentence in the very order in which it occurs to the mind. Of the force, the beauty, and oftentimes the necessity of inversion in prose as well as in poetry, there is, I believe, no doubt; of course a language which, like French, is not susceptible of it, must be defective. As for the natural order of ideas it has long been a matter of debate, and many grammarians have maintained that the Latin construction is more conformable to it than that of French, or of any modern language. Among these, the *Abbé Batteux*, in his *Belles Lettres*, has made some curious observations, and applied them to different passages from Livy and Cicero. The truth seems to be, that the construction common to French and most modern dialects is the grammatical, while that of the ancient languages seems to be the natural construction.

In speaking of French literature I wish to be impartial; and most willingly acknowledge that our rivals are a sprightly and ingenious nation; that they have long cultivated

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The preference given to the monotony of French verse, and the regular mediate suspension to the Cesura and feet of Latin, is too absurd to be noticed *.

Mons. Charpentier wrote a dissertation on the excellence of the French language, and the propriety of introducing it in inscriptions †. This author runs over the same ground as the preceding, and indeed the observation on the Latin *m* is taken from him. He complains of the inconvenience arising from the *full* sound given in Latin to every vowel, and the monotony resulting from it, and prefers the variety of *indistinct* sounds that occur in French, particularly the *e muet*. He forgets the effects of quantity, and will never persuade the world that indistinctness is not a defect, and the contrary a beauty. He inveighs also against *inversion*. Of the learning of these panegyrists of French literature we may judge by a letter of *Perrault* their chief, who requests his friend to point out to him the best ode in Pindar, and the best in Horace, not being himself able to discover that secret!

Voltaire appreciates his own language with more impartiality than these scribblers,

> Notre langue un peu seche, et sans inversions
> Peut elle subjuguer les autres Nations?
> Nous avons la clarte, l'agrement, la justesse.
> Mais egalerons nous l'Italie et la Grece?

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* This *Le Laboureur* composed an epic poem, called *Charlemagne*, and quotes several passages from it in opposition to Virgil and *Tasso*.

† Two Vols. 8vo. 1683. From a work entitled, *Varietes serieuses et amusantes*.

the arts and sciences, and cultivated them with success: that their literature is an inexhaustible source of amusement and instruction; and that several of their writers rank among the great teachers and the benefactors of mankind. But after this acknowledgment, I must remind them that the Italians were their masters in every art and science, and that whatever claims they may have to literary merit and reputation, they owe them entirely to their first instructors. Here indeed *Voltaire* himself, however jealous on other occasions of the prerogatives of his own language, confesses the obligation, and candidly declares that France is indebted to Italy for her arts, her sciences, and even for her civilization. In truth, the latter country had basked in the sunshine of science at least two centuries, 'ere one solitary ray had beamed upon the former; and she had produced poets, historians, and philosophers, whose fame emulates the glory of the ancients, ere the language of France was committed to paper, or deemed fit for any purpose higher than the diaries of a *Joinville*, or the songs of the *Troubadours*. To enter into a regular comparison of the principal authors in these languages, and to weigh their respective merits in the scale of criticism

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Est ce assez, en effet, d'une heureuse clartè,
Et ne pechons nous pas par l'uniformitè?

Voltaire, Epitre a Horace.

La Harpe in his answer is not quite so modest as his master. He calls French the *language of the Gods!* Of those perhaps

Quibus est imperium animarum, umbræque silentes
Et Chaos et Phlegethon . . . .

would be an occupation equally amusing and instructive, but at the same time it would require more leisure than the traveller can command, and a work far more comprehensive than the present, intended merely to throw out hints which the reader may verify and improve at discretion, as the subject may hereafter invite. I must therefore confine myself to a very few remarks, derived principally from French critics, and consequently of considerable weight, because extorted, it must seem, by the force of truth from national vanity. The authority of *Voltaire* may not perhaps be looked upon as decisive, because, however solid his judgment, and however fine his taste, he too often sacrificed the dictates of both to the passion or the whim of the moment, and too frequently gave to interest, to rancor, and to party, what he owed to truth, to letters, and to mankind. But, it must be remembered that these defects, while they lower his authority as a critic, also obscure his reputation as an historian, and deprive French literature of the false lustre which it has acquired from his renown. And indeed, if impartiality be essential to history, Voltaire must forfeit the appellation of historian, as his *Histoire Generale* is one continued satire upon religion, intended by its deceitful author not to inform the understanding, but to pervert the faith of the reader. Hence the *Abbé Mably*, in his ingenious reflections on history, though not very hostile to the unbelieving party, censures the above-mentioned work with some severity, without condescending to enter into the details of criticism.

The same author speaks of the other historians of his language with contempt, and from the general sentence excepts the *Abbé Vertot* and *Fleury* only; exceptions which prove at the same time the critic's judgment and impartiality; for few writers

equal the former in rapidity, selection, and interest, and none surpass the latter in erudition, good sense, and simplicity. The same *Abbé* prefers the *History of the Council of Trent*, by the well known Father *Paolo Sarpi*, to all the histories compiled in his own language, and represents it as a model of narration, argument, and observation. We may subscribe to the opinion of this judicious critic, so well versed in the literature of his own country, without the least hesitation, and extend to Italian history in general the superiority which he allows to one only, and one who is not the first of Italian historians, either in eloquence or in impartiality.

In one species of history indeed, the Italians justly claim the honour both of invention and of pre-eminence, and this honour, not France only but England must, I believe, concede without contest. I allude to critical biography, a branch of history in the highest degree instructive and entertaining, employed in Italy at a very early period, and carried to the highest perfection by the late learned *Tiraboschi*. In French, few productions of the kind exist: perhaps the panegyrical discourses pronounced in the French Academy border nearest upon it; but these compositions, though recommended by the names of *Fontenelle*, *Massillon*, *Flechier*, *Marmontel*, and so many other illustrious academicians, are too glittering, too artificial, and refined, as well as too trivial and transient in their very nature, to excite much interest, or to fix the attention of the critic. In our own language *Johnson's Lives of the Poets* present a fair object of comparison, as far as the plan extends, and perhaps in point of execution may be considered by many of my readers as masterpieces of style, of judgment, and even of eloquence, equal, if not superior, to the Italian. But as the narrow sphere of the

English biographer sinks into insignificance, when compared to the vast orbit of the Italian historian, so their works bear no proportion, and cannot of course be considered as objects of comparison. With regard to the execution, Johnson, without doubt, surprises and almost awes the reader, by the weight of his arguments, by the strength of his expression, and by the uniform majesty of his language; but I know not whether the ease, the grace, and the insinuating familiarity of *Tiraboschi* may not charm us more, and keep up our attention and our delight much longer.

In one branch of literature France may have the advantage over most modern languages, I mean in theological composition: and this advantage she owes to her peculiar circumstances; I might say with more propriety, to her misfortunes. The Calvinistic opinions prevalent in *Geneva* had been propagated at an early period of the reformation in the southern provinces of France, and in a short space of time made such a progress, that their partisans conceived themselves numerous enough to cope with the established Church, and perhaps powerful enough to overturn it. They first manifested their zeal by insults and threats, then proceeded to deeds of blood and violence, and at length involved their country in all the horrors of civil war, anarchy, and revolution. In the interim, the pen was employed as well as the sword, and while the latter called forth all the exertions of the body, the former brought into action all the energies of the mind.

During more than a century, war and controversy raged with equal fury, and whatever the opinion of the reader may be upon the subject in debate, he will probably agree with me,

that Calvinism, defeated alike in the field of battle and in the nobler contest of argument, was compelled to resign the double palm of victory to the genius of her adversary. In the course of the debate, and particularly towards its close, great talents appeared, and much ingenuity and learning were displayed on both sides; till the respective parties seem to unite all their powers in the persons of two champions, *Claude* and *Bossuet*. Though nature had been liberal in intellectual endowments to both the disputants, and though all the means of art had been employed to improve the gifts of nature, yet the contest was by no means equal between them; and after having been worsted in every onset, the *Elder* at length sunk under the superiority of the Prelate. But, if the victim can derive any credit from the hand that fells it, *Claude* and Calvinism may boast that the illustrious *Bossuet* was alone capable, and alone worthy, to give the fatal blow that put an end at once to the glory, and almost to the existence of the party in France.

Bossuet was indeed a great man, and one of those extraordinary minds which at distant intervals seem as if deputed from a superior region, to enlighten and to astonish mankind. With all the originality of genius, he was free from its eccentricity and intemperance. Sublime without obscurity, bold yet accurate, splendid and yet simple at the same time, he awes, elevates, and delights his readers, overpowers all resistance, and leads them willing captives to join and to share his triumph. The defects of his style arise from the imperfection of his dialect; and perhaps, he could not have given a stronger proof of the energies of his mind, than in compelling the French language itself to become the vehicle of sublimity. His works,

therefore, are superior to all other controversial writings in his own or in any other language.

In Italian there are, I believe, none of that description: there was no difference of opinion on the subject, and of course no controversy: a deficiency in their literature abundantly compensated by the absence of animosity, of hatred, of penal laws, and of insolence on one side, and on the other, of complaint, of degradation, and of misery.

To return to my first observation.—We have just reason to lament, that a language so inferior in every respect as French, should have been allowed to acquire such an ascendancy as to be deemed even in England a necessary accomplishment, and made in some degree an integral part of youthful education. If a common medium of communication between nations be necessary, as it undoubtedly is, it would have been prudent to have retained the language most generally known in civilized nations, which is Latin; especially as this language is the mother of all the polished dialects now used in Europe, has the advantage of being the clearest, the most regular, and the easiest, and moreover, was actually in possession at the very time when it pleased various courts to adopt, with the dress and other fopperies of France, its language also. Reason might reclaim against the absurdity of preferring a semi-barbarous jargon, to a most ancient, a most beautiful, and a most perfect language; but the voice of reason is seldom heard, and yet more seldom listened to at courts, where fashion, that is the whim of the monarch or of the favourite, is alone consulted and followed even in all its deformities and all its extravagancies.

But that which escaped the observation of the courtier ought to have attracted the attention of the minister, who might have discovered by reflection or by experience, the advantages which a negociator derives from the perfect knowledge of the language which he employs, and the extreme impolicy of conceding these advantages to our enemies. In order to form a just idea of the importance of this concession, we need only to observe the superiority which a Frenchman assumes, in Capitals where his language is supposed to be that of good company, such as *Vienna*, and particularly *Petersburg*, and contrast with that superiority, his humble appearance in London or in Rome, where he cannot pretend to such a distinction. In the former cities he feels himself at home, and considers himself as the first in rank, because the first in language; in the latter, the consciousness of being a foreigner checks his natural confidence and imposes upon him, however reluctant, the reserved demeanor inseparable from that character.

Now, in all diplomatic meetings, French is the language of discussion, and consequently, the French negociator displays his faculties with the same ease and with the same certainty of applause as in his own saloon, surrounded with a circle of friends at Paris. The English envoy on the contrary finds his natural reserve increased, and all his powers paralized by a sensation of inferiority in the use of the weapons which he is obliged to employ, and by a conviction that the eloquence of his adversary must triumph over his plain, unadorned, and probably ill-delivered statements. To this disadvantage we may, perhaps, attribute the observation so often repeated, that France recovers in the cabinet all she loses in the field: an obser-

vation, which, if it does not wound our pride, ought at least to awaken our caution.

But this diplomatic evil is not the only, nor the greatest, mischief that results from this absurd preference: it moreover enables our enemies to disseminate their political principles, to carry on intrigues, to multiply the means of seduction, and to insure, by the agency of numberless scribblers, pamphleteers, poetasters, &c. the success of their dark and deep laid projects. They are already endowed with too many means of mischief, and possess all the skill and activity requisite to give them effect*. Why should we voluntarily increase their powers of attack, and by propagating their language, open a wider field of action to their baneful influence? Such conduct surely borders upon infatuation.

In the next place, the propagation of the French language has produced no better effects in literature than in policy. If France has furnished the Republic of Letters with some finished models of theatrical excellence and exquisite specimens of ecclesiastical oratory, the only branches in which she excels; she has, on the other hand, inundated Europe with frivolous compositions, erotic songs, and love-sick novels, by which she has warped the public taste

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* Monstrum; tot sese vertit in ora,
Tam sævæ facies, tot pullulat atra colubris.

Æn. lib. VII.

from the classical rectitude of the preceding centuries; and inverting the natural process of the mind, turned it from bold and manly contemplations to languid and enervating trifles. Nay, she has done more. For the last sixty years, the genius of France, like one of those Furies* sometimes let loose to scourge mankind, and to ripen corrupted generations for destruction, has employed all its talents and all its attractions to confound the distinction of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood, to infect the heart with every vice, and to cloud the understanding with every error; to stop for ever the two great sources of human dignity and felicity, Truth and Virtue, and to blot out of the mind of man, the Sun, the soul of the intellectual world, even the Divinity himself. Such is the unvarying tendency of almost all the works which have issued from the French press, and been circulated in all the countries of Europe during the period above-mentioned, from the voluminous and cumbersome *Encyclopedie* down to the Declamations of *Volney* or the Tales of *Marmontel, en petit format*, for the accommodation of travellers. The truth is, that the appellation of French literature, at present, seems confined to the works of *Voltaire* and of his disciples, that is, to the infidel faction, excluding the nobler specimens of French genius, the productions of the age of Lewis XIV. and of the period immediately following that monarch's demise: and if we wish to know the effects which this literature produces upon the human mind, we need only cast our eyes upon those who are most given to it,

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* Cui tristia bella
Iræque *insidiæque* et *noxia* crimina cordi.

Æn. VII.

and the countries where it flourishes most. We shall find that impiety and immorality keep pace with it in private and public life, and that domestic and national disorder and misery are its constant and inseparable companions. France, where the pestilence begun, first felt its consequences, and still bleeds under its scourge. The Prussian court, actually degraded and despised, smarts under the punishment brought upon the monarchy by the French principles of the atheistic Frederic. The Russian Capital, now the theatre of every dark intrigue, treacherous plot, and foul indulgence, may ere long have reason to curse the impolicy of Catherine, who, by encouraging the language and the opinions of France, sowed the seeds of death and of dissolution in the bosom of her empire.

Viperam inspirans animam.

The late unhappy sovereign fell a victim to their increasing influence; and it is difficult to say, whether the same passions, working on the same principles, may not at some future period produce a similar catastrophe. Such are the consequences of partiality to French literature, and such the last great curse which that nation, at all periods of its history the bane and the torment of the human species, has, in these latter times, brought upon the civilized world. Now let me ask once more, in the name of truth and of virtue, of interest and of patriotism, by what fatality Europe is doomed to encourage a language, the instrument of so much mischief, and to propagate a literature, the vehicle of poison and of desolation? What can induce her to furnish weapons of assault to a giant Power, that massacres her tribes, and ravages her fairest provinces, by supplying the means of

communication, to facilitate the progress of armies already too rapid and too successful; and thus to prepare the way for her own final subjection? Surely such impolitic conduct must be the last degree of blindness, the utmost point of public infatuation.

But, it may be asked, where is the remedy? The remedy is at hand. We have our choice of two languages, either of which may be adopted as a general medium of communication, not only without inconvenience but even with advantage—Latin and Italian. Latin is the parent of all the refined languages in Europe; the interpreter of the great principles of law and of justice, or, in other words, of jurisprudence in all its forms and with all its applications: it is the depository of wisdom and of science, which every age, from the fall of Carthage down to the present period, has continued to enrich with its productions, its inventions, its experience: it still continues the necessary and indispensable accomplishment of the gentleman and of the scholar, and is the sole introduction to all the honourable and liberal professions. It still remains the most widely spread, of all languages, and its grammar is justly regarded for its clearness, its facility, and its consistency as the *General* grammar. Why then should we not adopt as an universal medium of intercourse this language universally understood; and why not restore to it the privilege which it had ever enjoyed, till the fatal conquests of Lewis XIV. spread the language and the vices of France over half the subjugated Continent?

I need not enlarge upon the advantages that would result from the adoption of Latin, or shew how much it would disencumber and facilitate the progress of education: this much,

however, I will observe, that the energy and the magnanimity of the Roman authors in this supposition made common, might kindle once more the flame of liberty in Europe, and again *man* the rising generation now dissolved in luxury and in effeminacy. But, if in spite of taste and of reason, this noble language must be confined to our closets and a modern dialect must be preferred to it, Italian, without doubt, is the most eligible, because it possesses the most advantages and is free from every objection. Of its advantages, I have already spoken; of its exemption from evils to which French is liable, I need to say but a few words. It can have no political inconvenience; it is not the language of a rival nation. Italy pretends not to universal dominion, either by sea or by land; it administers to the pleasures without alarming the fears of other nations. Its language is that of poetry and of music; it is spread over all the wide-extended coasts, and through all the innumerable islands, of the Mediterranean, and has, at least, a classic universality to recommend it to the traveller who wishes to visit the regions ennobled by the genius and by the virtues of antiquity. The general tenor of Italian is pure and holy. None of its great authors were infected with impiety, and not one of its celebrated works is tinctured, even in the slightest degree, with that poisonous ingredient. I have already mentioned the ease with which it may be acquired: all its sounds may be found in every language; and if it be difficult, perhaps impossible, for foreigners to acquire all the graces of its modulation, they may with very little labour make themselves masters of its essential parts, so as to express themselves with facility and with perspicuity.

But it may perhaps be objected, that a change of diplomatic

language might at present be difficult, if not impossible. The difficulty is not so great as may be imagined.* Let any one of the greater Courts declare its intention of communicating with foreign ministers only in its own language, or in Latin or Italian, and a revolution in this respect will be brought about without delay or opposition. That this change is desirable, and that it would bring with it many political, literary, and even moral advantages can scarcely be disputed; and that it may take place at some future period is by no means improbable †.

Italian was, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, what French has been in the eighteenth, with this difference, that the former language owed to its own intrinsic merits that extension which the latter acquired by the preponderance of French power. When that power declines, and it is too gigantic and too oppressive to last, the language will decline with it, and again return to its natural limits; but what language will succeed it, it is not easy to conjecture. Italian has its intrinsic excellence and its superior literature to recommend it; but English,

* This revolution might have been effected in Vienna in the year 1794, that is, shortly after the commencement of the revolutionary war, if the court had supported the Anti-Gallican spirit of the gentry and people, who pretty generally came to a resolution to dismiss all French teachers, and forbid their families to use that language upon any occasion: a similar disposition was manifested in the year 1806 in Petersburg, in a much higher quarter, as the Emperor is said to have publicly declared, that he never expected to be addressed in any language but English and Russian, but in neither case was this patriotic resolution supported; the burghers of Vienna resumed their French grammars, and the Emperor Alexander submitted to French influence.

† How much the rejection of their language annoys and mortifies the French Cabinet appears from the angry expressions of Bonaparte, complaining that, in

with similar though inferior claims, is supported by fashion, a very powerful ally, by influence commensurate with the known world, and by renown that spreads from pole to pole. It is already the language of commerce as French is that of diplomacy; and while the one is confined to courts and Capitals, the other spreads over continents and islands, and is the dialect of the busy and the active in every quarter of the globe. With such a weight on its side it is possible, even probable, that the scale will preponderate in favour of English; a preponderance which may flatter our vanity, but cannot promote our interest, as it will increase an influence already exorbitant, and expose us more and more to the jealousies and the suspicions of Europe.

After all, it is very difficult to determine, whether, any human efforts can influence the fate of languages, or abridge or prolong their destined duration. We move along in a vast funeral procession, which conveys individuals, kingdoms, and empires, with their passions, their monuments, their languages, to the tomb. The Greeks and Romans precede us in the paths of oblivion; a faint murmur of their languages reaches our ears, to subside ere long in utter silence. Shall our less perfect dialects be more fortunate, and can typographic art impart to them an immortality that fate refused to the beauty of Greece and to the majesty of Rome? I know not; but I can scarce expect such a distinction. One consolation however offers itself amid this general wreck of man, of his works, and of his inventions; it is, that new political associations

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the late negotiations (of 1806), the English Ministry wished to lengthen and perplex the discussions, by the introduction of *Latin forms*, &c.

arise from the dissolution of kingdoms and empires, and call forth with increased vigour and interest the energies and the virtues of the human heart; that new combinations of sound spring from the decay of fading languages, affording fresh expressions to the understanding, and opening other fields to the imagination; and that thus all the shifting scenery and the ceaseless vicissitudes of the external world tend only to develop the powers of the mind, and finally to promote the gradual perfection of the intellectual system.*

RELIGION.

VII. The traveller who wishes to form a just idea of the religion of Italy, or indeed of any other European territory,

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* My reader, if partial to French, must excuse me, if in opposition to his taste and to the opinion of all the French academies, and their numerous dependents and flatterers, I have given that language the appellation of barbarous. If we take this epithet in the Roman, that is, in its proper sense, we may surely apply it with strict propriety to a language which, in its construction and pronunciation, has deviated more than any other from the excellencies and the harmony of the parent tongue. To prove these two points we need but open any French book, particularly if a translation, and one page only will be sufficient to show, as I have already observed, its opposition to the freer and manlier arrangement of Latin; and as for the second, he who has heard the natives of different countries read Latin, will acknowledge, that the French tends more directly and more effectually than any European pronunciation to untune the sweetness and to debase the acknowledged majesty of the Roman dialect. Nor is this opinion either new or peculiar; if it were, it might be attributed to that dislike to French utterance inherent in the natives of this country, but it is common to Germans, Portuguese, Spaniards, and Italians; and as these latter may be considered the best judges because they have the most delicate ear, I shall quote the *Abbate Denina*, who, in one of his academical discourses, expressly asserts, that of *all European languages French is in construction and in accent the most contrary to the phraseology and the harmony of Latin.*

would do well to consider, that in all Christian countries the same Gospel is professed, and of course the same principal articles of belief are admitted, the same moral duties are prescribed, and enforced by the same sanction of eternal rewards and punishments; or in other words, that Faith, Hope, and Charity, form the spirit and essence of Christianity, in whatever manner it may be taught, or wheresoever established. When we inquire therefore, concerning the religion of a country, we mean to ask whether these Christian virtues influence its inhabitants more or less than they do those of other Christian countries, and according as this influence is perceptible in public and in private life, we form a favourable or an unfavourable opinion. The exterior of religion, that is the forms and the ceremonies of worship, with the administration and police of ecclesiastical government, the Protestant traveller will, if he be consistent, abandon to the taste, the feelings, and the judgment of the public; certain that no form or ritual contrary to these grand agents in human affairs, by whatever authority it may be supported, will long prevail in any country. If we examine the religion of Italy upon these principles, we shall find much to praise, and something perhaps to admire.

But I wish, not only to apply the term *barbarous* to the language, but to extend it still farther, to many of its authors, who surpassed the barbarians in barbarism, and formed a project which would have shocked the Goths and Vandals themselves. This anti-classical project was no other than the total suppression of the ancient languages, by excluding them from the regular course of youthful studies, and substituting in their place lectures on French literature, mathematics, chemistry, &c. The disposition of the present government in France is expressed, and its motives are pointed out with satyrical delicacy, in the dedication of a work just published, entitled, *Herculanensia*, by Sir William Drummond and R. Walpole, Esq.

In attendance on public worship, the Italians are universally regular, and though such constant attendance may not be considered as a certain evidence of sincere faith, yet every reader of reflection will admit, that it is incompatible with either infidelity or indifference. These latter vices are indeed very rare in this country, and entirely confined to a few individuals of the higher class, and to some officers in the army, who resigning their religion with their patriotism, have meanly condescended to adopt the fashions and the opinions of revolutionary France. Interest, the only motive that can induce men to act in opposition to their conviction and feelings, reaches only a few ostensible characters, and excepting under certain persecuting governments, cannot extend to the multitude.

Nor is the devotion of the Italian confined to public service. The churches are almost always open; persons of regular life and of independent circumstances generally visit some or other of them every day; and individuals of all conditions may be seen at all hours, on their knees, humbly offering up their prayers at the throne of mercy. Such instances of unaffected devotion often melt the heart of the pious traveller, and have, not unfrequently, extorted an approving exclamation from observers in other respects blinded by early prejudice, or inflamed by polemic animosity. If the reader be inclined to condemn such practices as superstitious or as favourable to idleness, let him open the Gospel first, and examine well both its words and its spirit; then let him consider how many minutes are trifled away by the busiest and most active in the course of the day; and finally let him remember how many cares corrode the human heart, which He only, who wove its tissue, can remove or mitigate. The number of persons who receive the sacra-

ment, and the becoming gravity of their deportment on this solemn occasion, will be another source of edification to a sincere Christian, who, of whatsoever denomination he may be, must always rejoice in seeing this affecting Rite, often renewed and duly frequented. I say nothing of the numberless religious practices interwoven in the life of an Italian, and incorporated with the whole business and very substance of his existence, because I am aware that they are regarded by the bulk of my readers as marks rather of superstition than of piety*.

External practices, I know full well, have been often employed by the hypocrite as a convenient mask, and still more

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* One observation, however, I must make, in conjunction with a very learned and pious prelate of the Established Church, that such occasional memorandums are too much neglected in England, and that he who observes them with prudence and discrimination performs a rational and useful act of Christian devotion.* In fact, when an Italian, passing before a crucifix, takes off his hat, he means not to honour the wood or the bronze of which the image may be composed, but to express his reverence and gratitude towards the sacred person thus represented in the attitude of a victim. When he shews a similar respect to a picture of the Virgin, he means not to adore a creature, but to express his veneration for the most perfect model of virgin modesty, and of maternal fondness, on record in the holy Writings. As for the Eucharistic Elements, whatsoever opinion may be entertained of their mystic nature, yet they are universally acknowledged to be the most sacred and the most impressive symbols of the sufferings and death of the Redeemer; the respect, therefore, shewn to them, in which deficiency is perhaps more blameable than excess, must rather edify than offend a devout and sensible christain.

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* Bishop Butler's Charge to the Clergy of Durham.

frequently, perhaps, abused by the libertine as a compensation and excuse; but I conceive that notwithstanding such perversion of motive, they are, when generally observed, a proof convincing and satisfactory of the sincerity and activity of national faith.

But to turn from the exterior of religion to practices more connected with its internal and most essential qualities, and consequently better adapted to the feelings of Englishmen in general, I will venture to assert, that no country exhibits more splendid examples of public benevolence, or furnishes more affecting instances of private charity than Italy. Christian countries, in general (for there are some exceptions) and our own in particular are not deficient in the number and endowments of public establishments for the relief of suffering humanity; but even in this respect, whoever has visited and examined in detail the hospitals of Rome, Naples, Genoa, Venice, and Milan, will readily admit, that Italy has the honourable advantage of surpassing all the kingdoms of Europe in the number and the magnificence of her charitable foundations. To describe these edifices in detail would require a separate work of considerable extent, and it will be sufficient perhaps to inform the reader, that there is no disease of body, no distress of mind, no visitation of Providence, to which the human form is liable from its first appearance till its final deposition in the grave, which is not relieved with tenderness and provided for, if beyond relief, with a prodigality of charity seldom witnessed elsewhere*.

* It has been justly observed, that beneficent establishments owe their origin to Christianity, and that the Greeks and even the Romans, howsoever humane in

However, one or two instances may be necessary for explanation. We have in England such establishments as Foundling Hospitals, but every body knows what interest and recommendation is necessary to introduce an unfortunate infant into such asylums. In many of the great towns of Italy, and in several of the smaller, such hospitals may be found, and to avoid the evils of exposure with regard to the child, and to spare the delicacy or the pride of the parent, a box or case opens to the street, turning on a pivot in which any infant may be placed at any hour, and upon ringing a bell, to give notice within, is immediately admitted without recommendation or inquiry. One request only is made to the parent, and that is to annex a paper to inform the administrators whether the child be baptized or not, and whether there be any wish to acknowledge it at any future period.

The hospital of *St. Michael*, situated in the *Ripa Grande*, on the banks of the *Tiber*, is perhaps unequalled in its extent, endowment, and utility. Its front spreads along the river side,

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some respects, had little or no idea of such methods of relief. The only institution, or rather regulation, that bears any resemblance to any branch of our public charities is the provision made by Trajan for the education of the children of the poor in Rome first, and afterwards extended to Italy at large. The younger Pliny extols this institution with becoming eloquence. The mode in which the expence was defrayed deserves to be recorded. The legal interest of money was then twelve *per cent.*, the Emperor lent money to such landholders as wished to borrow at five per cent., obliging them to pay the interest into an office opened for the purpose. As the interest was low, the number of borrowers was great, and the funds superabundant.—*Brotier, Note in Supplement, Hist.* lib. v.—*Plin. Paneg.* xxv.

five hundred feet in length, and fifty in height; to it are annexed a magnificent church, a copious library, schools and work rooms. It admits foundlings, orphans, and friendless children, decayed tradesmen, time-worn servants, and the aged of all descriptions, when forlorn and helpless. The latter it supplies with every assistance spiritual and corporal, necessary to their years and infirmities. The former are nursed, educated, instructed in languages or trades, as their abilities and dispositions seem to require, and when they have learned some art or method of procuring a livelihood, they are dismissed from the hospital with a complete suit of clothes, and a sum of money amounting to five pounds. Both sexes are admitted, but lodged in different wings of the hospital, and kept carefully separate even in the church.

I pass over in silence the superb Hospital of *St. John Lateran*, occupying one-half of the vast palace annexed to that cathedral, and containing six hundred patients; and the numberless similar establishments that truly grace and almost consecrate the fourteen *regions* or districts of this parent of cities, the Capital of the christian and civilized world*.

On the subject of hospitals I shall only add, that in many of them the sick are attended, and the ignorant instructed, by

* It is with regret that I feel myself obliged to add, that the licentiousness of the French soldiers, and the rapacity of their generals, have nearly stripped the Roman hospitals of all their furniture, not excepting bedsteads, doors, and even windows; and what is still more distressing, because irremediable, almost exhausted the funds by which they had been supported, by draining the public treasury and destroying the credit of the State.

persons who devote themselves voluntarily to that disgusting and laborious task, and perform it with a tenderness and a delicacy which personal attachment, or the still more active and disinterested principle of Christian charity, is alone capable of inspiring. But, besides these public establishments, there are benevolent institutions, which, though properly speaking of a private nature, are widely spread and extensively felt; I allude to *confraternities*, or to use a more classical appellation, *Sodalities*. These *Sodalities*, or as the name implies, Companies, are formed by the voluntary agreement of a certain number of charitable persons, who unite together in order to relieve more effectually some particular species of distress. Thus, one of these benevolent societies devotes its attention to the wants of humble but decent families, and contrives to administer its alms in such a manner as to supply their necessities, and yet spare their honourable feelings. Another pays off debts contracted under the pressure of unavoidable distress, and restores the industrious sufferer to liberty and to labour. A third undertakes to visit gaols, and to furnish means of comfort to such prisoners as are friendless and forsaken. A fourth discovers the obscure and forlorn sick, supplies them with medicines and professional assistance; if they recover, affords them nutritive food while in a state of convalescence; if they die, pays the expences of their funeral and accompanies them with decent ceremony to the grave.*

As I do not mean to enumerate all these humane and truly Christian associations, I pass over in silence those who make it

* The reader may recollect, that several of these charitable societies have been enumerated in the account given of the Hospitals at Naples.

their object to instruct ignorant youth and to portion virgin innocence; I need only say, that every want and every misfortune are certain of meeting with corresponding assistance from some band or other of generous *brethren;* and the traveller who contemplates the unwearied exertions of so many individuals united for such noble purposes will be obliged to acknowledge, that in no country has charity assumed so many forms, or tried so many arts, to discover and to assuage the complicated varieties of human misery. These associations are composed principally of the middling classes, because in all countries these classes possess the greatest share of virtue and of compassion; yet, the most exalted characters for rank, fortune, and talents, enrol their names among them, and frequently distinguish themselves by their zeal and by their activity in the career of benevolence. On all public occasions, it is true, the members wear a dress that disguises and levels all ranks, under an appearance, grotesque and ridiculous perhaps in the eyes of a stranger, but very well contrived to stifle that vanity which is so often the stimulus and the bane of public generosity.

From these superabundant funds of public and private charities, the poor of Italy, a class more numerous there than in most other countries, owing in general to its great population, and in particular to the stagnating commerce, the declining manufactures, and the narrow policy of many of its States, are supported with comfort to themselves and with a certain sense of independence, without the oppressive burthen of poor rates, so inadequate to their object and so galling to the community.

After these details, in which I am not conscious of exaggeration or of misrepresentation, I think myself warranted in con-

cluding, that a Religion which thus manifests its influence by so many effusions of devotion, and by so many deeds of benevolence, must be, or I know not what can be, true genuine Christianity.

Before I drop this subject, it may be proper to say something on the attention paid to the instruction of youth in Italy, as we have been assured by several travellers, that the lower classes in that country are not only neglected but purposely kept in a state of ignorance: but in this, as in many other instances, such writers either have allowed themselves to be blinded by their prejudices, or have given their opinion without the degree of observation requisite to ascertain its accuracy. In opposition to this partial and injurious representation, I shall state the following facts. In the diocese of *Milan*, or to speak more properly, in the vast tract of country, included between the Alps and the Apennines, and subject to the visitation of the archiepiscopal See of *Milan*, in every parochial church the bell tolls at two o'clock on every Sunday in the year, and all the youth of the parish assemble in the church: the girls are placed on one side, the boys on the other: they are then divided into classes according to their ages and their progress, and instructed either by the clergy attached to the church, or by pious persons who voluntarily devote their time to this most useful employment; while the pastor himself goes from class to class, examines sometimes one, sometimes another, and closes the whole at four o'clock by a catechistical discourse. The writer first observed this mode of instruction at *Desensano*, on the borders of the *Lago di Garda*, then at *Mantua*, and finally, in the Cathedral of *Milan*, whose immense nave and aisles, almost equal in extent to St. Peter's, were then crowded with youths and with

children. He was struck more than once with the great readiness of the answers, and often edified by the patience and the assiduity of the teachers.

In other parts of Italy children are catechised regularly, and almost invariably in the parish church by their pastor, and besides these general instructions every young person is obliged to attend a course of instruction for some months previous to the first Communion, and again before Confirmation. It may perhaps be asked, what the catechisms contain, and whether they are compiled with judgment and discretion. As I have several of these little elementary books in my possession, I am enabled to answer that they contain an explanation of the Creed, the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Sacraments, and have oftentimes annexed an account of the festivals, fasts, and public ceremonies, so that whatever redundancies the Protestant reader may find in the compilation, he can never complain of the omission or of the neglect of essentials. The truth is, and in spite of prejudice it must be spoken, the Italian common people are, to say the least, full as well acquainted with the truths, the duties, and the motives of religion as the same class in England, and instances of very gross ignorance seldom occur unless in the superabundant population of great towns and of overgrown Capitals. It is, I know, generally believed that the principal source of religious information is shut up in Italy, (and indeed in all catholic countries,) by the prohibition of translated Bibles; but this opinion, though supported by the united authority of the pulpit and of the press, is founded upon a slight mistake. Translations, when supposed to alter the sense or to degrade the dignity of the sacred Writings, (and many such have been circulated in most countries,) are pro-

hibited; when considered as tolerably accurate, they are allowed and encouraged. Of the latter description, an Italian translation exists, penned with great elegance, and recommended to public perusal by no less than *papal* authority.

After this impartial exposition, I think it may be fairly concluded, and my reader, if one single spark of christian charity glows in his bosom, will rejoice in the conclusion; in the first place, that in a country thus superabounding in works of benevolence, the spirit of charity, that characteristic mark of genuine Christianity, must be alive and active; and in the second place, that a nation, furnished with so many means of instruction, cannot perish through ignorance of the saving doctrines of the Gospel.

But many of my readers may exclaim, with surprize and impatience: What! are then the accounts of Italian superstition and bigotry, which we have so often read and so often laughed at, all false? Is there no idolatry in Italy, no priestcraft, no abuse? Surely, our author must be blinded by his partiality, and, in his enthusiasm, extend his admiration even to the absurdities and the deformities of its corrupted religion. Without doubt, the author has his prejudices, and may be influenced not a little perhaps by his enthusiasm; but his prejudices and his enthusiasm lean, he hopes, towards benevolence, and prompt him to pity and to excuse the errors of his fellow creatures. He abandons to Burnet, Addison, Misson, &c. and to the herd of travellers who follow their traces, the task of inflaming animosity, and of working up the zeal of the reader into fury by misconceived and overcharged descriptions. He wishes to lull these stormy passions to rest, to reconcile his reader to his fellow

creatures beyond the Alps, and to prevail upon him to extend to their abuses and their weaknesses some portion of that indulgence, which he seldom refuses to the absurdities and the follies that, now and then, attract his attention at home. To answer the above-mentioned query, therefore, many abuses, without doubt, may be observed in Italy; some priestcraft, if by priestcraft be meant an interested attempt to work upon the simple piety of the people, but I believe and trust, no idolatry. It may here perhaps be expected, that I shall amuse my readers with a long enumeration of ridiculous pictures, wonder-working images, all-powerful indulgencies; exhibit to their delighted eyes, a grotesque line of *friars*,

> White, black, and grey, and all their trumpery;

and close the whole with an authentic document, giving pardon to past, present, and future sins. No! I have too great a respect for the public understanding at present to insult it with such trash, and shall endeavour to present to it, as a better entertainment, some reflections on the origin, progress, and probable reformation of these abuses.

In the regions of the South, where the sky is bright and nature beautiful, where the heart is warm and the imagination active, external demonstrations have ever been employed to express feelings too big for utterance, and external shews introduced to convey impressions and excite sentiments grand and sublime, beyond the reach of ordinary language. The demonstrations of respect used anciently in the East, are well known; nor is it necessary to recall to the recollection of the reader the passages in the Book of Genesis, which represent Abraham prostrate

before his guests, or Jacob at the feet of Esau, a posture of respect, amongst us exclusively confined to the worship of the Almighty. It is equally superfluous to observe, that the legislator of the Jews, acting under the immediate inspiration of Heaven, so far humoured the oriental fondness for shew, as to prescribe many minute observances and an annual succession of pompous exhibitions. The Greeks shared the passions and the propensities of their Asiatic neighbours, and displayed their taste for pageantry principally in their Games, which were in fact their yearly public meetings, where the national talents and character were exhibited to the greatest advantage.

The Romans, a more warlike and a more solemn people, loved pomp equally but employed it better; and confining it to the grand objects that occupied exclusively their thoughts, to Conquest and Religion, they displayed it in the triumphs of their heroes and in the worship of their gods. But when the successful invasions of the barbarians had for ever closed the long series of the former; and when Christianity had presented objects infinitely more sublime and more awful for the exercise of the latter, then religion became their only occupation, and took possession of their minds, not as a principle only, but as a domineering passion, that claimed for itself the tribute of all their talents and of all their faculties. Then, the spacious Basilicæ were opened for the assemblies of the faithful, and the forsaken temples converted into churches; the lights that preceded the Book of Laws and the Prætor, now moved before the Gospels and the Bishop; the solemn tones of tragic declamation were adapted to the lecture of the Holy Books, and the Psalms tuned to the modulations of the Greek chorusses. To this magnificence were superadded the silent but impressive charms of order and of deco-

rum reigning undisturbed over an immense assembly; the venerable appearance of the clergy, clothed in white, and ranged in a semicircle behind the altar, and at their head the majestic form of their aged pontiff, renowned perhaps alike for his sanctity, for his wisdom, and for his eloquence. The circus, and the theatre without doubt, have exhibited many a gay shew, and the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus has been the stage of many a noble pageant; but it may be questioned whether ancient Rome ever witnessed a grander spectacle than that displayed in the illuminated cathedral of the Vatican on the night of the Nativity, or in the Lateran Basilica on the more solemn vigil of the Resurrection.

As years of war and of devastation rolled on successively, the prospect of the Roman world darkened more and more; the forum was deserted, the circus and the theatres were closed, the temples were shut up for ever, and even the very tutelar divinities of the empire were forgotten. In these times of disaster and of depression, the Basilicæ alone remained open, the only places of public resort, the only retreat from public misery, where the mind was soothed by the consolations, and the eyes delighted with the solemnities, of Religion. In these sanctuaries the Romans assembled with complacency; there, free from barbarian intrusion, they heard the language and beheld the vestments of their fathers; there they saw and venerated in their clergy and in their prelates the grave and dignified deportment of the magistrates of ancient Rome; and there they were entertained with pomps and ceremonies, pure, calm, and holy, that melted and improved the heart, while they captivated the senses, and were by that circumstance alone far more impressive and more delight-

ful than the impure, turbulent, and often inhuman exhibitions of the circus and of the amphitheatre.

The invaders themselves, however fierce and intractable at first, were gradually tamed and civilized by the climate, by the arts, by the manners, and, above all, by the religion of the Romans, and embraced its doctrines, not with the zeal of converts only, but with the impetuosity and the passion that characterize the proceedings of barbarians. The conversion of these half savages gave, as may be supposed, a new and a stronger impulse to the national propensities, and sometimes made, not religion only, but, as is natural to unpolished minds, its exterior and sensible form the grand object of their thoughts and of their devotion. Hence, to build, to ornament, and to endow churches; to increase the number of the clergy, and to found monasteries; to discover relics, and to deposit them in splendid shrines; to lengthen the service by new offices, and to swell the ritual with fresh ceremonies; to invent pomps more magnificent, and habits more dazzling, became the occupation of the clergy, the ambition of nobles, and the pride of sovereigns. It is indeed much to be lamented, that while Zeal increased, Taste was on the decline; and that many of the institutions and the inventions of the seventh and the succeeding ages, though intended to grace, too frequently disfigure the exterior of Religion, and instead of increasing degrade its majesty. The truth is, that the language of signs, like that of words, may be overcharged with ornament, and that, in both, overstrained attempts to catch the *Beautiful* or to reach the *Sublime*, generally terminate in littleness and in absurdity. We accordingly find, that the same bad taste which encumbered the ritual with petty observances,

infected the style of the times, and filled it with obscure allusions, far-fetched metaphors, and turgid epithets.

This evil continued to increase with the ignorance and the barbarism of the times, filling the church with new orders, and deforming divine service with new rites, new dresses, new festivals, and new devotions; till the revival of taste in the fifteenth century first checked the abuse, and has ever since been employed, gradually, but effectually, *in driving the holy Vandals off the stage*, and in clearing the ritual of the accumulated lumber of the seven preceding centuries. Under the secret influence of this improving spirit, absurd relics, formerly honoured with ill-placed though well-meant reverence, are now left to moulder unnoticed in their shrines; petty forms of devotion are gradually falling into disuse; the ornaments of the church are assuming a more dignified appearance; the number of holidays introduced among barbarians, who had little to employ their time but war and rapine, has been diminished and adapted to the more active genius of a civilized nation; and the *police* and external discipline of the church is gradually fashioning itself to the feelings and the wants of modern society.

The number of ecclesiastical persons now existing in Italy, though an abuse, is nevertheless neither such an absurdity nor such a grievance as Englishmen are generally apt to imagine it to be, for the following reason, which, though very obvious, has not, I believe, yet occurred to any of our professed travellers. In a country, where the population is immense, and all that population of the same religion, it will be admitted that the parochial clergy alone are not sufficiently numerous to

answer the calls and to supply all the religious wants of their flocks; especially when the instruction of every child, and the visitation of every sick individual, are considered as essential parts of parochial duty; and when every person of every description, of an age capable of comprehending the importance of such a duty, is obliged to receive the sacrament every year at or near the festival of Easter. Now, as it is impossible personally to fulfil these duties, deputies and assistants are indispensably necessary; and who are better calculated to fill such humble offices than men who ask no salary and refuse no task; who, content with the necessaries of life, such as the common people use, are always ready to obey the calls of the parochial clergy, and to relieve them in the discharge of the most laborious and burthensome functions? Now, such are the friars, a set of people despised and much traduced by strangers, but in truth, humble, unassuming, and disinterested, obliging to all visitants, and, I must add, officiously attentive to their foreign censors.

Add to the circumstances mentioned above, that a considerable part of the population of Italy is spread over the fastnesses, and immersed in the recesses, of the Apennines, and not unfrequently separated from the inhabitants of the plain by barriers of ice and snow. When in these lonely wilds, the traveller discovers rising on some tufted eminence the humble spire of a convent; or when from the midst of a neighbouring forest he hears the bell of an ancient abbey tolling in his ear, Religion and hospitality seem to rise before him, to soften the savage features of the scene, and to inspire hopes of protection and refreshment. Seldom, I believe, are these hopes disappointed. In the rich abbey, he

may loiter day after day and still find his presence acceptable, and his hosts entertaining: in the humble convent he will meet with a hearty welcome, be introduced into the best apartment, and partake of their very best fare. If he stays, he confers an obligation; if he goes, he departs, *votis et ominibus*, with their blessing and their prayers. Such acts of kindness remind us that we are Christians and brothers, and in spite of religious animosity melt and delight the benevolent heart.

But these convents are supported by charity, and may be considered as an encouragement to idleness, and a tax upon the industrious poor; and their inhabitants are a lazy set of mendicants, mere drones in society, always ignorant, often debauched, and ever useless. Such is the language of many travellers, and of another class perhaps equally attached to truth and full as entertaining, of many novellists and many romance writers. But, with all due respect to such formidable authorities, I must state my opinion, not formed in the closet but founded upon local observation. These convents are supported by charity, it is true; but that charity is a voluntary gift, proportioned to the means and the inclination of the donor, and generally drawn from the stores of the rich, not scraped from the pittance of the poor. Their inhabitants are mendicants; but they refund the alms which they collect, with interest, into the common stock, by sharing them with the poor and the cripple, with the blind and the sick, with the houseless pilgrim and the benighted wanderer. Thus they spare their country the expence of workhouses, with all their prodigal appendages; and they render it a still more important service, in preserving it from the oppressive and ever accumulating burthen of poor rates. They instruct the ignorant,

they visit the sick, they nurse the dying, and they bury the dead; employments, silent and obscure indeed, but perhaps as useful to mankind and as acceptable to the Divinity, as the bustling exertions of many a traveller and the voluminous writings of many an author. Those who charge them with ignorance and debauchery, must have been very partial, or very inconsiderate observers, extending the defects or vices of a few, perhaps lay-brothers, (that is, servants in the dress of the order,) to the whole body; a mode of reasoning which we very justly reject, when applied to our own country and to its corporations, but which we are very apt to adopt when speaking of other countries and of their institutions.

With regard to information, the truth is, that in the greater convents, such as exist in cities, a traveller is certain of discovering, if he chooses to inquire for them, some men of general erudition; and he will find the brotherhood at large, sometimes well versed in Latin and Italian literature, and always in Divinity, the peculiar science of their profession. In the rural convents, the case is different. Taste and learning would be an encumbrance to a friar, doomed for life to associate with rustics: piety, good nature, some Latin, and a thorough knowledge of his duty, are all that can be expected, and all that the traveller will find among these humble *Fathers of the Desert.*

As to the morality of convents, we must form our opinion of it with a due regard to their number, as in all aggregate bodies formed of human beings some instances must be found of the weakness of our common nature, and such irregularities,

if not beyond the ordinary proportion of frailty inseparable from the best establishments in similar circumstances, may claim indulgence.

Now, though instances of gross immorality are sometimes heard of, and occasional deviations are perhaps not unfrequent, yet, on the whole, it is but just to acknowledge, that piety and decorum generally prevail in convents, and that examples of devotion, of holiness, and of disinterestedness are frequent enough to edify the candid observer, whilst they obliterate all little incidental interruptions of religious regularity. Extremes of vice are rare, fortunately, in all ranks, and most certainly very unusual indeed in ecclesiastical corporations of every description. The friar, in fact, who becomes a slave to his passions, generally flies from the gloom and the discipline of his convent, and endeavours to lose the remembrance of his engagements and of his duties in the bustle and the dissipation of ordinary life. In fine, I may venture to assure the English traveller, that he may pass the night in any convent in Italy without the least chance of being alarmed by sounds of midnight revelry, and without the smallest danger from the daggers of a *Schedoni*, a *Belloni*, or of any such hooded ruffian; that the tolling of bells, and perhaps the swell of the organ, may chance to disturb his morning slumbers, and some benevolent Father *Lorenzo* may inquire, rather unseasonably, about his health and repose.

Before I quit this subject it will be necessary to give the reader a short account of the hierarchy of the Church of Italy, and the different orders that devotion or authority have superinduced in the course of ages into the clerical order. The Pope, as primate, presides over the Church of

Italy, with the same rights and prerogatives as accompany the same title in other countries. There is one Patriarch who resides at Venice, but derives his title and honour from the ancient See of *Aquileia*, destroyed by the Huns under Attila, in the year 452, and ever since existing only as an insignificant town or rather village. All the great cities, and some of a secondary rate, have Archbishops, while almost every town, at least if ancient, is the See of a Bishop. To account for this extraordinary number of Bishops, it will be necessary to recollect, that the Christian Religion was planted in Italy by the Apostles themselves or by their immediate successors, who, according to the primitive practice were accustomed to appoint in every town a Bishop and Deacons. Besides the cathedrals there are several collegiate churches which have their deans and chapters; but it must be recollected, that the deans and canons of every description are obliged to reside at least nine months in the year, and to attend regularly at the three public services of the day, viz. Morning Service, at four, five, or six; Solemn Communion Service or High Mass, about ten; and Evening Service, about three. The parochial clergy are numerous; pluralities never allowed, and constant residence strictly enforced. So far, the difference between the Italian and English Hierarchy, if we except the article of residence, is not material; in the following circumstances they differ totally, and on which side the advantage lies, the reader must determine.

In Italy every Bishop has his diocesan *seminary* or college, consecrated solely to ecclesiastical education, under his own inspection and under the direction of a few clergymen of an advanced age and of high reputation for sanctity and learning. In this seminary the candidates for orders in the diocese are

obliged to pass three years, under rigorous discipline, in the study of divinity and in a state of preparation for the discharge of their ecclesiastical functions, before they are admitted to the priesthood. It may be asked, what course of studies is adopted in these establishments? The student is obliged to attend twice a day at lectures on the Scripture, on ethics, and on theology. The mode of treating these topics depends upon the taste and the talents of the lecturer; but the two latter are generally discussed in the scholastic manner, which has long since fallen into contempt and ridicule amongst us; though the zealous Protestant must know, that the Reformers, particularly Luther and Calvin, derived from it the weapons which they employed against their antagonists, and the skill with which they used them. The truth is, that notwithstanding the quibbles, the sophisms, the trivial distinctions, and the cobweb refinements introduced into it, a course of school divinity gives a very full and comprehensive view of theology taken in the widest sense of the word, and furnishes a man of judgment and of discrimination with the best proofs, the strongest objections, and the most satisfactory answers, upon almost every question that has occupied the thinking part of mankind on the subject of religion.

Such is the constitution of the regular and apostolic part of the Italian Church, of the clergy, simply and properly so called; a body of men as exemplary in their conduct and as active in the discharge of their duty, as any national clergy in the Christian world. The traveller must not confound with the clergy a set of men who wear the clerical habit merely as a convenient dress, that enables them to appear respectably in public places, to insinuate themselves into good company, and sometimes to cover principles

and conduct very opposite to the virtues implied by such a habit. The intrigues and vices of these adventurers have too often been attributed, by hasty and ignorant persons, to the body whose uniform they presume to wear, with just as much reason as the deceptions of swindlers might be ascribed to the gentlemen whose names are sometimes assumed for such sinister purposes.

It must however be acknowledged, that the clerical body in Italy is too numerous; that many supernumeraries might be retrenched; and that such a reform would contribute much to the edification of the public and to the reputation of the body itself. But, wherever any profession has acquired celebrity or any corporation seems to open a wider or a shorter road to preferment, its ranks will necessarily be crowded, and the very avenues to it besieged with pretenders. This evil is now rapidly decreasing. The ecclesiastical profession, since the Church has been plundered and insulted by the French, is no longer the road either to fame or to fortune. The attractions it retains are merely spiritual, and not likely to allure a multitude, or to compensate, in the opinion of many, the restraints which it necessarily imposes.

We now come to the regular clergy, so called because they live under certain rules or statutes, and take upon themselves obligations not connected with the clerical profession. This body is very numerous, exhibits a great variety of dresses, and strongly attracts the attention of an English traveller, who, if a zealous Protestant, is apt to feel, at the sight of one of its individuals, an aversion or antipathy similar to that which some

hypochondriac persons are said to experience in the presence of cats and other domestic animals. The regular clergy may be divided into two great classes, Monks and Friars, who though they are bound in common by the three vows of Poverty, of Chastity, and of Obedience, yet live under very different regulations. The former, under various appellations, follow almost universally the rule of St. Benedict, who, in the sixth century, attempted to regulate the monastic life which had been introduced into Italy and the Western Church in the age preceding. His rule is rather a treatise of morality than a book of statutes, as it recommends many virtues, and prescribes few regulations, which regard principally the disposal of time, and the order of the psalms, the duties of the two principal officers of the abbey, and the practice of hospitality. It enjoins manual labour, and presupposes the existence of a library in each monastery. Much is left to the discretion of the Superior; particularly the dress, in which the prudent founder recommends plainness, and cautions against singularity. The truth is, that in their hours, their habit, their diet, and their employments, the first monks nearly resembled the better sort of peasants. The *cowl*, a long black gown or *toga* intended to cover their working dress and to give them a decent appearance in church, was, at first the only external distinction. In process of time, the general promotion of the monks to holy orders, their application to literature, and, above all, their adherence to the forms, the hours, and the manners of the age of their institution, made the distinction more striking, and at length marked them out as a peculiar and separate tribe.

The first monasteries established by St. Benedict and by his im-

mediate disciples were generally built among ruins, in unwholesome marshes or in uncultivated plains, in the midst of dreary forests, or on the summits of mountains almost inaccessible. In process of time these rugged scenes began to smile upon the industry of their inhabitants, and yielding to the unremitting labour of centuries, many a swamp resigned its infectious pools, many a pathless forest opened into pastures, and many a naked rock put on verdure and waved with foliage. As barrenness yielded to cultivation the resources of the monasteries multiplied, and their increasing riches sometimes overflowed and fertilized whole provinces. Their solitudes were gradually peopled by well-fed and happy peasants, and the abbey itself not unfrequently became the centre and the ornament of a flourishing city.

These establishments were not only the abode of piety, but they became the asylums of learning, and collected and preserved the scattered remains of Greek and Roman literature and refinement. In fact, they were the only retreats that were sometimes neglected and sometimes spared by the hordes of barbarians that successively invaded the provinces of the Roman Empire, and swept away, with undistinguishing ruin, their edifices, their sciences, and their arts. In process of time, the Benedictines, not content with hording up books, endeavoured to diffuse science, and opened their retreats to the studious; thus the monasteries soon became the seminaries of youth, and even the nurseries of boyhood. Such, in the time of St. Benedict himself, was *Monte Cassino*, and afterwards *Vallombrosa*, *Sta. Justina* at *Padua*, *S. Georgio* at *Venice*, &c. in Italy; and in France the famous Abbey of *Cluni*, &c.

If manual labour was found incompatible with these nobler and more useful occupations, we cannot censure the monks for having resigned it, nor wonder that they should prefer, to the tillage of their grounds and the increase of their harvests, the propagation of knowledge and the cultivation of the human mind. Their deviation from the letter of their rule in this respect is the more pardonable, as their literary labours were crowned with the most signal success, and for many ages the church was indebted to the Benedictine Order alone for her most enlightened prelates, the Christian kingdoms for their wisest statesmen, and the republic of letters for its most active and best informed scholars.

To this Order, several countries owe the knowledge of Christianity, and all the blessings annexed, as well in this life as in the life to come, to its public establishment. To it, England in particular, is most deeply indebted; for, from the labours of the zealous Augustin and of his associates and followers, she has derived her religion, her creeds, her hierarchy, her sacraments; to them she owes the knowledge of the ancient languages and of the ancient arts; they founded her two Universities, the *duo lumina regni;* they erected twelve of her most magnificent Cathedrals, and they raised a thousand other superb edifices, which, though now in ruins only, are still the ornament of the country and the admiration of travellers. France has similar, though certainly not equal obligations to the Benedictines, and previous to the Revolution could boast that she possessed in the congregation of St. Maurus, the most learned corporate body in the world; so high was the reputation of that society at a certain period, and so numerous the eminent persons it pro-

duced. In fact, what a blaze of glory must result from the united fame of *Montfaucon*, *Mabillon*, *Ceillier*, and *Martenne*, who all flourished at the same period, and astonished the literary world with the extent, the variety, and the depth of their researches.

But the Benedictins are accused of being rich, and rich they undoubtedly were, but never were riches better acquired, or better employed; they were acquired by ages of persevering labour, and they were employed in acts of beneficence and in works of splendour. Never was there so fair a division of the profits of agriculture between the landlord and the tenants, as between the monks and their farmers; never was greater indulgence shewn in case of failure, and never assistance more readily imparted in circumstances of distress. In truth, the peasantry on the abbey lands were, in all countries, a happy and contented race, well instructed in their duties, and well supplied with all the necessaries and comforts compatible with their situation. They alone enjoyed that rural felicity which poets have, at all times, attributed to their fellows at large, and might justly be called fortunate.

Fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint.

I need not enlarge upon the munificence of the Order, as the princely incomes of the rich abbies have, for these eight centuries past, been almost entirely devoted to the erection and the decoration of churches, halls, and libraries, and few indeed are the provinces of Europe, which are not indebted for their principal architectural ornaments to the taste, the splendour, and the

opulence of the Benedictins; insomuch, that when it disappears, and the period of its extinction is probably not far distant, it will leave more traces of its existence, and more monuments of its greatness and of its wide-extended influence, than any empire, the Roman excepted, that ever yet flourished on the Earth.

The Benedictins are also accused of luxury; and poets and novelists have at all times amused themselves in describing *slumbering abbots*, *purples as the vines* that imbosom their abodes; and convivial monks, with the glass in their hands, laughing at the tolling of the midnight bell. To affirm that no scenes of revelry had ever been witnessed in an abbey would be absurd; to imagine that such scenes were frequent would be ridiculous. The rule of St. Benedict obliges his disciples to hospitality, and their luxury consisted in entertaining every guest according to his rank and to their means. The abbot on such occasions represented the body, and was *exclusively* charged with the care and entertainment of visitors; he had a table and separate apartments allotted for the purpose, and generally lived in the style and splendour of a bishop. In the interim, the monks, with the prior at their head, lived in their usual retirement, and fed upon their very moderate allowance in their hall, while, to season their repast, a lecture was read from the Bible, the Fathers, or Ecclesiastical History.

In the same manner, the magnificence of their edifices was confined to the public parts, to the church, to the library, to the cloisters, and to the hall or refectory, but never pervaded the cell of the monk or emblazoned the bare walls of his humble dwelling. In

fact, whether the income of the monastery were one or ten thousand, the furniture, diet, dress, and fate of the private monk were always the same, always above penury, but far below luxury. In short, monks are generally by birth and education, gentlemen, and their mode of living nearly resembles that of fellows of colleges; with this difference, that their engagements are for life, and that nothing but sickness can exempt them from constant residence and from regular attendance in hall and in church.

It would be unjust to pass over in silence, two circumstances highly creditable to this Order. In the first place, the Benedictins have ever been averse to innovations, and have endeavoured to retain in the liturgy and in the public service of the Church the forms and the order that prevailed in the times of their founder, and thus, by discouraging petty practices and whimsical modes or expressions of devotion invented by persons of more piety than prudence, they have in a certain degree preserved unadulterated and undegraded, the purer and more majestic ceremonial of the ancients. In the next place, in political struggles, the monks have either observed a charitable neutrality, befriending the distressed, and allaying the animosities of both parties; or, if forced to declare themselves, they have generally joined the cause, if in such cases either could claim to be the cause, of their country and of justice. In scholastic debates, which have not unfrequently been conducted with great rancor and some mischief, they have acted with the coolness of spectators unconcerned in the result, and seem occasionally to have laughed in secret at the furious zeal with which the contending parties supported or attacked air-built theories and visionary systems. Even in the more important

contests on religious articles, which sometimes burst forth before the Reformation, and have raged with lesser or greater, but always with most malevolent animosity, ever since that event; in contests which have ruffled the smoothest minds and soured the sweetest tempers, the Benedictins alone seem to have been exempt from the common frenzy, have preserved their usual calmness in the midst of the general tempest, and have kept strictly within the bounds of christian charity and moderation. Among them we find no inquisitors, no persecutors. Though plundered, stripped, insulted, in most reformed countries, they seem rather to have deplored in silence, what they must have considered as the errors and the madness of the times, than inveighed against it in public; and content with the testimony of their own consciences, they appear to have renounced with manly piety the pleasure of complaint and of invective.

This body, once so extensive, so rich, so powerful, is now fallen, and its history, like those of many potent empires, will shortly be a *tale of days that are no more*. *Philosophists*, insects rising in swarms from the dregs of modern times, buzz and clap their wings in triumph; but the wise man, who judges of what may happen *by that which is passed*, pauses in silence and uncertainty. When he contemplates the solitudes that spread around the Abbies of Vale Crucis and of Furness, and the misery that pines away in the cold ruins of the romantic Tintern, he will apprehend that posterity may derive little advantage from their suppression, and be little inclined to applaud the zeal of their improvident forefathers. The savage wilds of the *Chartreux* have been abandoned to their primeval

horrors; the summits of *Monte Cassino*, lately crowned with stately edifices, are destined to be a desert once more, and the solitudes of *Vallombrosa*, now enlivened by the shouts of youthful mirth, will ere long rebellow the growlings of the bear and of the wolf of the Apennines. Such is the policy of the philosophic governors of the nineteenth century, and such their method of encouraging agriculture and of augmenting population.

From the Benedictins sprung many minor congregations of more or less repute, according to the talents and the influence of their founders, such as the Bernardins, Celestines, Camaldolese, &c. The first derived great credit from the eloquence, the sanctity, and the authority of the celebrated St. Bernard, and grew up into a rich and numerous Order. The second, humble and unambitious as their founder, who from the papal chair, then confessedly the first throne in Europe, had slunk into the silence of a convent, soon subsided in obscurity and insignificance. The latter was too austere to become numerous, and if we except a few thinly inhabited houses at Rome, Venice, and Naples, was seen only in deserts, and flourished principally in the most remote, the most dreary solitudes of the Apennines.

To the monks we may add the canons regular, who, with the dress and ordinary duties of other prebendaries, took upon themselves monastic engagements and led a conventual life; as also the Theatins, Hieronymites, Oratorians, and other congregations of clergy, who devoted themselves to the education of youth and to the instruction of the poor, and lived in communities, without making vows or contracting any permanent

and irrevocable obligations. This class was, perhaps, the most useful and the least objectionable; hence it has rendered many essential services to the public, and has produced many distinguished literary characters. All these orders, congregations, and institutions, have one advantage in common, which is, that they are supported by a regular settled income, derived from landed property or from public grants; an advantage which contributes much to their independence and to their respectability, and distinguishes them from the second class of regular clergy, who subsist upon alms and donations, and are therefore called Mendicants.

To these latter, exclusively, belongs the appellation of Friars, derived from *Fratres*, *Frati*, *Freres*, an appellation assumed first by St. Francis as a mark of humility, and retained ever after by his followers. It would be useless, and I fear tedious, to detain the reader with an enumeration of this numerous body with all its subdivisions, or with a description of their dresses, distinguishing features and particular observances and austerities. Suffice it to say, that St. Francis, of *Assissium*, of whom I have elsewhere given the reader some account, gave the first example and the first impulse in the year 1209. His disciples were called *Fratres Minores*, and in a very short space of time multiplied so prodigiously as to astonish, and almost to terrify the clergy of that age, by their numbers and by their activity.

St. Francis, of *Paula*, following the example of his namesake, instituted a new order, but in order to sink still lower on the scale of humility, called his disciples *Fratres Minimi*.

St. Dominic founded the Order of the Preachers, better known under the denomination of Dominicans.

The Carmelites affect to trace their origin to the prophet Elias, and *only* underwent a reform at the Christian era; they were discovered by some military pilgrim during the Crusades, on the top of Mount Carmel, and were thence transplanted to Italy, and other European countries, where, notwithstanding the changes of climate they grew and flourished for several centuries.

The Augustines or Austin Friars, so called because they drew their statutes from the works of St. Augustin, were little different from the rest of the fraternity.

All these, and others of less note, were originally intended to act as assistants to the clergy in the discharge of their parochial duties, but in process of time the auxiliaries became more numerous than the main body, and not unfrequently excited its jealousy and hatred by trenching upon its prerogatives, and by usurping part of its credit and of its functions. In fact, they had contrived, first, by pontifical exemptions, to shake off the legal authority of their respective bishops; next, by similar concessions, to acquire some share of their apostolical powers; and, lastly, by certain privileges annexed to their oratories to gather congregations and to draw the people away from the regular parochial service. These were great abuses, and in towns, where the Friars had numerous convents, tended not a little to divert the attention of the public from the spirit and the simplicity of the ancient liturgy, to shews, images, and exhibitions.

However, to compensate, if any compensation can be made for such evils, the mendicant Orders produced several great men; each in its time had roused the age from a lethargy of ignorance, and had awakened, partially at least, a spirit of inquiry and of improvement. Besides, in small towns, in numerous villages, and in lonely or distant provinces, they still continue to fulfil their original object, and, as I have hinted above, to afford a necessary assistance to the ordinary pastors. They are, in general, considered as too numerous, and from the frequency with which they meet the eye in certain Capitals, I am inclined to admit this conclusion. But, as the population of Italy is very great, amounting to eighteen millions at least, and as all that immense population professes the same religion, the surplus may not be so excessive as is usually imagined. At all events, this evil is daily diminishing, and the succeeding generations in Italy, as in most other countries, will probably have reason to lament the want, rather than complain of the number, of religious ministers.

To conclude.—There are in the religion of Italy some, and indeed not a few, abuses, and among these abuses we may rank the multiplicity of ceremonies, and the introduction of theatrical exhibitions and theatrical music into the church; the general use and exaggeration of certain popular and undignified forms of devotion; and, in fine, the unnecessary number of religious establishments. These abuses originate partly from the influence of the climate and from the genius of the people, and partly from the natural effects of Ages, which, as they roll on, sometimes improve and sometimes deteriorate human institutions. To remove them entirely, is difficult; to eradicate them at once, would be dangerous and perhaps not possible. The whole business of reform must be

left to the zeal of enlightened pastors, to public opinion, to the inquisitive and critical spirit of the age, and to Time, so apt to destroy his own work and to root up weeds, which he himself has planted.

Quod ætas vitium posuit, ætas auferet.
Pub. Syr.

At all events, one obvious reflection presents itself to console the benevolent and truly Christian reader, whose expansive heart embraces all mankind, and who of course wishes rather to enlarge than to narrow the conditions of pardon and the pale of salvation. Of all the abuses here enumerated, not one, in the opinion of an enlightened Protestant, can touch the essence of Christianity; not one can obscure the splendour of the Divine perfections; not one can affect the mediation of the Redeemer, or obstruct the active and efficient operation of the three prime and all-enlivening virtues of Faith, of Hope, and of Charity. On the contrary, most, if not all, may be attributed to a well-intended, though an ill-directed zeal, a fault which, if any human failing can deserve indulgence, doubtless merits it most, and may probably experience it soonest. With this reflection ever uppermost in his mind, the most zealous Protestant may traverse Italy with composure, bear its abuses with temper, treat a monk or even a friar with civility, and still consider himself as in a Christian country.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

VIII. After having thus taken a cursory view of the Climate, of the History, of the Literature, and of the Religion of Italy,

we shall proceed to make some observations on the National Character of its inhabitants; observations the more necessary, as the subject has been much distorted by prejudice and by misrepresentation. National, like individual character, is, I am aware, a wonderful texture, composed of threads oftentimes so fine, and frequently so interwoven, as to escape the notice of the most penetrating observer. But this obscurity affects only the more delicate tints, and leaves the principal and constituent colours their full strength and effect. The latter part of this observation becomes more applicable to such individuals and nations as are placed in trying circumstances, which necessarily call forth all the passions, and oblige nature to exert without controul all her latent energies. On such occasions the character throws off every disguise, and displays all its peculiar and distinctive features. Now, if ever any nation has been placed in such circumstances it certainly is the Italian, and consequently we should be led to conclude, that no national character could be more open to observation, and more capable of being drawn with strict accuracy and precision. Yet, the very contrary has happened, and never surely were any portraits more overcharged, and more totally unlike the original, than the pictures which some travellers have drawn (at leisure apparently,) and given to the public as characters of the Italians. If we may credit these *impartial* gentlemen, the Italians combine in their hearts almost every vice that can defile and degrade human nature. They are ignorant and vain, effeminate and cruel, cowardly and treacherous, false in their professions, knavish in their dealings, and hypocritical in their religion; so debauched as to live in promiscuous adultery, yet so jealous as to murder their rivals; so impious as

scarcely to believe in God, yet so bigotted as to burn all who reject their superstitions; void of all patriotism, yet proud of the glory of their ancestors: in short, wallowing in sensual indulgence, and utterly lost to all sense of virtue, honour, and improvement. Hence, is a scene of lewdness or debauchery to be introduced into a Romance? It is placed in an Italian convent. Is an assassin wanted to frighten ladies in the country, or to terrify a London mob on the stage? An Italian appears; a monk or a friar probably, with a dose of poison in one hand and a dagger in the other. Is a crime too great for utterance to be presented dimly to the imagination? It is half disclosed in an Italian *confessional*. In short, is some inhuman plot to be executed, or is religion to be employed as the means or instrument of lust or revenge? The scene is laid in Italy; the contrivers and the perpetrators are Italians; and to give it more diabolical effect, a convent or a church is the stage, and clergymen of some description or other, are the actors of the tragedy. These misrepresentations, absurd and ill-founded as they are, have been inserted in so many books of travels, and interwoven with so many popular tales, that they have at length biassed public opinion, and excited a distrust and an antipathy towards the Italian nation.

The authors of these *Tales of Terror* ought to recollect, that in amusing the imagination they are not allowed to pervert the judgment; and that, if it be a crime to defame an individual, it is aggravated guilt to slander a whole people. Yet this class of writers, who professedly deal in fiction, however they may undesignedly influence the public mind, appear innocent when compared with travellers who, while they pretend to adhere

to strict veracity, relate as eye-witnesses, facts which never happened, and give as interlocutors, conversations that were never uttered, playing upon the credulity of the reader on one side, and on the other sacrificing the reputation of individuals and of nations without mercy or remorse. This fondness for mischievous and ill-natured fiction, which some celebrated authors have indulged to a great excess, has sometimes been a serious disadvantage to their countrymen, and has closed against them the best sources both of information and of amusement, that is the societies of Capitals through which they passed, in Sicily and in Italy *.

But this evil is trivial in comparison of the greater mischief which such works do at home, by infusing prejudices, and exciting rancorous antipathies against our fellow-creatures, sentiments generally ill-founded and always unchristian and malevolent. If it be difficult to account for the malignity of such authors, it is still more so to conceive the credulity of the readers who give the traveller full credit for whatever he chooses to relate, and listen to his tales with the most unsuspicious confidence. Yet, if they reflected upon the propensity which travellers in general are supposed to have to fiction and exaggeration, and how little English travellers

* See on this subject Mr. Swinburne's account of his reception at *Palermo*, subsequent to Brydone's publication. Vol. III. sect. 25. I always cite this sensible and very accurate writer with satisfaction. Had he given the public such an account of Italy in general as he has of its southern provinces, he would have superseded the necessity of the present publication.

in particular, for various reasons, associate with the people of the countries through which they pass, they would find more reasons for doubt and diffidence than for implicit belief in such relations.

But if I object to such misrepresentations and literary falsehoods as a man of veracity, I censure them with double severity as a patriot. I consider them, when published, as insults to the good sense and the candor of the nation; and, when believed, as so many monuments of its credulity and its injustice. Hitherto foreigners, and particularly Italians, have shewn very little inclination to retaliate, and in general display towards the manners, the literature, and the reputation of England, a partiality the more generous on their side because the less merited on ours. Such conduct gives them a claim not to justice only but to indulgence, and might induce a generous traveller to dwell with more complacency upon their virtues than upon their defects. In that disposition of mind, the following observations are written, and will perhaps be found more favourable to the Italian character than the reader may naturally expect: though in the author's intimate conviction they are always strictly conformable to truth and to justice.

National character is the result, in a great degree, of climate, religion, government, and education, which modify our common nature, and give it those peculiarities that distinguish the different tribes which inhabit the earth. Many other causes, some of which, as I have before hinted, lie too deep for human investigation, may concur in heightening and varying the effect, but the above-mentioned are, without doubt, the principal. Any

alteration in these grand ingredients must influence the character, and to such a change we must ascribe its improvement or its deterioration.

The ancient inhabitants of Italy are, in general I believe, admitted to have been a wise, a valiant, and a virtuous people, particularly from the period which united them inseparably to the destinies and the glories of the Roman name, and employed them as instruments in the conquest and the civilization of half the Globe. Though the consciousness of power and the possession of empire may affect the mind and the manners of a nation, and may give *pride to the port, defiance to the eye;* and though many dreadful revolutions have since rolled over the regions of Italy and swept away their inhabitants; yet I know no cause so actively destructive as to have totally debased the character of the unhappy Italians, and bereft them at once of *all* the virtues that rendered their predecessors so illustrious. They enjoy the same advantages of climate as their ancestors, the same serene skies, the same fertile soil, the same lovely scenery. The clouds and frosts of the north did not accompany the septentrional invaders, and in spite of every political disaster nature still continues to smile upon her beloved Italy. In religion, indeed, the change has been great and effectual; but that change in Italy, as in every Christian country, by enlightening the mind and by improving the heart in the knowledge of moral truth, has raised the modern child above the ancient philosopher. As this revolution, therefore, cannot have deteriorated the character, we shall proceed to the great changes which so many eventful centuries have produced in the Italian governments and policy.

Italy was originally divided into as many, or to speak more correctly, into more independent and jarring governments than it is at present, and this state of division and of hostility lasted till a very advanced period of Roman History, when the GREAT REPUBLIC, after ages of sanguinary contest, at length conquered the whole Peninsula, and united all its inhabitants in one common name, cause, and interest. The history of these petty states, previous to their incorporation with Rome, is obscure, and affords light too faint to enable us to judge of the merits of their respective constitutions. One circumstance, however, we may discover highly honourable to them, and that is, that Liberty was the end and the object of all, and though it sometimes rose to anarchy, and as often subsided in tyranny, yet it always revived and ever remained the prevailing spirit that ruled their councils and animated their enterprizes. Liberty brought with it its usual retinue of virtues and of blessings, courage, industry, and temperance, independence, plenty, and population; virtues and blessings which, when drawn up against Rome, long suspended the high designs of Fate in her favour, and when ranged afterwards on her side, soon laid the Universe prostrate before her. But this momentous conquest that crowned Rome and Italy with glory and with empire, closed the career of Roman virtue and happiness for ever, and by raising to the throne a race of ruthless and all-powerful tyrants converted the country and its Capital into the theatre and very seat of guilt and of misery. To the whole of this long interval, extending from the reign of Tiberius to the extinction of the Western Empire, we may apply, with the exception of a few prosperous reigns, the dark picture which Tacitus has drawn of a part of it only. "*Atrox prœliis, discors seditionibus, ipsa etiam*

*pace sævum. Haustæ aut dirutæ urbes; pollutæ cærimoniæ; magna adulteria; plenum exiliis mare, infesti cædibus scopuli; atrocius in urbe sævitum**." In these times of guilt and of disaster every trace of ancient virtue must nearly have disappeared, and the Italian character reached its lowest degradation. The era therefore, of the prosperity and virtue of Italy may be confined to the space which elapsed between the foundation of Rome and the accession of Tiberius, including on the one side the dawning, on the other, the decline, of its glory and of its felicity. At this time, indeed, the national character displayed many virtues and betrayed few defects†. Every state produced its citizens, its sages, its heroes, capable of meeting the legions, the senators, the consuls of Rome in the field and in the cabinet, without disgrace and oftentimes with honour. Frugality at home, valour abroad, patriotism in every circumstance, seem to have been virtues common to all; while perseverance and resolution, rising superior to every obstacle, were the peculiar virtues of the Romans. These qualities were probably owing to the wisdom of the Senate, that assembly of kings, as the astonished Greek seems justly to have called it; they lingered in that body

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* Hist. I.

† Of the Italian race during this period, Virgil speaks in the following lines:—

> Hæc (Italia) genus acre virum, Marsos, pubemque Sabellam
> Assuetumque malo Ligurem, Volscosque verutos
> Extulit; hæc Decios, Marios, magnosque Camillos,
> Scipiadas duros bello . . . . . .
>
> *Georg.* II.

when every other virtue had fled, and they sometimes graced its decline with a transient beam of magnanimity.

Now, to apply these observations on the state of ancient to that of modern Italy, there is a period in the history of the latter, when again restored to her original state of division, she enjoyed the same liberty and displayed the same virtues. The period to which I allude comprises the space that elapsed from the tenth to the seventeenth century, when the great cities, shaking off the yoke of the German Cæsars, rose into independent and sometimes powerful republics, superior in fame and in greatness to their ancestors, the Ligurians, the Etrurians, the Samnites, &c. and equal to Thebes, to Athens, and to Lacedæmon. Like these states they were engaged in perpetual warfare, but their mutual hostilities in both cases seem to have contributed more to their advantage than to their prejudice, by exciting a spirit of emulation, enterprize, and patriotism, with all the military and manly virtues.

I have elsewhere hinted at the flourishing state of these commonwealths, but were I to draw a comparison between them and the Greek states, it would not be difficult to prove, that in political institutions, wise councils, bold enterprize, riches and duration, the advantage is generally on their side: I may add, that their history is as eventful and as instructive, less sullied with crime, if not more abundant in virtue. The history of Thebes is short; its sun rose and set with its hero Epaminondas; and all the glories, all the achievements of Greece, are comprized in the records of Athens and of Lacedæmon. Yet, can the annals of these cities, can their petty wars in Greece and in Sicily, can even that splendid struggle

with the Persian monarch be compared to the histories of Genoa and of Venice, to their bold contests with German, French, Spanish invaders at home, and abroad to their glorious feats of arms against the accumulated power of the mighty Sultan? The enterprizes of Lacedæmon and of Athens were confined to their own narrow seas and to the bordering coasts, and never extended beyond Sicily then a Grecian island. The fleets of Genoa and of Venice swept the whole Mediterranean, carried devastation and terror over all the shores of Africa and of Asia Minor, and more than once bore defiance and hostility into the port of Constantinople. If, therefore, we praise the ancient Greeks we cannot in justice refuse a tribute of applause to the modern Italians; the same virtues that plead in favour of the former, demand for the latter some share of our esteem and admiration. We may carry the parallel still farther and observe, that in the Italian as in the Greek republics, the arts and sciences were cultivated with enthusiasm; and that poetry, history, and grammar, architecture, painting, and sculpture, kept pace with the glory and the resources of the state, and were employed at home to immortalize the achievements performed by its heroes abroad. Here indeed the first praise belongs to the Greeks as the inventors, but surely no small honour and acknowledgment are due to those who restored and perhaps improved these noble pursuits*. So

* . . . . . Egregias artes ostenderit, esto,
Græcia, tradiderit Latio præclara reperta;
Dum post, in melius, aliunde accepta, Latini
Omnia retulerint, dum longe maxima Roma
Ut belli studiis, ita doctis artibus, omnes
Quod sol cumque videt terrarum, anteiverit urbes.
Vida de Art. Poet. Lib.

far, at least, we see no reason for reproaching the people of Italy with degeneracy.

This state of polity, so much resembling ancient Greece, has undergone a great change, it is true, during the two or three last centuries. Several of the lesser republics have lost their independence and been annexed to the greater; *Florence* has been enslaved to its Dukes; *Pisa* and *Sienna* have shared the fate of *Florence*, and other revolutions have taken place equally inimical to the interests of liberty. Yet the two great republics still survived, and continued to display much of their ancient energy even so late as the middle of the last century. Besides, the various changes alluded to were internal, and while they transferred power, riches, and population from one city to another, in no wise affected the external lustre and independence of the country. On the contrary, if we may believe a judicious historian*, whom I have often had occasion to quote in these observations, Rome herself never beheld more splendid days since the extinction of her empire, than during the seventeenth century, nor had Italy, from the same era, been more free from barbarian influence, ever enjoyed more tranquillity at home, or been more respected abroad, than during the years that preceded the French Revolution. According to this representation, the accuracy of which it would be difficult to question, we discover nothing in the history of the modern Italians that must necessarily degrade their public character, or entirely efface the remembrance of the virtues which made the nation great and illustrious during so

* Denina.

many ages. The French Revolution, it must be owned, darkened the bright prospects of Italy, and indeed clouded the whole horizon of Europe; but whatever its local ravages may have been, I do not see that its general effects have produced a greater change in the character of the Italians than in that of the Spaniards, of the Dutch, of the Swiss, and of the Germans, all of whom lie equally within the range of its devastation. At all events, the full extent of its mischief, if Providence deigns to allow it a longer duration, will be known only to our posterity; till the present moment, horror and detestation are the only sentiments it has excited in the minds of its victims.

So far I have endeavoured to shew, that there is nothing in the history of Italy which can justify the reproaches made to the character of its inhabitants by certain inconsiderate or prejudiced authors. I will now proceed to particulars, and take into consideration some of the many vices imputed to them. But first I must observe, that few travellers have had either the leisure or the inclination, and still fewer the information and the opportunities necessary to form a just estimate of the Italian character. Many drive through the country with the rapidity of couriers, content themselves with a hasty inspection of what they term its *curiosities*, confine their conversation to the innkeepers and the *Ciceroni*, visit the Opera-house, perhaps intrigue with an actress, then return home, and write a Tour through Italy. Others, with more information and better taste, find that the ancient monuments and classic scenery of the country, the perusal of the Roman authors on the spot where they were inspired, and the contemplation of the masterpieces of the great artists, furnish sufficient occupation for every hour; these

cannot prevail upon themselves to sacrifice such refined enjoyments to the formality of visits and to the frivolity of general conversation. Such travellers, without doubt, derive much improvement and much rational entertainment from their tour; but yet they cannot be qualified to judge of the character of the Italians. For this purpose are requisite, in the first place, a tolerable knowledge of the language of the country, a qualification in which transalpines in general are very deficient; in the second place, a familiar and effectual introduction into the best houses in each city; and thirdly, time and resolution to cultivate the acquaintance to which such an introduction naturally leads. I might add, a fourth requisite, perhaps not less necessary than the former, I mean good nature, a virtue that does not permit us to condemn as absurd every practice and opinion contrary to the modes of thinking and of living established in our own country. Endowed with these qualities, a traveller will indeed be a competent judge of the subject, and enabled to form an opinion from his own experience; an opinion which he will find very different from that generally enforced by ignorant writers, and adopted by inconsiderate readers.

He will experience, contrary probably to his expectations, much hospitality, as far as hospitality consists, in furnishing a guest with every accommodation. This is so true, that a good letter of recommendation may carry a traveller from house to house over all Italy; a circumstance that accounts for the indifference of the inns in the lesser towns, which are frequented solely by foreigners and by the middling classes, as Italians of rank almost always lodge, when travelling, in private houses. When once introduced into a house, he will find it always open to

him, and the more frequent his visits, the greater will be his consideration, as such assiduity is regarded as a mark both of confidence and of respect. Dinners, though not uncommon in Rome, Naples, and Milan, are not much in fashion. The Italians are very indifferent to the pleasures of the table; their respasts are short, and too hasty in their opinion, for conversation. They devote the whole evenings, and part of the night to society, when they love to meet and enjoy their friends at leisure. In this respect they differ much from us, and indeed from most transalpines, but I know not that we have reason to condemn them. If *we* consult conviviality, *they* look to health, and perhaps to economy. On which side rational self enjoyment, and even social is to be found, it is not difficult to determine. Nor, if they are biassed on this occasion by economical motives do they deserve much censure. Their taste for expence takes a different direction. They prefer Minerva to Bacchus, and take less pleasure in regaling themselves on turtle, venison, champagne, and burgundy, than in contemplating pictures, statues, marble halls, and pillared porticos.

As for courage, it is a quality common to the whole species: every nation arrogates it to itself, a proof that it belongs to all. If any seem deficient in it, the deficiency is to be attributed, not to innate cowardice, but to ignorance of the art of war, to want of discipline, to consciousness of the inutility of resistance, or to some such incidental circumstance. Hence, nations most inured to arms display this quality most; and hence the same army, as well as the same individual, sometimes gives surprizing marks of courage and of cowardice in the same campaign. To accuse the Italians of cowardice is to belie their whole history. The troops of the King of Sardinia were distinguished for their valour, while

their monarchs acted the part of warriors. Even in the late invasion, the peasantry themselves, in some parts of the Neapolitan, and particularly of the Roman state, made a bold and generous though ineffectual resistance. Not courage, therefore, but the motives which call it forth, and the means which give it effect, that is discipline, hope, interest, &c. are wanting to the Italians.

Those who reproach the Italians with ignorance must have a very imperfect knowledge of that people, and have confined their observations to the lowest populace of great cities, and to the peasants of certain mountainous tracts and unfrequented provinces. Such classes, in all countries, not excepting the United Kingdom, have little means and less inclination to acquire knowledge; they are every where left much to nature, and consequently retain something of the Savage. The peasantry of the north of Italy, particularly of the Piedmontese and Milanese territories, and those of Tuscany, were, previous to the French invasion, universally taught to read and write; they were in every respect as well instructed as that class ought to be, and equal in point of information to the peasantry of the most flourishing countries in Europe. Even in the Neapolitan territory, without doubt, the worst governed of all the Italian states, I have seen a shepherd boy lying under a tree with a book in his hand, his dog at his feet, and his goats brouzing on the rocky hills around him, a scene more delightful than any described in classic pastoral. The middling classes, which in reality constitute the strength and give the character of a nation, are generally very well acquainted with every thing that regards their duty, the object of their profession, and their respective interests. In *fine* writing, in the higher rules of arithmetic and in geography, they

are inferior to the same classes in England, but such accomplishments are most valued because most useful, in commercial countries; especially when national prosperity is intimately connected with navigation, and when a spirit of adventure is very generally prevalent in the middling and the lower classes. But, even where the ordinary share of information is wanting, the deficiency is not so perceptible as in more northern regions, whose inhabitants are naturally slow and inattentive. The Italian is acute and observing. These two qualities united supply in some degree the place of reading, and give his conversation more life, more sense, and more interest than are to be found in the discourse of transalpines of much better education.

We now come to the higher class, for against them the reproach is particularly levelled, and supposing the accusation well-grounded, I must suggest a few circumstances in extenuation. On the Continent in general, the various governments are purely monarchical, the whole administration is confined to the sovereign and his ministers, while the body of the nation is excluded from all share and influence in the management of its own concerns. Such an exclusion operates most perceptibly upon the higher classes, whose natural province such management is, and by withdrawing every stimulus to exertion and improvement, it acts as a powerful soporific, and lulls them unavoidably into sloth and ignorance. In a free country, mental improvement brings with it its own reward, oftentimes rank and fortune, and always fame and consideration: it is both necessary and fashionable, and cannot be dispensed with by any individual, who means to attain or to keep a place in the higher orders of society. In a despotic government, all these motives are wanting. The drudgery ne-

cessary for the acquisition of information is rewarded only by the consciousness of intellectual superiority; an advantage of little weight in countries, where mental attainments are too much undervalued to attract attention or to excite envy. Hence, after having passed through the ordinary course of college education, or loitered away a few years with a private tutor, the noble youth of the Continent, if not employed in the army sink into domestic indolence, and fritter life away in the endless frivolities of town society.

After this general apology for the ignorance of the continental gentry, I must say, in favour of the Italians in particular, that they stand in less need of it than the same class in any other country. Whether the various republics that lately flourished in Italy furnishes them with more inducements to mental cultivation; or whether the natural affection to literature which had never been totally extinguished even in the barbarous ages, impells them spontaneously to application, I know not; but the Italian nobility have always distinguished themselves by cultivating and encouraging the arts and the sciences. To prove this assertion, which may perhaps surprize many of my readers, I need only observe, that many or rather most of the Italian academies were founded by gentlemen, and are still composed principally of members of that class. Such is the Arcadian academy at Rome, such the *Crusca* at *Florence*, the Olympic at *Vicenza*, the *Fisiocritici* of *Siena*, &c. To this proof, in itself sufficiently strong, I will add, that the Italian nobility has produced more authors even in our days than the same class has ever yet done in any country, not excepting our own, where they are in general the best informed. Who has not heard the names *Maffei*, *Carli*, *Rezzonico*, *Salluzzi*, *Doria*, *Filangieri*, *Alfieri*?

They were all of noble birth, and have certainly done credit to it, and reflected a lustre upon their order more brilliant and more honourable than the blaze of all the coronets and all the stars of Europe united. Many more might be mentioned, but instead of swelling these pages with a dry catalogue of names, I shall only refer the curious reader to the lists of the various academies, (and there is scarce a town in Italy without one or more of these literary associations), and he will find, that they consist, as I have observed, of nobles and clergy almost exclusively. I remember being present at one of the academical assemblies at *Florence;* it was crowded with members; several sonnets were recited, and some dissertations read by their respective authors. Most of the auditors and all the authors were gentlemen, as I was assured by the person who had been so obliging as to introduce us. Moreover, a taste for the fine arts, sculpture, painting, architecture, music, is almost innate in the Italian gentry, as it seems to have been in the ancient Greeks; now, a taste so refined in itself, and the result of so much observation and of so much sensibility, seems to presuppose some, and indeed no small, degree, of mental cultivation, and is scarcely separable from an acquaintance with the two great sources of information, antiquities and history.

We will now pass to an accusation of a more serious nature, and consider the state of morality in Italy, as far as it regards the intercourse between the sexes; and here again, as I am persuaded that my representation will surprize many of my readers, I think it necessary to make some previous remarks. In the first place, the morality of nations is merely comparative. In all,

there is too much vice, and though in some it may be more glaring than in others, yet every one has some favourite indulgence very pardonable in their own eyes, but very offensive to strangers. In the next place, sensuality, in some shape or other, seems the predominant vice of the species, and though perhaps the most degrading propensity of nature, it displays its power in every climate, at the expence of one or other of the contrary virtues. In the northern regions it has long reigned under the form of intemperance. In the southern climates, it has at all times domineered in the shape of lust. Hence, when the soft inhabitants of Italy, Spain, Greece, and Asia, first beheld the grim savages of the *Cimbrian Chersonesus*, they were as much suprized at their chastity, as terrified by their fierceness, and while they daily witnessed the convivial excesses of their conquerors they were astonished to see them turn away with indifference from more genial and more alluring enjoyments.

But the manners of these nations have undergone no small alteration since the fall of the Roman Empire. The arts, the sciences and the civilization of the south have visited even the polar regions, and softened the rugged hearts of their half frozen inhabitants. The Loves and Sports accompanied the muses in their northern emigration: Venus now shares the sway with Bacchus, and Pleasure in all its forms wantons even in the lap of eternal winter. The inhabitants of the north have therefore little with which to reproach those of the south, at present, especially as in adopting the vices of more genial climates they still retain their native intemperance; a vice as foul in itself and as destructive in its consequences as any that has ever yet enslaved the human mind. I would infer from this observation, that it is unfair to

censure the Italians for excesses common to them and to other nations, and to stigmatize them with vices which are, I fear, rather the madness of the species in general than the characteristic depravity of any particular tribe.

It must indeed be admitted, that in many of the great towns in Italy due respect is not paid to the matrimonial contract, and that a freedom of intercourse is encouraged contrary to the very nature and essence of that sacred institution. Far be it from me to palliate or excuse, even in the slightest degree, so enormous a disorder, which, by poisoning domestic confidence and defeating the purposes of nuptial union, infects the very source of the happiness and even of the existence of mankind. A crime that thus runs in direct opposition to the benevolent designs of Providence, and violates one of his most holy institutions, merits unqualified detestation, and cries to heaven itself for vengeance. But I must observe, that this most criminal intercourse is, I fear, by no means peculiar to Italy, and even in Italy not so general as is commonly represented. The example of the higher class, and of those who immediately administer to their amusements, such as comedians, singers, actors, actresses, &c. is the only one known or attended to by many travellers, and that even, not always very perfectly; general conclusions are too easily drawn from a few instances; and appearances, scandalous to us because contrary to our established customs, are sometimes too easily converted into proofs. Of this latter kind is *Cicisbeism* or the well known practice which authorizes ladies to employ an attendant friend as their protector in public and their confidant in private, who as he performs the duties of the husband generally, is supposed sometimes to usurp his privileges. This

practice is absurd, effeminate, contrary to the delicacy of one sex and to the dignity of the other, and therefore always reprehensible; and yet it is not always criminal. On the contrary, sometimes the *Cicisbeo* is a friend or a near relation, who acts as the guardian of the honour of the husband, and by his constant and watchful attendance is a pledge and a security for the wife's fidelity. There are certain cities, and even in the most corrupt cities, there are some families where the occupation of *Cicisbeo* is confined to this confidential inspection, which in such circumstances is never, it is said, abused for the purposes of criminal indulgence.

On the other hand, in certain other great towns, the *Cicisbeo* enjoys all the rights of a husband without exception, and while he enjoys the wife, perhaps of his friend, resigns his own spouse, in his turn, to the embraces of another person. How such a most profligate exchange of wickedness, such a detestable commerce of debauchery, could have crept into a Christian country, or be tolerated even for a moment in an orderly government, is inconceivable; but its consequences were perceptible in the degeneracy of the higher classes at Venice and Naples, and the fall of these States may be considered, without presumption, as in part, the consequence and the punishment of that degeneracy.

Some writers have attributed the prevalence of this practice always indecent, and too often criminal, to the manner in which matrimonial connections are formed in Italy, where, in general, motives of interest are alone considered, and the choice, the affection, and even the liberty of the parties are disregarded. In ma-

trimonial arrangements between persons of rank, reasons of state, of policy, of influence, and even of convenience, are too often allowed to preponderate in most countries to the great detriment of domestic happiness, and consequently of public morality; because when in such contracts as have freedom and affection for their basis, innocent partialities are thwarted and the most delicate feelings of the human bosom are wounded, Nature will rebel and endeavour, even at the expence of conscience, to shake off a galling burden, and seek for comfort in connections more congenial to its propensities. In such cases we must pity, and may almost excuse, the individual, but cannot too severely reprobate a practice that leads so directly to vice and to misery. That this most mischievous mode of contracting marriages is common in Italy, is, I believe, too true; but whether more common than in other parts of the Continent I cannot take upon myself to determine. At all events, its evil effects are too visible, and call aloud for reformation.

But it must be remembered, that the disorders of which I am now speaking, are confined to great cities and to the higher orders, who form a small (and fortunately a small, because too frequently a very vicious) part of the population of a country. The middling classes and the peasantry, the strength and the pride of a nation, are in Italy as chaste as persons of the same description in any, and more chaste than they are in most countries. Of the truth of this assertion few of our travellers are competent judges; acquainted principally with the tradesmen and populace of *Venice* and *Naples*, the two most corrupted capitals in Italy, they draw from them the character of the whole nation; while the middling classes of *Rome* and *Florence*,

and all the inhabitants of the country are unnoticed, and generally unknown. Yet, those who have ranged through the peopled villages of the *Mantuan*, *Paduan*, *Milanese*, and *Piedmontese* territories; those who have penetrated the recesses of the *Apennines*, the *Sabine*, *Umbrian*, and *Samnite* mountains, will join the author in paying a just tribute to the innocence, to the simplicity, to the golden manners of these happy rustics. To these regions and to their inhabitants we may still, with strict propriety, apply the verses of Virgil,—

> Illic saltus et lustra ferarum
> Et patiens operum, parvoque assueta juventus
> Sacra Deum, Sanctique Patres . . . .
> Casta pudicitiam servat domus.
>
> *Georg.* II.

The truth is, that the country pastors watch most carefully over the morals of their flocks, and caution both sexes at a very early period against the dangers and the consequences of debauchery.

The mention of the Italian peasantry naturally reminds me of their industry; a virtue which may be traced over every plain, and discovered on almost every mountain, from the *Alps* to the *Straits of Messina*. The fertility of the plains of *Milan* is proverbial, but its exuberance is not more owing to nature, than to the skill, the perseverance, and the exertions of the cultivator. Hence where the felicity of the soil seems to fail, the industry of the labourer still continues, and covers with vines and olive trees, the sides of *Monte Selice* near *Padua*, and of the *Superga* near *Turin*, two mountains natu-

rally as barren as *Helvellyn* or *Penmanmaur*. The beauty and cultivation of the Elysian plains, which extend between the *Alps* and the *Apennines*, are too well known to be either praised or described, and he who has traversed them will not be surprized that a Greek Emperor, (*Michael Paleologus*,) should have supposed them in his admiration, to be the purlieus of the terrestrial paradise. But Italian industry is not confined to these regions of fertility. From *Bologna* to *Loretto*, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, it has covered the coast of the *Adriatic* with rich harvests, and shaded the brows of the *Apennines* with verdure and foliage. It also displays its labours to the best advantage, and every where shews in fences, canals to water the fields,* plantations, &c. a neatness of tillage seldom witnessed and never surpassed even in the best cultivated countries. And not these regions only, but the defiles of *Seravalle;* the lovely vales of the *Arno* and of the *Clitumnus*, of *Terni* and of *Reate;* the skirts of *Vesuvius* so often ravaged and so often restored to cultivation; the orchards that blow on the steeps of *Vallombrosa*, and wave on the summits of *Monte Sumano:* Italy, all Italy, *blooming as the garden of God*, from the *Adriatic* to the *Tuscan*, from the *Alps* to the *Ionian* Sea, is a

* This practice of irrigation, so very common both in ancient and modern Italy, and contributing so very materially to the progress of vegetation, is turned into a beautiful scene by Virgil.

> Et cum exustus ager morientibus æstuat herbis,
> Ecce, supercilio clivosi tramitis undam
> Elicit: illa cadens raucum per devia murmur
> Saxa ciet, scatebrisque arentia temperat arva.
>
> *Georgic*, lib. i.

proof and a monument of the industry and the intelligence of its inhabitants.

" But the Italians sleep in the middle of the day, and lie stretched out under the porticoes of the churches, or under the shade of the vine, when they ought to be working; therefore they are a lazy, sluggish race." The Italians, like the Sicilians and Greeks, follow the example of their ancestors in this respect, and only obey the call of nature, in reposing during the sultry hours, when labour is dangerous and the heat is intolerable. To compensate for this suspension, they begin their labours with the dawn, and prolong them till the close of evening; so that the Italian sleeps less and labours more in the four-and-twenty hours, than the English, peasant. The Italians seem always to have been early risers, as appears from many passages in Cicero's and Pliny's letters; and a beautiful picture of domestic life drawn by Virgil, will on this occasion recur to the recollection of the reader*. In all warm climates, as the cool of the evening invites to amusement, so the freshness of the morning seems to call to labour and exertion; and travellers

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* Inde, ubi prima quies medio jam noctis abactæ
Curriculo expulerat somnum: cum fœmina, primum
Cui tolerare colo vitam tenuique, Minervâ,
Impositum cinerem et sopitos suscitat ignes
Noctem addens operi, famulasque ad lumina longo
Exercet penso; castum ut servare cubile
Conjugis, et possit parvos educere natos.
Æn. lib. VIII. 407.

would consult both their health and their pleasure, if they would obey this call and devote the sultry part of the day to rest, and the cool morning hours to curiosity and application. But, say the enemies of Italy, and this indeed is the strongest argument they produce, is not beggary a proof of indolence, and in what country is a traveller so beset with beggars as in Italy: he is pursued in the streets, tormented at church, and besieged by them at home. Their importunities are encouraged by charity and provoked by refusal; in short, wherever you go, you are followed and teized by a crowd of impudent and oftentimes sturdy vagrants. This statement, though highly coloured, is not exaggerated; at least, if confined to the southern provinces. In extenuation, I must observe, that if the example of the ancients, and I pretend not to make the modern Italians more perfect than their ancestors, can be admitted as an excuse, the moderns may plead it in their favour. Juvenal alone, not to load the page with useless quotations, furnishes a sufficient proof of the numbers of mendicants that crowded Rome in his time, in the following lines, which point out their stations, their gestures, and their perseverance.

> Cæcus adulator, dirusque a ponte satelles
> Dignus Aricinos qui mendicaret ad axes
> Blandaque devexæ jactaret basia rhedæ.
>
> *Sat.* IV.

But without relying upon antiquity for an answer to this reproach, the reader must be informed, that vagrants as numerous and as troublesome may be seen in France, in Spain, in Portugal, in some parts of Germany, and let me add, in Scot-

land and in Ireland; so that if beggary be a proof of idleness, the inhabitants of all these countries must submit to the imputation. But, to remove a charge so insulting to the largest and most civilized portion of the inhabitants of Europe, we need but to remember, that in all these countries there is no legal provision for the poor, and that the needy and the distressed, instead of demanding relief from the parish, are obliged to ask alms of the public. Perhaps, if it were possible to calculate the number of those who live upon charity in Italy and in England, we should find no great reason to triumph in the difference. Beggary, without doubt, is sometimes the effect of individual, but cannot in justice be considered as a proof of national, idleness, since even amongst us, where ample provision is supposed to be made for all cases of distress, and where mendicancy is so strictly prohibited, yet objects in real or pretended misery so often meet the eye, and in spite of law and police, infest our public places. As for the nakedness of children in Italy, the want of furniture in houses, of glass in the windows, and many other external marks of misery, every traveller knows how fallacious are such appearances, which are occasioned, not by the distress of the people, but by the mildness and the serenity of the climate. In fact, to admit as much air as possible is the object in all southern countries; and in Italy at present, as well as anciently, the people of all classes delight in living constantly in the open air; a custom as salubrious as it is pleasant in such a genial temperature as generally prevails beyond the *Alps*. Hence the scenes of festive enjoyment and of private indulgence are generally represented as taking place in the open air, as in the Georgics.

> Ipse dies agitat festos fususque per herbam
> Ignis ubi in medio et socii cratera coronant.

And in Horace,

> Cur non sub alta vel platano vel hac
> Pinu jacentes sic temere, &c.

Hence Cicero, as Plato before him, represents most of his dialogues as taking place in some rural scene, as the second *De Legibus* in an island formed by the *Fibrenus;* the first, *De Oratore*, under a plane tree, &c. all scenes as favourable to the activity of the mind, as they are conducive to the health of the body.

After all, a foreigner who has visited some of the great manufacturing towns, and traversed the northern and western parts of the United Kingdom, may ask with surprise what right we have to reproach other nations with their poverty and misery, when under our own eyes, are exhibited instances of nakedness, filth, and distress, exceeding all that has hitherto been related of Italy, of France, or of any country under heaven, excepting perhaps some of the Prussian territories. *Quam in nos legem sancimus iniquam!*

We shall now proceed to another charge. "The Italians are vindictive and cruel, and too much in the habits of sacrificing human life to vengeance and passion." It would almost be a pity to refute this charge, the supposed certainty of which has furnished our late novellists, particularly those of the fair sex, with so much and such excellent matter for description; dungeons and friars, daggers and assassins, carcases and spectres. But, *veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.* We must leave these

stories to nurses, and to babies, of whatever age they may be, whether in or out of the nursery. The Italian is neither vindictive nor cruel; he is hasty and passionate. His temper, like his climate, habitually gay and serene, is sometimes agitated by black and tremendous storms, and these storms, though transient, often produce most lamentable catastrophes. An unexpected insult, a hasty word, occasions a quarrel; both parties lose their temper; daggers are drawn, and a mortal blow is given: the whole transaction is over so soon, that the by-standers have scarce time to notice, much less to prevent it*. The deed is considered, not as the effect of deliberate malice, but of an involuntary and irresistible impulse; and the perpetrator, generally repentant and horror-struck at his own madness, is pitied and allowed to fly to some forest or fastness. Such is the cruelty of the Italians, and such the assassination too common in some great towns, yet not near so common as has often been repre-

* The author, with one of his young companions, happened to be present at a quarrel, which had nearly terminated in a very tragic manner. Walking early in the morning in the streets of *Antium*, he saw a man and a boy disputing; the man was middle aged and of a mild benevolent countenance, the boy stout and impudent: after some words, the man seized the boy by the collar, the boy struggled, and finding that to no purpose, had recourse to blows: the old man bore several strokes with tolerable patience, when, all on a sudden, his colour changed to a livid pale, his eyes sparkled, and every feature of his face became absolutely demoniac. He held the boy's throat with his left hand, took his knife out of his pocket with his right, and applied it to his teeth to open it; the boy seemed sensible of his fate, lost all power of resistance, and was sinking to the ground with fear. We immediately stepped in and seized the man's arm, we took the knife out of his hand, and rescued the boy: the man made no resistance, and seemed for some minutes totally insensible of what was passing.

sented. It is the effect, not of a sanguinary but of a fiery temper, was prevalent at all times in southern countries, and might be checked by the severity and activity of a good government. But of the two governments under which this atrocity is the most destructive, the one is too indulgent and the other too indolent; and while the papal magistrate forgives, and the Neapolitan neglects the criminal, they both eventually encourage and propagate the crime. Yet the remedy is easy and obvious. A prohibition, under the severest penalty, to carry arms of any description. This remedy has been applied with full success by the French, while masters of the south; and by the Austrians while in possession of the north of Italy.

But, in justice to the Italians, every impartial traveller must acknowledge, that actual murder or deliberate assassination is very uncommon among them; that they are very seldom prompted to it by jealousy, of which they are by no means so susceptible as some writers would persuade us, and scarcely ever tempted to it by that vile, hellish love of money, which in France and in England impels so many miscreants, after a cool calculation of possible profit, to imbrue their hands in the blood of their fellow creatures. Even robbers are rarely met with at present; like the ghosts that swim in the air during the darkness of the night, they are often talked of but never seen; and a traveller, excepting in times of invasion, war, or civic dissensions, may pass the *Alps* and the *Apennines*, and traverse the dreary *Campagna*, and the uninhabited *Paludi*, by day or by night, without alarm or molestation. I do not expect to hear the bloody scenes that stain the annals of *Florence*, *Genoa*, or *Venice*, quoted as proofs of national cruelty. Such scenes disgraced ancient Greece and

Rome, and stain the pages of Dutch and English, of Spanish and Portuguese history, and they have been renewed in the French Revolution, with a profusion of blood, a refinement in cruelty, and an enormity of guilt unparalleled in the records of the Universe. But these crimes belong, not to the nation, but to the species. The earth, under all its climates, has too often drunk the blood of man shed by his brother, and while it cries to heaven for vengeance, proves, in spite of philosophism, that man when left to the workings of his own corrupted heart, becomes the most cruel of savages, the foulest of monsters. We may conclude, that neither the history nor the manners of Italy present more frequent or more aggravated features of cruelty than those of any other nation; and that all accusations against them on this head, are the effusions of hasty prejudice and of superficial observation.

Thus, I have now reviewed, and, I conceive, refuted the principal charges against this celebrated people. The lesser imputations, though sung by poets, repeated by novellists, and copied again and again by ephemeral tourists, may be passed over in silent contempt, as unworthy the notice of the reader and the traveller. He who, from the knavery of the innkeepers, reasons against the honesty of a nation, or judges of its character from the accomplishments of a few wandering artists, may indeed imagine that Italy is peopled with rogues and swindlers, and produces nothing but dancers and buffoons, singers and fiddlers. But, upon the same ground he must conclude, that the French nation is entirely composed of cooks and hair-dressers, and that England herself, even England, the mother of heroes, of patriots, of statesmen, has fur-

nished Europe with nothing more than grooms and jockies, cotton and woollen manufacturers.

What then, it will be asked, is the real character of the modern Italians? It will not, methinks, be difficult to ascertain it, when we consider the part which the modern Italians have acted in story, and compare it with the part which their ancestors performed. The latter were a bold and free people. Their love of liberty shewed itself in the various commonwealths that rose up in every part of *Ausonia*, and at length it settled and blazed for ages in the Roman Republic. The former have given the same proofs of the same spirit. They have covered the face of the same country with free States, and at length beheld, with a mixture of joy and jealousy, the grand Republic of *Venice*, the daughter and almost the rival of Rome, stand forward the bulwark and the glory of Italy. The ancient Romans, by their arms, founded the most extensive, the most flourishing, and the most splendid empire, that ages ever witnessed in their flight. The modern Italians, by their wisdom, have acquired a more permanent, and perhaps a more glorious dominion over the opinions of mankind, and still govern the world by their religion and their taste, by their arts and their sciences. To the ancient Italians, we owe the plainest, the noblest, the most majestic language ever spoken: to the modern, we are indebted for the softest and sweetest dialect, which human lips ever uttered. The ancient Romans raised the Pantheon; the modern erected the Vatican. The former boast of the age of Augustus, the latter glory in that of Leo. The former have given us Virgil, the latter Tasso. In which of these respects are the modern Italians unworthy of their ancestors?

Through the whole of their history we observe and applaud the same love of liberty, the same unbroken spirit, the same patriotism, the same perseverance, the same attachment to letters, the same detestation of barbarism and of barbarians; and in short, the same active, towering, and magnificent spirit, that so gloriously distinguished the Romans. How then can we presume to tax them with the feeble vices of a degraded and subjugated tribe? with ignorance, cowardice, and general degeneracy? The Italians, it is true, have never been able to unite the states of their own country, in order to give it all its force, and to enable it to exert all its energies, as the Romans did; still have they, like the Romans, succeeded in extending their conquests far and wide, and imposing a new yoke on half the nations of the world. But let it be remembered, that in the first as well as in the last of these projects, the Italians have been opposed not by their own countrymen only, but by the Germans, by the French, and by the Spaniards, no longer tribes of wandering, divided, undisciplined savages, but mighty monarchies, united each under one chief, and employing for the attainment of its object, the numbers of ancient times directed by the skill and by the experience of modern days. With such difficulties in opposition to their vast designs, we may be allowed to doubt whether the Romans themselves would have succeeded in the conquest even of Cisalpine Gaul, and still more, whether they could ever have extended their dominion one foot beyond the precincts of Italy.

From these observations I think, I may fairly be allowed to conclude, that a nation which has thus, during so many ages, continued to act so great and so glorious a part in the history of

mankind, that has thus distinguished itself in every branch of human attainment, and excelled all other people, not in one, but in every intellectual accomplishment; that such a nation must be endowed with the greatest talents, and with the greatest virtues that have ever ennobled any human society.

It may perhaps be asked, why, with the same talents and with the same virtues, the Italians do not now make the same figure in the history of the world, as their ancestors? The answer appears to me obvious. To induce man to shake off his natural indolence, and exert all his energies, either urgent pressure, or glorious rewards are necessary. Now, the ancient Romans fought first for their safety and very existence, and afterwards, when imminent danger was removed from their city, they entered the lists of fame, and combated for the empire of the Universe. In both cases, all their powers and all their virtues were called into action, either to save their country or to crown it with immortal glory. The modern Italian has neither of these motives to arouse his natural magnanimity. His person, his property, his city even is safe, whatever may be the issue of the contests of which his country is either the object or the theatre. Whether the French or Russians, the Germans or Spaniards gain the victory, the Italian is doomed still to bear the foreign yoke. His inactivity and indifference in the struggle are therefore excuseable, because prudent. *Quid interest cui serviam, clitellas dum portem meas.** As for glory and empire, to them, Italy divided and subdivided as she is, and kept in a state of political palsy by the intrigues or the preponderating power of her trans-

* Phœdrus.

alpine enemies, to them Italy can have no pretension. But, if some happy combination of events should deliver her from foreign influence and unite her many states once more under one head, or at least in one common cause, and that the cause of independence and of liberty, then Europe might confidently expect to see the spirit and the glory of Rome again revive, and the valour and perseverance which subdued the Gauls and routed the Cimbri and Teutones again displayed in chastizing the insolence of the French, and in checking the incursions of the Germans. She would even rise higher, and assuming the character, which her situation, her fertility, and her population naturally give her, of umpire of the south, she might unite with Great Britain, the rival and the enemy of France, in restoring and in supporting that equilibrium of power so essential to the freedom and to the happiness of Europe. But, whether Italy be destined to re-assume her honours, and to enjoy once more an age of glory and of empire; or whether she has exhausted her portion of felicity, and is doomed to a state of hopeless bondage and dependence, it is not for man to discover. In the mean time, deprived of that sceptre of empire, which Heaven once entrusted to her hand to humble the pride of tyrants and to protect oppressed nations, to portion out kingdoms and provinces, and to sway at pleasure the dominion of the Universe, she has assumed the milder but more useful sovereignty of the intellectual world, and reigns the acknowledged queen of poetry and of music, of painting and of architecture; the parent of all the sciences that enlighten, of all the arts that embellish human life *.

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* Vida, when speaking of this mental superiority, bursts into the following

strains of poetry and patriotism truly Virgilian. Though we cannot, perhaps, partake the wish, yet we may enjoy the beauty of the verse and the purity of the language.

> Dii, Romæ indigetes! Trojæ tuque auctor Apollo,
> Unde genus nostrum cœli se tollit ad astra,
> Hanc saltem auferri laudem prohibete Latinis.
> Artibus emineat semper, studiisque Minervæ,
> Italia, et gentes doceat pulcherrima Roma!

CONCLUSION.

THE Author has now not only closed his Italian Tour, but terminated the reflections which it naturally suggests, and he flatters himself that in his progress through the country, he has fulfilled the engagement which he entered into in the preface, and taken the ancients for his guides. In fact, however, he may have been smitten with the face of nature, or delighted with the works of art, he has seldom failed to inform the reader how the writers of antiquity have described the former, and what monuments remain or are recorded, that may enter into competition with the latter. From this double comparison, which pervades the whole work, and was indeed in the Author's mind one of its principal objects, he thinks he may draw the following inferences, all three very favourable to Modern Italy.

In the first place, that the scenery and natural beauties of that country are nearly the same as they were in the times of the Romans. In the second place, that the language, manners,

modes of living, and character of the modern, are nearly the same as those of the ancient Italians: and thirdly, that Italy was in general as prosperous during the years immediately preceeding the French revolution, as it has ever perhaps been at any period of its history subsequent to the reign of Augustus. The first inference presents no difficulty that has not been, at least implicitly, removed either in the course of the Tour itself, or in the reflections that follow it. The second, it is conceived, follows naturally from the observations made in the body of the work, and if they be accurate, is incontestable. The third may astonish many of my readers, and as it is very opposite to our early conceptions on the subject, requires further elucidation.

Population and cultivation may be considered as the most prominent indications of prosperity, and these two objects must therefore be taken into consideration on both sides. The population of Italy under Augustus, for it continued to decline rapidly for several ages afterwards, cannot easily be ascertained; it has been stated by some writers to have amounted to six and thirty millions. I am inclined to suspect that this calculation is considerably exaggerated. We learn from Strabo, that at the period of which we are speaking, several ancient towns in Italy and particularly in *Samnium*, had either entirely disappeared, or had dwindled into villages *. In fact, the labours of agriculture were carried on principally by slaves, a mode which cannot be considered as favourable to population. To this we may add, that the civil and social wars

* Lib. v.

which had succeeded each with such rapidity, and such devastation previous to Augustus's final establishment, had occasioned a diminution in population not to be replaced by the tranquillity of the latter years of that Emperor's reign*. Moreover, the laws passed by this prince for the encouragement of matrimony, would never have occurred to a legislator in a country abounding in population, as the remedy is never called for, till the effects of the distemper are felt. The number of colonies, amounting to eight and twenty†, which he established in different parts of Italy, may be considered as an evidence of depopulation, as excepting the confiscations of the triumvirate, a prince, who like Augustus, affected to govern with justice and even with clemency, could not be supposed to make room for colonies by the dispossession of the original

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* The social war, or that between the Romans and the Italian tribes, the civil war between Marius and Sylla, between Cæsar and Pompey, between the Triumvirs and the Conspirators, and in fine, that between Augustus and Antony, all took place between the year of Rome 663 and 724, that is, in about seventy years. The first was confined to Italy, and probably contributed more to its devastation than any contest recorded in its history, not excepting even the invasion of Hannibal—*Nec Annibalis nec Pyrrhi fuit tanta vastatio,* says Florus. This sanguinary contest terminated in the total destruction of some of the most ancient nations, and not a few of the most populous cities in Italy. To these wars we may add the Servile war, and the insurrections of Spartacus, of Sertorius, and of Cataline; all of which were *civil* struggles that caused the effusion of much blood, and the devastation of considerable tracts of country. When to these active and visible causes of depopulation, we add the silent but most effectual agent of all, a general spirit of libertinism and of debauched celibacy, so prevalent among the Romans in the era of Augustus, we shall find sufficient reasons to question the great population of Italy at that period.

† Suetonius, Oct. Cæsar, Aug. 46.

and inoffensive proprietors. The poetic complaints of Virgil*. refer to the same evil, and considering the accuracy of the author, may be admitted as satisfactory proofs of its reality.

In fine, the eloquent lamentations of Lucan, which I have cited upon a former occasion, prove that in his time, though no civil war or interior calamity had intervened, the very vicinity of the Capital itself was very thinly inhabited; an evil which he poetically ascribes to one single battle in the contest which he celebrates. His words, even when a due allowance is made for the fictions of the poet, and the exaggeration of his style, bear so much upon the point, that I think it necessary to insert them.

Non ætas hæc carpsit edax, monimentaque rerum
Putria destituit: crimen civile videmus,
Tot vacuas urbes. Generis quo turba redacta est
Humani? toto populi qui nascimur orbe
Nec muros implere viris nec possumus agros.
Urbs nos una capit; *vincto fossore coluntur*
Hesperiæ segetes; stat tectis putris avitis
In nullos ruitura domus.

Lib. VII.

Now, as to cultivation, Italy, with all its fertility, did not, it seems, produce a sufficient quantity of corn to supply the wants of her own inhabitants; for even so early as the reign of Au-

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* Non ullus aratro
Dignus honos, *squallent abductis arva colonis*
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in ensem.

Georg. I.

gustus, Egypt had become the granary of the capital, and that prince, after the defeat of Antony, employed his troops in clearing and repairing the different canals that bordered the *Nile*, in order to facilitate the transport of grain* from that river to *Ostia*. This evil continued to increase with singular rapidity, and Rome was frequently alarmed, and sometimes visited by famine. A stormy winter, or the continuation of an unfavourable wind in the then imperfect state of navigation, excited the most dreadful apprehensions, and sometimes roused the degenerate populace to deeds of useful violence, that the love of liberty would have ennobled and consecrated as acts of heroism. Once indeed the Emperor Claudius was assaulted, and nearly driven out of the Forum. Upon this occasion, Tacitus observes that Italy used formerly to supply distant regions with provisions, but that, in his time, instead of trusting to its fertility, the existence of the Roman people was committed to the winds and to the waves.†

Both the depopulation of Italy and the decay of cultivation are ascribed, by some authors, not to the civil wars only but to the accumulation of property, and to the extent and luxury of villas and gardens. The latter cause has always appeared to me unsatisfactory. The Roman villas were large and costly, and their gardens were extensive; but the former could not occupy many

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* Suet. 18.

† At hercule olim ex Italiæ regionibus longinquas in provincias commeatus portabant; nec nunc infecunditate laboratur; sed Africam potius et Ægyptum exercemus, navibusque et casibus vita populi Romani permissa est.—*Annal.* XII. 43.

acres, and the latter, after all, were mere pleasure grounds and regular walks and plantations. Parks or large enclosures, comprehending whole territories in their circumference, were, I believe, first introduced by the northern barbarians for the purpose of hunting; an amusement which, with war, constituted the whole business and employment of their existence. The Romans used to divert themselves occasionally with the chace of wild boars, but the forests which bordered the coasts of *Latium* and of *Etruria*, and the wild recesses of the *Apennines* afforded the means of that diversion in abundance, and rendered all artificial woods unnecessary.

As to villas, they were not so much spread over the whole country in the manner they are in England, as crowded together in certain fashionable regions. Thus, while the vicinity of Rome, the Alban Mount, the banks of the *Tiber* and of the *Anio*, and all *Campania* and its coasts seem to have been covered with seats, the recesses of *Sabina*, and the windings of the *Apennines*, though as beautiful and much cooler, and probably more salubrious, were almost deserted. Horace mentions only one neighbour, *Cervius*, who, perhaps, existed only in verse; and the younger Pliny tells us that his friends, *from the neighbouring towns*, occasionally break in upon his studies with a seasonable interruption, an expression which seems to imply that there were few or no villas immediately near*. *Nulla necessitas togæ*, says the latter, in another epistle, speaking of the same villa†, *nemo arcessitor ex proximo.*

* Horat. Sat. lib. II. 6.—Plin. Epist. lib. IX. Ep. 36

† Lib. V. Epist. 6.

That these villas were numerous it must be acknowledged, as Pliny himself had four at least, and his mother-in-law as many; Cicero had six, if not more, which, from their beauty or rather from his attachment to them, he calls *ocellos Italiæ*; and as neither Cicero nor Pliny were numbered among the most opulent of their time, we may suppose that persons of larger fortune possessed a greater number. But after all, a villa with merely a garden or pleasure grounds annexed, does not occupy much space in proportion to the extent of the country; nor is there any reason to believe that the most magnificent villa of the Romans covered any considerable space; since the celebrated villa Tiburtina of Hadrian, which contained not only imitations of the most remarkable edifices in the empire, but even a representation of the infernal regions, and of the Elysian fields, even this imperial residence with all its appurtenances did not occupy a space of seven miles in circumference.

The accumulation of landed property therefore, or the *latifundia*, as Pliny the Elder calls overgrown estates, seem to have been a more probable cause of the evil of which we are speaking; and this cause which had reached a very alarming pitch even in the reign of Augustus, arose from the facility which the civil wars and the subsequent proscriptions afforded of amassing wealth; as the victor seldom failed to bestow the lands and houses of the vanquished upon his friends and supporters, and sometimes even upon the spies and the lowest instruments of the party. Thus we find, that the whole territory of *Cremona*, with no small portion of the neighbouring districts, was given up by Augustus Cæsar to his veterans; from this donative we may calculate the extent of his largesses to his intimate friends. What, in fact, must have been the income of Agrippa who could erect at his

own expence, and without inconvenience, such an edifice as the Pantheon, and at the same time supply Rome with more than one hundred fountains, all ornamented with marble, with columns, and with statues? We may go farther back, and date the origin of these excessive incomes so early as the usurpation of Sylla. Crassus, whose immense fortune was accumulated under the influence and perhaps from the confiscations of that Dictator, is supposed to have possessed more than five millions sterling. Antonius, Cicero's colleague, besides his estates in Italy, was proprietor of the whole island of *Cephallenia*, and had erected a new city in it at his own expence: and in the reign of Augustus, a single individual of no rank or fame, Claudius Isidorus, though he had suffered considerable losses in the course of the civil wars, left at his death four thousand one hundred and sixteen slaves, three thousand six hundred yoke of oxen, two hundred and fifty thousand sheep, goats, swine, &c. and in money fifteen hundred thousand pounds sterling.

This evil increased to an extent almost incredible under the Emperors; and we find in Nero's time, that six Romans, who were put to death by that tyrant from motives of avarice, were in possession of one-half of Africa! In fine, in the reign of Honorius, after the division of the empire, and indeed at the very period of its most rapid decline, a Roman patrician, or one of the first rank, was supposed to enjoy an annual revenue of four hundred thousand pounds sterling, not including the provisions supplied by his estates for the use of his table. One fourth of that sum was necessary to constitute a moderate income. Now, at this very period, when the opulence

of the Roman nobles was so excessive, the reader will be surprized to learn, that a very considerable part of Italy, and that part the most fertile, was nearly converted into a desert. Yet that such was the fact, we find unquestionable proof in the Epistles of St. Ambrose, then Bishop of *Milan*, an eye-witness of the scene which he describes. *De Bononiensi veniens urbe a tergo Claternam, ipsam Bononiam, Mutinam, Rhegium, derelinquebas; in dextera erat Brixillum; a fronte occurrebat Placentia veterem nobilitatem ipso adhuc nomine sonans: ad lævam Apennini inculta miseratus, et florentissimorum quondam popolorum castella considerabas, atque affectu relegebas dolenti. Tot igitur semirentarum urbium cadavera, terrarumque sub eodem conspectu exposita funera . . . in perpetuum prostrata ac diruta**. This picture, though evidently copied from a well-known passage in Sulpicius's Epistle to Cicero, must be considered as an exact representation, and exhibits a scene of desolation sufficiently extensive and melancholy.

But the depopulation here deplored was the result, not of an incidental invasion, nor the consequence of a few disastrous years; it was the operation of the military system established under the Emperors, and had been in gradual progression during the three preceding centuries. Pliny, who wrote his Natural History under Vespasian, observes, that in *Latium*, fifty-two tribes had perished utterly, *sine vestigiis*, and points out several towns even in *Campania* itself, that had either disappeared or were in a state of rapid decay. He also mentions several

* Amb. Epist. 39.

temples neglected and falling into ruin, even in places near Rome; and frequently employs such expressions as *sunt reliquiæ . . . jam tota abiit . . . quondam uberrimæ multitudinis*, &c. all of which are evidently indications of a decreasing population, and of a country on the decline.

The depopulation of Italy has, I know, been in part ascribed to the vast increase of Rome, and to the natural tendency which opulent provincials ever have to desert, the *incelebrity* of their obscure country, and to establish themselves in the Capital. During the era of liberty this evidently was not the case; for we not only find the Republic discharging the surplus of its population in colonies, but we are informed that the Senate, by an express order, prohibited the establishment of Italian provincials in the Capital, and ordered twelve thousand Latins, who had settled in the city, to return home. An expression of the historian, however, shews the propensity of the Italians, and the commencement of the evil*; yet long after this event, which took place in the year of Rome 565, many of the Italian towns were extremely populous, insomuch that *Padua* alone counted five hundred Roman knights among her citizens.

Under the Emperors, when not food only and sometimes raiment, but every convenience and almost every luxury were provided gratis for the Roman people; when baths furnished with

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* Jam tum multitudine alienigenarum urbem onerante. *Tit. Liv. Lib.* xxxix. 3.

regal magnificence were open for their accommodation, and plays and races and combats daily and almost hourly exhibited for their amusement; when porticos and groves, and temples and colonnades, without number, offered them shade and shelter at all hours and in all seasons; in short, when a thousand fountains poured out rivers to refresh them, and all the wants of nature were supplied without labour or exertion; then the idle, the indigent, and the effeminate inhabitants of Italy, and indeed of all the provinces, flocked to Rome, and crowded its streets with an useless and burthensome multitude. To this overgrown population, thus formed of the *dregs* and the vagrancy of the subjugated countries, Seneca refers with temper, Lucan with contempt, and Juvenal with indignation.

> Non possum ferre, Quirites,
> Græcam urbem,
> Jam pridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes.

It may appear singular, but it is true, that the population of Rome increased as the empire declined, and was never perhaps greater than during the inauspicious reign of Honorius, when the barbarians who had overrun the distant provinces made inroads into Italy itself, and forced the terrified inhabitants to seek for protection in the Capital. To ascertain the amount of this population would be difficult, especially as the most learned authors disagree in their calculations; but, whatever its amount may have been, it may justly be surmised, that it was not either at this, or at any preceding period, a very efficient cause of the depopulation of Italy. The British Capital may possibly contain as many inhabitants as Rome did during any,

even the most flourishing era of its empire; and it still continues to increase both in size and in population, without any prejudice to the cultivation of the country or to the prosperity of the country towns. The real causes of the depopulation of Italy under the Emperors were the unsettled state of the Roman constitution, the accumulation and the uncertainty of property, and the pressure of taxation; evils resulting invariably from a military and despotic government, and more destructive in their effects in one century than all the wars, famines, and pestilences that have ever afflicted mankind.

The same bane of public prosperity that preyed upon the resources of Italy under the Cæsars is now corroding the vitals of the Turkish empire, has already converted the fertile provinces of *Asia Minor*, of *Syria*, and of *Egypt* into deserts, and will shortly devour the remaining population of *Greece*, and leave nothing behind but barren sands and silent solitudes. That the towns and even tribes mentioned by Strabo and by Pliny should have withered away and disappeared under the deadly influence of such a government; and that Italy itself, though the centre of the power and of the riches of a mighty empire, should have gradually decayed under the immediate frown of a race of tyrants, and constantly the theatre of their cruelties, of their caprice, and of their contests is not wonderful; on the contrary, it is rather surprizing that it should have resisted the action of so many accumulated causes of destruction, have survived its fall, and have risen so great and so flourishing from its disasters.

At what period, or by what means the population of Italy was restored, its cultivation renewed, and new sources of wealth

and prosperity opened to it, it is neither my province nor my intention to inquire; but we find it in the thirteenth century covered with numerous republics, warlike and populous as the commonwealths that flourished in the same country previous to the Roman conquest, and like them engaged in perpetual contests. In the succeeding century we see it rich in commerce and in manufactures; and in the fifteenth, we behold it illuminated with all the splendours of genius and of science, and shedding a light that penetrated the darkness of the benighted countries around, and roused their inhabitants from a long slumber of ignorance and of barbarism. So great, indeed, was its literary fame during this period, and so many and so distinguished were its artists, its poets, its philosophers, that it may perhaps be doubted whether its history during the fifteenth and sixteenth century be not as instructive as that of *Greece*, even when *Greece* was most distinguished by the arts and by the talents of its inhabitants*. Since that period the state of Italy has indeed varied; several bloody wars have been carried on in its interior; and many of its provinces have passed under different masters. Yet, as those wars were waged principally by foreigners, and as the change of dynasties, if unaccompanied by other alterations, has little or no effect upon the welfare of a country, Italy notwithstanding these vicissitudes has continued in a state of progressive prosperity down to

* The author of Anacharsis was so struck with the united wonders of the history of Italy at the period of which I am speaking, that he had thoughts of introducing his ideal traveller into that country instead of Greece, as affording a greater scope for useful observations on the arts and sciences, and presenting a greater variety of character and anecdote. He has left behind him a sketch of his design, which, though imperfect, yet presents a masterly combination of hints, portraits, and parallels.

the latter part of the nineteenth century. In the year 1784, Italy and its dependent islands, *Sicily*, *Sardinia*, &c. were supposed to contain from sixteen to eighteen millions of inhabitants, and it is highly probable that in the year 1793 this number was augmented to twenty millions, as no natural or artificial cause of mortality visited Italy during the interval. All the Italian states were at that period governed by their own native, or at least resident princes, with the exception of *Milan*, which belonged to the House of Austria; but as the administration was conducted by an Archduke, who always kept his court in that capital, it felt little inconvenience from its dependence on a transalpine sovereign. All the cities, and almost all the great towns, with most places of any consideration, exist under the same name nearly as in ancient times; many of them have recovered their ancient prosperity and population, and several have considerably exceeded it. If *Herculaneum*, *Pompeii*, and *Cumæ* have utterly perished in *Campania*, to compensate the loss Naples not only spreads her superabundant population over the neighbouring coasts, but over the base of *Vesuvius* itself, and raises populous and flourishing towns on the ruins of the fallen cities*. Rome is reduced, it is true, from a million perhaps to two hundred thousand inhabitants, and its immediate vicinity has perhaps lost one million more; but *Ancona*, on the opposite coast, is more flourishing than it was under the Cæsars; and *Loretto*, a new city, has risen in its vicinity, and now lodges fifteen thousand inhabitants on the summit of a moun-

* The southern provinces of Italy are possibly as well peopled now, if we except a few great towns, as they were in Roman times. Apulia was always a sheepwalk: Cicero calls it—*inanissima pars Italiæ*.

tain. *San Marino*, the child of Liberty, nurses her seven thousand hardy sons on a pinnacle of the *Apennines*, and all the coast of the *Adriatic* swarms with life and blooms with industry and vegetation.

Etruria, though not perhaps as flourishing or as populous as it was about the period of the foundation of Rome, is more so probably than it was when under the iron sway of the Emperors. Most of its ancient towns remain, and some are in a much more flourishing state than they were at any period of Roman history; such as *Florence*, *Sienna*, and *Lucca*. The *Maremme* or sea-shores, formerly unhealthy and thinly inhabited, are, in consequence of the establishment of the free-port of *Leghorn* then a miserable village, now a populous city, cultivated and in a state of progressive improvement. As to the spacious plain extended between the *Alps* and the *Apennines*, its ancient towns, (with the exception of *Vellcia*, which was overwhelmed by the fall of a mountain) and all its ancient cities, are in a most flourishing state; some far more prosperous indeed than they were even in the reign of Augustus or of Trajan. Among the latter we may rank *Turin* and *Genoa*, both places of little name anciently, now populous and magnificent capitals. *Milan* itself is probably much more considerable at present than it was at either of the above-mentioned periods, though inferior, in population at least, to what it was when during the decline of the empire, it occasionally became the residence of the Emperors. The prosperity of *Bologna*, with a few exceptions, seems to have been progressive, and has long since raised it to such a degree of opulence as to appropriate to it, as its distinctive quality, the epithet of *rich*. To close the catalogue, *Venice* rises before us with its domes and towers, with its immense population and its extensive commerce, the Queen

of the *Adriatic*, and the mistress of *Dalmatia*, of *Epirus* and of *Acarnania*, of the *Ionian* islands, and in the beginning of the last century, of *Peloponnesus* itself. This splendid Capital compensates the loss of *Aquileia**, and can count in her extensive and populous territories ten towns more considerable than that ancient metropolis of *Istria* †. In short, Italy, with its dependencies, in the year 1792 was supposed to contain more than twenty million of inhabitants, a population for the extent of country far superior to the best inhabited territories, the *Netherlands* not excepted, and in all probability, if not above, at least equal to its population at any period of Roman history since Augustus ‡.

As to cultivation, the second criterion of prosperity, one ob-

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* *Aquileia* was destroyed by Attila in the fifth century.

† To the barbarians, howsoever mischievous in general, Italy, according to an Italian proverb, owes two blessings, *its modern language* and *the city of Venice*. I do not know whether many of my readers may not consider both these blessings as purchased at too high a price.

‡ There is a circumstance mentioned by Polybius*, which may be considered as furnishing a foundation for calculating the population of Italy at an early period: this author relates, that on a rumour of an approaching invasion by the Gauls, the inhabitants of Italy (an appellation which then excluded all the country lying north of the *Apennines*) brought into the field an army of more than six hundred thousand men. This force, we may reasonably suppose, was the result of an extraordinary effort, and could not have been maintained as a regular army; now modern Italy, including its dependencies, could, if it formed a federative republic like Germany, support an army at least as considerable without depopulating its provinces or impoverishing its inhabitants.

* Lib. II.

servation will be sufficient to decide the question in favour of Modern Italy, and that one is, Italy at present not only feeds her own inhabitants but exports largely to other countries, an advantage which she never enjoyed at the period of history to which I have so often alluded. To this observation it may be added, that Italy now produces every article necessary not for the comforts only, but moreover, for the luxurious enjoyments of life; and although there, as well as in less favoured countries, fashion may often induce the opulent to have recourse to foreign markets for accommodation, yet there is not one single object requisite for either dress or furniture that may not be procured home-made in Italy. One source of riches and commerce indeed this country now enjoys, which is alone sufficient to give it commercial superiority; I mean, the silk which it produces in abundance, and which constitutes its staple manufacture. The nurture of the silk worm indeed, and the culture of the mulberry-tree on which it feeds, not only furnishes the poor of Italy with employment, but supplies its poets with a favourite and popular theme.

> Unde sacri viridem vates petiere coronam
> Et meritis gratas sibi devinxere puellas.
>
> *Vida. Bombycum*, lib. II.

I might pursue the subject still farther, and maintain, with some appearance of truth, that, excepting Rome, Italy is ornamented with more magnificent edifices at present than it was at any period of ancient history. The ornamental edifices of ancient times were temples, porticos, baths, amphitheatres, theatres, and circuses, to which I may add, an occasional mausoleum. The magnificence of temples consists in their colonnades, which

generally formed their front, and sometimes lined their sides, and the beauty of colonnades as of porticos, arises from their extent and elevation. Now temples, graced with such majestic ornaments, were out of the precincts and immediate vicinity of Rome, certainly not common. A well-known temple of Fortune gave considerable celebrity to *Præneste;* the lofty rock of *Anxur* was crowned with the colonnades of Jupiter; and it is probable that each great city, and occasionally a promontory or a fountain, had a splendid edifice dedicated to their tutelar divinities. But the far greater part of the temples were small, sometimes deriving considerable beauty and interest from their site and their proportions, as that of *Tibur* and of *Clitumnus*, and sometimes, as seems to have been the case of most rustic fanes, without any share of either *. Moreover, these temples appear to have been at all times much neglected, and many of them allowed to fall into decay, as we are informed, not by Horace only †, but by the elder Pliny, who mentions a temple in ruins so near Rome as *Ardea*.

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* Pliny the Younger, by a single expression, enables us to guess at the size and furniture of a rustic temple, even when of great celebrity—"Vetus sane *et angusta*, quum sit alioquin stato die frequentissima . . . Deæ signum . . antiquum *e ligno*, quibusdam sui partibus *truncatum*." Pliny, who was about to rebuild this fane, *in melius, in majus*, orders his architect to purchase *four* pillars for the front, and a quantity of marble sufficient to lay the pavement and line the walls. —*Lib.* XI. *Ep.* 39.

† Delicta majorum immeritus lues
Romane, donec templa refeceris
Ædesque labentes deorum, &c.
Hor. Lib. III. Ode 6.

It will, I believe, be admitted, that the Churches which rise so numerous in every part of Modern Italy, oftentimes equal the temples of old in exterior magnificence, and generally surpass them in interior decoration. Though I have excepted Rome from the comparison, yet I may safely aver that there was not anciently, even in Rome itself, one temple in magnitude comparable to the cathedral of *Florence*, or to that of *Milan*, and that few in internal beauty surpassed or even equalled that of *St. Georgio* at *Venice*, of *Sta. Giustina* at *Padua*, or of the abbey church of *Chiaravalle*.

The *pillared* portico was a peculiar feature of Roman magnificence, nor does Italy at present exhibit any thing of the kind, excepting the grand colonnade of the Vatican, forming the most extensive scene of architectural beauty in the world. In *arcaded* porticos Italy is still rich, and *Vicenza* and *Bologna* present in their celebrated galleries a length of arches not probably surpassed in ancient times.

Amphitheatres were of Roman invention, and when of great magnitude and of solid stone were most stupendous edifices. But of these the number was very small, and it may be doubted whether in all Italy there were more than three or four of the kind, two of which were in Rome, and one at *Verona*. Most, if not all the others were either of wood, like that of *Placentia*, which was burnt in the contest between Vespasian and Vitellius, or of brick like that of *Puteoli*, and numberless others unnecessary to mention*.

* I am aware that several learned authors are of opinion, that the upper story

The observation on the small number of magnificent amphitheatres may be applied with some restriction to theatres, many of which were of little size, and of very common materials, and contributed no more to the ornament of the country than modern edifices of the same description. The same may be said of circuses and baths, particularly the latter, which, with very few exceptions, were in provincial towns buildings of more convenience than magnificence. But to compensate the defect, if there exist any in this respect, Modern Italy possesses other edifices perhaps of equal beauty, and undoubtedly of greatet utility, and of far superior interest. I allude to her abbies and to her hospitals: the former lift their venerable towers amidst her forests and her solitudes, sometimes replace the temples that crowned the pinnacles of her mountains, and open in the loneliness of the desert scenes of architecture, of literary opulence, and of religious pomp, which, contrasted with the savage features of nature around, seem almost to border on the wonders of enchantment*. The latter encircle her cities with lines

only of the amphitheatre of *Placentia* was of wood, and that the same may be said of other similar edifices supposed to be built of the same materials. But the destruction of so small a portion of so large an edifice can scarce be represented by an historian so accurate as Tacitus * as the conflagration of the whole; while, on the other hand, it is difficult to conceive how the appellation *pulcherrimum opus* can be applied to a wooden pile. On the whole, as it was *consumed* by fire we must conclude that it was of wood.

* The site of the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, on the pinnacle of the Alban Mount, is now occupied by a convent of Camaldolese monks, and the Parent Abbey of the Benedictin Order rises on the ruins of a temple of Apollo which

* Tacit. Hist. II. 21.

of palaces, superior in size and decorations to the mansion of their sovereigns, and expand halls, libraries, fountains, and gardens for the reception, not of an idle populace, nor of parasites and buffoons, nor of actors and declaimers, but of the sick and the suffering, of the ignorant and the forlorn, of all that feel misery and want relief! If, to these edifices we superadd colleges, seminaries, and literary establishments, all institutions unknown to antiquity, and almost all of considerable magnitude and splendor spread at present over the face of the country in every direction, and embellishing in a greater or less degree every town from *Susa* to *Rheggio*, we may perhaps no longer hesitate to allow to Modern Italy the praise even of superior embellishment. But, when with these edifices we connect the object for which they are erected, and the moral effects which they are intended to produce; when we contemplate the consequent propagation of religion and decency, of literature and humanity, the prospect still brightens upon us, and Modern Italy rises be-

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crowned the pinnacle of Mount *Cassinum*. The reader will recollect other instances.

Some writers of more prejudice than reflection, represent these, and all similar establishments, as blots, deformities, defects, &c. but as long as painting, sculpture, and architecture are held in repute, as long as agriculture and literature are considered as advantages, and as long as the knowledge of Christianity is looked upon as a blessing, so long the great abbies will be ranked among the ornaments and the advantages of Modern Italy. But, in the opinion of the authors mentioned above, the *ergastula* of antiquity, which may perhaps have sometimes occupied the same solitary recesses, and were the prisons of the slaves who cultivated the land, and now and then also of freemen seized by the lawless landholders on the high road, and enslaved for life, these *ergastula* might possibly be more ornamental.

fore us encircled with a lustre, that eclipses all the glories even of the Augustan age.

Such was the state of Italy during the latter period of the eighteenth century, populous and cultivated, covered with the works of art and with the monuments of glory; not only independent but extending her sway over the neighbouring coasts and islands; not only united by the same language, (the most harmonious and the most copious of modern dialects,) but spreading that language with all its treasures over all the wide-extended shores of the Mediterranean. But the French invasion darkened the prospect, and clouded all this scene of glory. Since this disastrous event every year has visited Italy with some additional curse in its train, and has swept away in its flight some monument of her former fame, some remnant of her late prosperity. Her cities have been plundered; her sons dragged away to bleed in the cause of their oppressors; her schools have been suppressed; her cultivation discouraged; the morals of her youth tainted, misery has thus been entailed upon future generations; and all the curses of military despotism inflicted upon her in all their aggravation. Of these curses the greatest and most destructive is the loss of her independence: Italy now, for the first time in the long annals of her most eventful history, is become the province of a foreign empire. Rome, *the Princess of provinces is become tributary;* the Metropolis of Christendom is degraded into the handmaid of Paris. The Roman Emperor, that majestic phantom that terminated with becoming dignity the grand pyramid of the European republic, has descended from his throne, and tamely resigned the crown and the sceptre

of the Cæsars to a Gallic usurper*. Yet this pusillanimous prince, when he gave up a title which had been the ambition of the wisest and the most heroic of his ancestors, and which raised his family above all the royal dynasties of Europe, had more legions under his command than were assembled under both Cæsar and Pompey to dispute the empire of the world in the plains of *Pharsalia*. But, if Rome has to blush for the pusillanimity of her Emperor, she may justly glory in the firmness of her Pontiff, and acknowledge in Pius VII. the unconquerable soul of her ancient heroes. While all the other sovereigns of the continent bowed in silent submission to the will of the victor, and resigned or assumed provinces and diadems at his nod, the humble Pontiff alone had the courage to assert his independence to repel indignantly the pretended sovereignty of the French despot, and to reject with contemptuous disdain both his claims and his offers.

Inconcussa tenens dubio vestigia mundo.
Lucan II.

How long this subjugation of Italy may last, it is not for

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* The Roman has thus subsided in the French Empire, and Napoleon affects to reign the founder of a new monarchy, and the rival, not the successor of the Cæsars. This attempt to make France the seat of empire is the second on record. The first was made during the distractions that accompanied the contest between Vespasian and Vitellius. Though successful at first, it soon terminated in disgrace and discomfiture, and the empire of the Gauls vanished before the genius of Rome.—*Tacit. Hist.* IV. It is to be wished, for the sake of the human race at large, that this second attempt at universal dominion may meet with the same fate!

human foresight to determine; but we may without rashness venture to assert, that as long as the population and the resources of Italy are annexed to the destinies of France, so long France must be triumphant. A peace that consigns the garden of Europe to the tranquil sovereignty of that overgrown and most restless Power, consigns the Continent over to hopeless slavery; and of a peace that brings such a dire disaster with it, it may justly be asserted that it will be more pernicious in its consequences than the longest and most destructive warfare.

The islands may flatter themselves in vain with the advantages of their situation; a population of sixty millions, active, warlike, and intelligent, with all the ports and all the forests of the Continent at their command, with increasing experience on their side, and with the skill and the valour of trans-atlantic mariners in their favour, must at length prevail, and wrest the trident even from the mighty hand of Great Britain.

When we contemplate the page of history, and see how intimately happiness seems connected with misfortune, and how closely glory is followed by disaster; when we observe the prosperity of a country suddenly checked by invasion, the most civilized regions opened as if by the hand of Providence to a horde of barbarians, and all the fair prospect of peace and felicity blasted in the very moment of expansion, we are tempted to indulge a sentiment of despondency, and mourn over the destiny of our Species. But, the philosopher who admires the wisdom and the goodness of the Divine Being stamped on the face of nature, and reads them still more forcibly expressed in the Volume of inspiration, will ascribe to design that which folly might attribute to chance; he will discover in the histories of

nations, as in the lives of individuals, the prudent discipline of a father inuring his sons to patience and to exertion; repressing their petulance by timely chastisements; encouraging their efforts by occasional success; calling forth their powers by disasters and disappointments; allowing the mind seasons of peace and prosperity to mature its talents; and, when it has attained the highest point of perfection allotted to human endowment in this state of trial, changing the scene, and by new combinations of nations and of languages, calling forth the energies of other generations; and thus keeping the human heart and intellect in constant play and uninterrupted progress towards improvement.

APPENDIX.

ON THE POPE, THE ROMAN COURT, CARDINALS, &c.

THE subject of the following pages, though not strictly speaking included in the plan of a *Classical* Tour, is yet intimately connected with the destinies of Rome. For the former reason I have omitted these observations in the body of the work; and for the second, I think it necessary to insert them here; especially as many of my readers, though they may have heard much of the *names*, yet may possibly be very superficially acquainted with the *things* themselves. Such therefore as may have any curiosity to satisfy, or any wish to acquire more information on the subject, will perhaps peruse the following pages with some interest.

The person of the Pope may be considered in two very different capacities, as temporal sovereign of the Roman territory, and as chief Pastor of the Catholic Church. The confusion of these characters has produced much scandal in past ages, and in more modern times, has given occasion to much misrepresentation and not a little oppression. To draw the line therefore,

and enable the reader to discriminate the rights annexed to these different characters, may be considered not only as necessary in a discourse which treats of the Roman Court, but as a debt due to the cause of truth and benevolence. That such a combination of spiritual and temporal power may occasion a mutual re-action on each other, and that it has had that effect not unfrequently, must be admitted; and whether it may not on that very account be, in some degree, mischievous, is a question which we are not here called upon to discuss, especially as this union forms no part of Christian or Catholic discipline; and however decorous or advantageous the independence of the first Pastor be supposed, yet it is confessedly no necessary appendage of his spiritual jurisdiction. I shall treat of the spiritual character first, as that is the essential and distinguishing privilege claimed by the Roman See, and then speak of the temporal power which it has acquired in the lapse of ages.

Now, in order to give the Protestant reader a clear and precise idea of the rights which every Catholic considers as inherent in the Roman See, or to speak more correctly, in the successor of St. Peter, it will be necessary to observe, that the Pope is Bishop of Rome, Metropolitan and Primate of Italy, of Sicily, and of Macedonia, &c. and Patriarch of the West; that in each of these capacities he enjoys the same privileges and the same authority as are enjoyed by other Bishops, Metropolitans, Primates, and Patriarchs in their respective dioceses and districts; that his authority, like theirs, is confined within certain limits marked out by ancient custom, and by the canons; and that like theirs also, it may be modified or suspended, by the Church at large. I shall only add, that as Patriarch of the West, the Pope enjoys a pre-eminence elevated enough to

satisfy the wishes of the most ambitious prelate, as by it he ranks before all western ecclesiastics, and takes place and precedency on all public occasions.

But the Roman Pontiff claims honours still more distinguished, and as successor of St. Peter is acknowledged by the Catholic Church to sit as its first Pastor by divine institution. As it is not my intention to exhibit either proofs or objections, but merely to state an article of belief, I shall as the best and most satisfactory method give it in the words of a general council.*

" Item, definimus Sanctam Apostolicam Sedem et Romanum Pontificem in universum orbem tenere Primatum, et ipsum Pontificem Romanum Successorem esse beati Petri, Principis Apostolorum, et verum Christi Vicarium, totiusque Ecclesiæ Caput, et omnium Christianorum Patrem et Doctorem existere; et ipsi in beato Petro pascendi, regendi, ac gubernandi universalem ecclesiam a Domino nostro Jesu Christo plenam potestatem traditam esse, quemadmodum etiam in gestis Œcumenicorum conciliorum et in sacris canonibus continetur. Renovantes insuper ordinem traditum in canonibus cæterorum venerabilium Patriarcharum; ut Patriarcha Constantinopolitanus secundus sit post sanctissimum Romanum Pontificum, tertius vero Alexandrinus, quartus autem Antiochenus, et quintus Hierosolymitanus; salvis videlicet privilegiis omnibus et juribus eorum."

According to this canon the Pope enjoys, by the institution of Christ, the primacy of honour and jurisdiction over the whole Christian Church, and to refuse it to him would be deemed an act of rebellion †. But no authority has yet determined, and

* General Council of *Florence*.

† See on this subject, *Divinæ fidei Analysis*, &c. by Holden, a pious and learned divine of the *Sorbonne*.

it seems indeed very difficult to fix the precise rights and prerogatives which are conferred by this primacy, or flow immediately from it, so that to oppose their exercise or to deny their existence would be either schism or heresy. Suffice it to say, that the greater part of the powers exercised by the Popes, and especially those acts which have been considered as the most offensive in themselves as well as galling to other bishops, are allowed to be of human institution. In fact, the object of the canon above-mentioned, as also of the article corresponding with it in the creed of Pius IV. seems to have been solely to ascertain the existence of a *divinely* appointed Superior in the Catholic Church, leaving in the interim the mode of exercising his prerogative to the canons and discipline of the same Church, to be enlarged or restrained as its exigencies may require.

But though no temporal advantages are originally, or by its institution, annexed to it, yet it is evident that such an elevated dignity must naturally inspire reverence, and consequently acquire weight and consideration. Influence, at least in a certain degree, must accompany such consideration, and give the spiritual pastor no small degree of worldly importance. We accordingly find, that even in the very commencement of Christianity the Bishop of Rome had become a conspicuous personage, so far as to attract the attention of the Emperors, and sometimes, if the expression of an ancient writer be not a rhetorical exaggeration, to awaken their jealousy.

When the Emperors embraced Christianity, it may easily be imagined, that the successor of St. Peter acquired an increase of temporal weight and dignity; and it has been observed, that

the Pagan historians speak with some asperity of the splendor of his retinue and of the delicacy of his table. This splendor can excite no astonishment. The first pastor of the religion of the Emperors might justly be ranked among the great dignitaries of the empire; he had free access to the person of the sovereign, and was by him treated with filial reverence: his palace and his table were frequented by the first officers of the state, and to support his dignity in their company might, perhaps justly, be considered as one of the duties of his station. In fact, we cannot suspect the Popes of that period, such as St. Sylvester, St. Damasus, Gelasius, Leo the Great, &c. of such contemptible vices as either luxury or ostentation; simple and disinterested all through life, they could not be supposed to resign their habitual virtues in their old age, and commence a career of folly when seated in the chair of St. Peter. But they knew human nature, and very prudently adapted their exterior to that class of society which they were destined to instruct.

But besides the consideration inseparable from the office itself, another source of temporal greatness may be found in the extensive possessions of land, and in the great riches in plate, of the Roman Church itself. These riches were considerable, even under the Pagan Emperors and during the persecutions, as we may presume from various passages in ancient authors*, and they were not a little increased by the liberal donations of the Christian princes, and particularly of Constantine the Great. The invasion of the barbarians, without doubt, might occasionally

* Prud. Lib. Περι στεφανων. 2. De S. Laurentio.

lower the produce of these lands, and lessen by plundering the quantity of plate, yet not in the same proportion in which it affected the lands and properties of the laity, as no small respect was in general shewn to the tombs of the Apostles, and to the sanctuaries of St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John Lateran. So far, indeed, was this veneration sometimes carried by these invaders, that the fierce Genseric himself not only spared the great Basilicæ, but during all the horrors of a week's plunder respected the persons and property placed within the precincts of these temples. Hence the Roman Church, after repeated invasions, after the establishment and reign of a race of barbarian monarchs, and even after the destructive vicissitudes of the Gothic war, which gave the last blow to the prosperity and to the fortunes of Italy, still retained extensive possessions, not in Italy only, but in Sicily and other more distant provinces. This fact we learn from the epistles of Gregory the Great, who employed this vast income, of which he was the administrator, in supporting many illustrious families reduced to misery, and in relieving the distress of the people labouring under the accumulated pressure of war, of famine, and of pestilence. When such riches are so employed, it is no wonder that the public should look with reverence and affection to the hand that dispenses them, and be disposed to tranfer their allegiance from a sovereign remote, weak, and indifferent, to their Pastor, who relieved them by his generosity, directed them by his prudence, and protected them by his talents and by his authority. Such, in fact, was the part which Gregory acted during his pontificate. Born a Roman patrician, he took a deep interest in the misfortunes of his country; placed by his rank and education on a level with the greatest characters of the age, and early employed in the management of public affairs,

he had acquired the address of a courtier with the experience of a statesman: when raised to the pontificate he found, in the disastrous state of Rome and Italy, sufficient opportunities of displaying these talents to the best advantage, and for the noblest object; and by them he saved his country from the intrigues of the imperial court, from the weakness and the wickedness of the Exarchs, and from the fury of the Longobardi, then a recent and most savage horde of invaders.

From this period, though the Greek Emperors were the nominal, yet the Popes became the real and effective sovereigns of Rome: and attached to it as they generally were by birth, and always by residence, duty, and interest, they promoted its welfare with unabating and oftentimes, successful efforts. Upon the merit of these services therefore, and the voluntary submission of an admiring and grateful flock rests the original and best claim which the Roman Pontiffs possess to the temporal sovereignty. But though this sovereignty was enjoyed, many years elapsed before it was avowed, on the side of the Pontiff, or admitted on that of the Emperor, and many more ages before it was fully and finally established on a solid and unshaken basis.

The German Cæsars continued long to assert their supreme dominion over the metropolis as the Capital of their empire; the Roman barons, a proud and ferocious aristocracy, often defied the authority of their weak Pontiffs; and the Roman people itself, though willing to submit to the counsels of a father, frequently rebelled against the orders of a prince. It will not appear singular, that these rebellions, or to speak more fairly, these acts of opposition to the temporal dominion of the Popes were

never more frequent than during the reigns of those Pontiffs, whose characters were the most daring, and whose claims were the most lofty. In fact, from the tenth century, when the Popes began to degenerate from the piety of their predecessors*, and to sacrifice their spiritual character to their temporal interests, Rome became the theatre of insurrection, warfare, and intrigue; and continued so with various intervals of tranquillity occasioned by the intervening reigns of milder Pastors, till the sixteenth century, when they resumed the virtues of their early predecessors, and by them regained the veneration and affection of their flocks. Since that period the Pope has reigned Pastor and Prince, an object at once of the reverence and of the allegiance of the Roman people, seldom alarmed by foreign invasion, or insulted by domestic insurrection; devoted to the duties of his profession, the patron of the arts, the common father of Christendom, and the example and oracle of the Catholic Hierarchy.

But though the Pope is both Bishop and Prince, yet his titles, dress, equipage, and the whole ceremonial of his court, are adapted to the first of these characters. He is styled Holiness, the Holy Father, and sometimes in history the Sovereign Pontiff; but the former appellations, as more appropriate to his duties and functions, are exclusively used in his own court. His

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* This fact will not be contested by the most zealous partisan of the papal prerogative; if it should be, the author need only appeal to Baronius, who, speaking of the tenth century, observes—*Pontifices Romanos a veterum pietate degenerasse, et principes sæculi sanctitate floruisse.*

robes are the same as those of a bishop in pontificals, (excepting the stole and the colour, which is white not purple.) His vestments when he officiates in church as well as his mitre do not differ from those of other prelates. The *tiara* seems originally to have been an ordinary mitre, such as is still worn by the Greek Patriarchs. The three circlets, which have raised it into a triple crown, were added at different periods, and it is said, for different mystic reasons. The first or lowest seems to have been originally a mere border, gradually enriched with gold and diamonds. The second was the invention of Boniface VIII. about the year 1300; and to complete the mysterious decoration, the third was superadded about the middle of the fourteenth century. The use of the tiara is confined to certain extraordinary occasions, as in most great ceremonies the Pope uses the common episcopal mitre.

Whenever he appears in public, or is approached even in private, his person is encircled with reverence and with majesty. In public, a large silver cross raised on high is carried before him, as a sacred banner, the church bells ring as he passes, and all kneel in his sight. When he officiates at the patriarchal Basilicæ he is carried from his apartments in the adjoining palace to the church in a chair of state, though in the chancel his throne is merely an ancient episcopal chair, raised only a few steps above the seats of the cardinals or clergy. In private, as the pontifical palaces are vast and magnificent, there are perhaps more apartments to be traversed, and greater appearances of splendor in the approach to his person, than in an introduction to any other sovereign. In his antichamber, a prelate in full robes is always in waiting, and when the bell rings, the door of the pontifi-

cal apartment opens, and the Pope is seen in a chair of state with a little table before him. The person presented kneels once at the threshold, again in the middle of the room, and lastly, at the feet of the Pontiff, who, according to circumstances, allows him to kiss the cross embroidered on his shoes, or presents his hand to raise him. The Pontiff then converses with him a short time, and dismisses him with some slight present of beads, or medals, as a memorial. The ceremony of genu-flection is again repeated, and the doors close*.

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* Some Protestants have objected to this ceremony, which, after all, is only a mark of respect formerly paid to every bishop*, and still kept up in a court tenacious of its ancient observances. *It is said*, that Horace Walpole, when presented to Benedict XIV. stood for some time in a posture of hesitation, when the Pope, who was remarkable for cheerfulness and humour, exclaimed, "*Kneel down, my son, receive the blessing of an old man; it will do you no harm!*" upon which the young traveller instantly fell on his knees, and was so much pleased with the conversation and liveliness of Benedict, that he took every occasion of waiting upon him, and testifying his respect during his stay at Rome. In truth, English gentlemen have always been received by the Popes with peculiar kindness and condescension, and every indulgence is shewn to their opinions, or, as the Romans must term them, their prejudices and even to their caprices.

The custom of being carried in a chair of state has also given offence, and is certainly not very conformable to the modern practice even of courts; however it is another remnant of ancient manners, a mode of conveyance (less luxurious indeed) copied from the *lectica*, so much in use among the Romans. In the earlier ages, the custom of the Popes as of other bishops was to pass from the sacristy through the church on foot †, leaning on two priests, and thus advance to

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* Fleury Mœurs des Chretiens XXXII. ad finem.

† Ordo Rom. Primus et Secund. *Muratori.*

The pomp which environs the Pontiff in public, and attracts the attention so forcibly, may perhaps appear to many a glorious and enviable distinction; but there are few, I believe, who would not, if accompanied by it in all the details of ordinary life, feel it an intolerable burthen. Other sovereigns have their hours of relaxation; they act their part in public, and then throw off their robes, and mix in the domestic circle with their family or their confidants. The Pope has no hours of relaxation; always encumbered with the same robes, surrounded by the same attendants, and confined within the magic circle of etiquette, he labours for ever under the weight of his dignity, and may, if influenced by ordinary feelings, often sigh in vain, for the leisure and the insignificance of the college or the cloister. A morning of business and application closes with a solitary meal; a walk in the gardens of the *Quirinal* or the *Vatican*, a visit to a church or an hospital, are his only exercises. Devotion and business, the duties of the Pontiff and of the Prince, successively occupy his hours, and leave no vacant interval for the indulgence of the taste, or the arrangement of the affairs of the individual. What honours can compensate for a life of such restraint and confinement!

I have said a solitary meal, for the Pope never dines in com-

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the altar; a custom more conformable to Christian humility, and to the simplicity not only of ancient but even of modern times. In fact, in all the ceremonial of the Roman Church and Court, the only parts liable to misrepresentation or censure, are certain additions of later times, when, in religious pomps and court pageants, in dress and in style, all was inflated and cumbersome. The rule of reform is easy and obvious; to prune off the excrescences of barbarous ages, and to restore the majestic forms of antiquity.

pany, so that to him a repast is no recreation; it is consequently short and frugal. Sixtus Quintus is reported to have confined the expences of his table to about sixpence. Innocent XI. did not exceed half-a-crown; and the present Pontiff, considering the different valuation of money, equals them both in frugality, as his table never exceeds five shillings a day. These unsocial repasts may have their utility in removing all temptations to luxurious indulgence, and all opportunities of unguarded conversation; two evils to which convivial entertainments are confessedly liable. Yet, when we consider on the one side the sobriety and the reserve of the Italians, particularly when in conspicuous situations, and on the other the number of men of talents and information that are to be found at all times in the Roman court, and in the college of cardinals, we feel ourselves disposed to condemn an etiquette which deprives the Pontiff of such conversation as might not only afford a rational amusement, but oftentimes be made the vehicle of useful hints and suggestions. Another advantage might result from a freer communication; the smiles of greatness call forth genius; admission to the table of the Pontiff might revive that ardor for literary glory, which distinguished the era of Leo X. and might again perhaps fill Rome with Orators, Poets, and Philosophers. And though we applaud the exclusion of buffoons and pantomimes, and the suppression of shews and pageantry, yet we may be allowed to wish that the halls of the Vatican again resounded with the voice of the orator, and with the lyre of the poet; with the approbation of the Court, and with the plaudits of the multitude. But can Rome flatter herself with the hopes of a third Augustan age?

On the whole, the person and conduct of the Pope, whether

in public or in private, are under perpetual restraint and constant inspection. The least deviation from strict propriety or even from customary forms, would be immediately noticed, published, and censured in pasquinades. Leo X. loved shooting, and by the change of dress necessary for that amusement, gave scandal. Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) was advised by his physicians to ride; he rode in the neighbourhood of his *Alban Villa*, and it is said, offended the people of the country not a little by that supposed levity. Benedict XIV. wished to see the interior arrangement of a new theatre, and visited it before it was opened to the public; the next morning an inscription appeared over the door by which he had entered, *Porta santa; plenary indulgence to all who enter*. These anecdotes suffice to shew the joyless uniformity of the papal court, as well as the strict decorum that pervades every department immediately connected with the person of the Pontiff.

Some centuries ago the Popes considered themselves authorized, by their temporal sovereignty, to give the same exhibitions and tournaments, and to display the same scenes of festivity and magnificence in the Vatican, as were beheld at the courts and in the palaces of other princes; nor did such ill-placed pageants seem at that period to have excited surprize or censure. But the influence of the Council of Trent, though its direct interference was strongly repelled, reached the recesses of the pontifical palace, and the general rigour of discipline established by it, ascended from the members to the head, and at length pervaded the whole body. Hence the austere features of the papal court, and the monastic silence that reigns through the vast apartments of the *Vatican* and of the *Quirinal*

palaces; and hence also the solitary repasts and the perpetual abstemiousness of the Pontiff's table.

I mean not, however, to insinuate that the private virtues of the Popes themselves have no share in this system of frugality and decorum, as that is by no means the truth. Temperance is a general virtue in Italy, and independent even of the national character, the Popes have long been remarkable for their personal abstemiousness. The present Pontiff in particular, inured to monastic discipline from his youth, and long accustomed to the plainest diet, owes, probably, the extreme temperance by which he is distinguished, to habit as much as to principle, and can feel little inclination to exchange his slight and wholesome repasts for the pleasures of a luxurious table. But, to whatever cause it may be attributed, this truly episcopal spirit and appearance are edifying, and must extort the applause of every traveller, who, however unwilling he may be to acknowledge the Pontiff as the first Pastor of the Christian Church, must confess, that his mode of living and appearance are not unworthy of that sacred character.

To speak of the prerogative of the Pontiff as a sovereign is scarcely necessary, as it is known to be uncontrouled by any legal or constitutional authority; a despotism which, though mildly exercised, is diametrically opposite both to the interests of the people and to the personal happiness of the prince himself. The mischiefs that result from thence to the former are obvious, while the latter, if alive to sentiments of religion and of moral obligation as the modern sovereigns of Rome must unquestionably be, cannot but tremble under the weight of a responsibility so awful thus confined to his own bosom. To share it with

the best and wisest members of the state is safe, and would at the same time be so glorious, that we should be tempted to wonder that the experiment had never been tried, if every page in history did not prove how sweet despotic sway is to the vitiated palate of Sovereigns. But, if ever any monarch had either an opportunity or an inducement to realize the generous plan formed by Servius Tullius of giving liberty and a constitution to his people, the Popes, we should imagine, could have wanted neither.

In the middle ages when even Rome itself was infected with the barbarism and the licentiousness of the times, the Romans may perhaps have been incapable of governing themselves with prudence and consistency. The Barons were perhaps too powerful, the people too ignorant to bear, or to appreciate the blessings of equal laws and of representative administration. (I have said perhaps, because every page of history proves that the best instrument of civilization is liberty.) But surely this objection is not applicable to the Romans of the present age, whether nobles or plebeians; the former, are calm and stately; the latter, serious and reasonable; forming a nation well calculated to exercise the rights and to display the energies of a free people. The cardinals and the first patricians would constitute a wise and illustrious senate, and the people might exercise their powers by a representative body, the materials of which may be discovered in every street in Rome, and in every town and almost village in its dependent provinces. The Pontiff, a prince without passions, without any interest but that of his people, without any allurement to vice, and any bias to injustice, must surely be a fit head to such a political body, and calculated to preside over it with dignity and effect. Thus the *Senatus*

Populusque Romanus, now an empty name, would again become a mighty body; the rich and beautiful territory under its sway would again teem with population; its influence or its power might once more unite Italy in one solid mass, and direct its power and its energies in union with Great Britain, its natural ally, against the common enemy of Italy, of Great Britain, and of mankind.

But to turn from visions too prosperous to be realized, we shall proceed to the College of Cardinals, the real senate of modern Rome, and the council of the Pontiff. The title of cardinal was originally given to the parochial clergy of Rome: it seems to have been taken from the imperial court, where, in the time of Theodosius, the principal officers of the state had that appellation added as a distinction to their respective dignities. The number of titles, or churches which gave a title to this dignity, is seventy-two, including the six suburban bishoprics; their principal and most honourable privilege is that of electing the Pope; and it is easy to conceive that their dignity and importance increased with that of the Roman See itself, and that they shared alike its temporal and its spiritual pre-eminence. As they are the counsellors so they are the officers of the Pontiff, and are thus entrusted with the management of the church at large and of the Roman State in particular.

In the middle ages, when the Roman Bishop seemed to engross to himself the government, both spiritual and temporal, of Christendom, and acted at once with all the power and authority of Emperor and of Pontiff, the cardinalate became the next most conspicuous dignity, and rivalled, sometimes eclipsed the splendor of royalty itself.

Even after the plenitude of papal power had been retrenched, and the reformation had withdrawn so many provinces from its dominion, the purple retained its lustre, and a cardinal still continued to rank with princes of the blood royal. This honour they possess even in our times, and in spite of the revolution itself, they enjoy it in such courts as are not immediately under French controul. Thus the College of Cardinals has made a conspicuous figure in Europe for the space of at least one thousand years. The Roman Senate itself can scarce be said to have supported its fame and grandeur for so long a period; in fact, in dignity, rank, talents, and majesty, the sacred College is worthy to succeed and to represent that august assembly. One of the advantages or rather the peculiar glory of this body, is that it admits men of eminence in virtue, talents, or rank, without any regard to country or nation, thus paying a tribute to merit in opposition to local prejudices, and inviting genius from every quarter of the Universe, to receive the honours, and at the same time to increase the lustre of the Roman purple. The classic writers of the age of Leo, while they beheld so many distinguished characters collected in this assembly, and while they received so much encouragement from its learned members, looked up to it with reverence and affection, and joyfully applied to it the titles and appellations of the ancient senate. It was with them the *amplissimus cœtus*, *imperii et rationis arx—portus omnium gentium—Orbis terrarum concilium*, &c. Its members were the *purpurati patres—gentium patroni—Urbis principes*, &c. It cannot therefore be a matter of surprise that this dignity should at all times have been the object of ecclesiastical ambition, and been accepted with joy by the sons even of the first monarchs in Europe.

The cardinals are named by the Pope, though all the Catholic Powers are allowed to recommend a certain number. Some hats are generally kept in reserve in case of any emergency, so that the number is seldom full. The nomination is not often abused, and the honour so rarely misplaced, that the public has not been known to complain for a long lapse of years.

The grand assembly of the cardinals is called the Consistory, where the Pontiff presides in person. Here they appear in all the splendour of the purple and form a most majestic senate, such as might almost justify the emphatical expression of the Greek Orator. But this assembly is not precisely a council, as it seldom discusses, but witnesses the ratification of measures previously weighed and adopted in the cabinet of the Pontiff. Here therefore public communications are announced, foreign ambassadors received, cardinals created, formal compliments made and answered, in short, the exterior splendour of sovereignty displayed to the public eye. But the principal prerogative of a cardinal is exercised in the Conclave, so called because the members of the sacred college are then confined within the precincts of the great halls of the *Vatican* palace, where they remain immured till they agree in the election of a Pontiff. The halls are divided into temporary apartments; each cardinal has four small rooms, and two attendants called conclavists. The Senator of Rome, the conservators, and the patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops, then in the city, guard the different entrances into the conclave, and prevent all communication. These precautions to exclude all undue influence and intrigue, from such an assembly, on such an occasion,

though not always effectual, deserve applause. However, the clashing interests of the different courts are so well-poised, that even intrigue can do but little mischief; for if the cardinals attached to any sovereign make particular efforts in favour of any individual of the same interest, they only awaken the jealousy and rouse the opposition of all the other courts and parties. In fact, the choice generally falls on a cardinal totally unconnected with party, and therefore exceptionable to none, exempt from glaring defects, and ordinarily remarkable for some virtue or useful accomplishment, such as learning, dignity, moderation, firmness.

It is not my intention to specify all the forms of *etiquette* observed, or the ceremonies practised during the process, or at the conclusion of the election; two or three however I must notice for reasons which will appear sufficiently obvious; one is the custom of putting the tickets containing the votes of the cardinals on the *patina* (or communion plate), and then into the chalice: now, however important these votes may be, and however intimate their connection with the welfare of the Church, yet to apply to them the vases devoted in a peculiar manner to the most awful institutions of Religion, seems to pass beyond disrespect, and almost to border on profanation. The next ceremony to which I have alluded, is that called the adoration of the Pope; it takes place almost immediately after his election, when he is placed in a chair on the altar of the Sixtine chapel, and there receives the homage of the cardinals: this ceremony is again repeated on the high altar of St. Peter's. Now in this piece of pageantry, I object not to the word *adoration;* no one who knows Latin, or reflects upon the sense which it bears on this and on a thousand other occasions, will cavil at it, though he

may wish it otherwise applied. Nor do I find fault with the throne; he who is at the same time both Pontiff and Prince has, from time and custom, perhaps a double title to such a distinction. But why should the altar be made his footstool? the altar, the *beauty of holiness*, the throne of the *victim* lamb*, the *mercy seat* of the temple of Christianity; why should the altar be converted into the footstool of a mortal.

I mean not, however, while I condemn this ceremony to extend the censure to those who practise or who tolerate it. Besides the difficulty of altering an ancient rite (if this piece of pageantry however deserve that epithet) the world is too well acquainted with the virtues of the late Pontiffs to suspect them of want of humility. To conform to an established custom, and refer the honour to him whom they represent, the *Prince of Pastors* and the *Master of Apostles* appears perhaps to them a greater act of humility than to excite surprize, and perhaps to give offence, by an untimely and unexpected resistance. Be the motives of toleration however what they may, the practice is not edifying to any, it is offensive to most, and of consequence, as producing some evil and no good, it ought to be suppressed.

The last ceremony which I shall notice is the following. As

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* Hic suâ pascit populos fideles
Carne, qui mundi scelus omne tollit
Agnus, et fusi pretium cruoris
Ipse propinat.

Hym. Ded.

the new Pontiff advances towards the high altar of St. Peter's, the master of the ceremonies kneeling before him, sets fire to a small quantity of tow placed on the top of a gilt staff, and as it blazes and vanishes in smoke, thus addresses the Pope, *Sancte Pater! sic transit gloria mundi!* This ceremony is repeated thrice. Such allusions to the nothingness of sublunary grandeur have, we all know, been introduced into the ceremonials of royal pageantry both in ancient and modern times; nor is it mentioned here as a novelty, but as a proof of the transcendent glory which once encompassed the papal throne.—*Nemo est in mundo sine aliqua tribulatione vel angustiâ, quamvis Rex sit vel Papa.—De Imit. Christi.* 1. 22. The pontifical dignity was then, it seems, supposed to be the complement and perfection of regal and even imperial power.

Yet there is no sovereign who seems to stand in so little need of this lesson as the Roman Pontiff. The robes which encumber his motions, the attendants that watch his steps, and the severe magnificence that surrounds him on all sides, are so many mementos of his duties and of his responsibility; while the churches which he daily frequents lined with monuments, that announce the existence and the short reigns of his predecessors; nay, the very city which he inhabits, the sepulchre of ages and of empires, the sad monument of all that is great and glorious beneath the sun, remind him at every step of fallen grandeur and of human mortality. One lesson more the Pontiff is now destined to receive daily, and that is of all others the most impressive and most mortifying; power escaping from his grasp, and influence evaporating in the shadow of a name, *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Of the retinue and procession of the Pontiff at the inauguration we shall say no more; but of the ceremonial of the Roman Court in general give the opinion of the most intelligent of French travellers in his own words, after having observed that, to the eye of an Englishman, though as partial to pomp and stateliness as the native of a northern region can be, the effect would be increased if the quantum of ceremony were considerably diminished. *La pompe qui environne le Pape, et les ceremonies de l'Eglise Romaine sont les plus majestueuses, les plus augustes, et les plus imposantes qu'on puisse voir.**

From the state and the exterior of the Popes in general, we will now pass to the person and the character of the present Pontiff. Pius VII. is of a noble family, *Chiaramonte* by name, and became early in life a Benedictin monk of the Abbey of *S. Georgio* at *Venice*. His learning, virtue, and mildness raised him shortly above the level of his brethren, attracted the attention of his Superiors first, and afterwards of the late Pope, Pius VI. who had an opportunity of noticing the Father *Chiaramonte*, on his way to *Vienna*, and who shortly after promoted him to the See of *Imola*, and afterwards raised him to the purple. His career in this splendid line seems to have been marked rather by the

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* *La Lande.*—The reader will perhaps be surprized to find no account of various observances, of which he has heard or read much, such as the *open stool*, the examination, &c. &c.; but his surprize will cease, or perhaps increase, when he is assured that no such ceremonies exist.

mild and conciliating virtues than by the display of extraordinary abilities; we accordingly find him esteemed and beloved by all parties, and respected even by the French generals, and by *Bonaparte* in particular.

When the late Pope was torn from his Capital by the orders of the French Directory, and dragged prisoner into France, the cardinals were banished or deported with circumstances of peculiar cruelty, and the cardinal *Chiaramonte* of course shared in common with his brethren the hardships and the dangers of this persecution.

On the death of Pius VI. the cardinals assembled in conclave at *Venice*, and in a short time unanimously proclaimed cardinal *Chiaramonte* Pope. This election took place in the month of March 1800. The French were obliged to evacuate Rome about the same period, and the Pope embarked for *Ancona*, and made his public entry into Rome in the following April.

We may easily conceive the joy both of the Pontiff and of the people on this happy occasion. The scene was unusually splendid, but it owed its splendor not to the opulence of the sovereign, but to the zeal of the subject. The guard that lined the streets, and escorted the Pontiff, consisted of a numerous body of young patricians; the triumphal arches and decorations were supplied by the Roman people, and the equipage of the Pontiff himself was the voluntary homage of the generous *Colonna*, a prince truly worthy of the name of a Roman. In fact, the Pope was personally as poor as the Apostle whom

he succeeds, and like him, brought to his Flock nothing but the piety of the Pastor, and the affection of the Father. As the procession moved towards the *Vatican*, tears were observed more than once streaming down his cheeks, and the details which he afterwards received of the distress occasioned by the rapacity of the late invaders, could only increase his anguish.

To relieve the sufferings of his people, and to restore the finances of the country, was his first object, and to attain it he began by establishing a system of the strictest economy in his own household and around his own person. He next suppressed all immunities or exemptions, and subjected the nobility and the clergy to the same or to greater burthens than the lower orders; this regulation, so simple in itself, and so just, is yet little practised on the continent, where in general the weight of taxation falls upon those who are least capable of bearing it. The French republic affects indeed to adopt it, but in fact uses it only as a convenient method of plundering the rich without relieving the poor. Such are the beneficial effects of this regulation, that though some oppressive and unpopular duties have, I believe, been removed, and the sum imposed on each individual diminished, yet the general amount of the taxes is considerably increased. Other salutary arrangements are, it is said, in contemplation, and the good intentions, the sense, and the virtuous feelings of Pius VII. encourage the hope, that his reign, if he be not thwarted in his designs, will be the commencement of an era of reform and of prosperity.

The Pope is of a middle stature; his eyes are dark, and

his hair is black and curly; his countenance is mild and benevolent, expressing rather the tranquil virtues of his first profession, than the sentiments congenial to his latter elevation. However, it is whispered by those who are more intimately acquainted with his character, that he can on occasions display great firmness and decision; that he is influenced much more by his own judgment than by the opinions of his ministers, and that he adheres irrevocably to his determination. At the present crisis, when the temporal possessions of the Roman Church are at the mercy of the strongest, a spirit of conciliation is perhaps the best calculated to preserve their integrity; and even in the spiritual concerns of the Apostolic See, the interests of religion may doubtless be best consulted by such concessions and changes in discipline as the reason or even the prejudices of the age may seem to demand. In both these respects, and particularly in the latter, the lenient and judicious Pontiff is likely to employ his authority in a manner highly conducive to public utility.

I have said above, *if not thwarted in his designs*, for the exception is necessary. The power of the French Republic still alarms the Roman court; and the darkness of its designs and the known malignity of its leaders, are sufficient to justify every suspicion. Even at present their conduct is treacherous and insolent. Though obliged by the articles of the late peace to evacuate the Roman territory, they still continue to occupy its sea-ports, and they compel the papal government to provide for the maintenance and pay of the troops employed for that purpose. To which I may add, that they still encourage spies and intriguers of

various descriptions in the Capital, and what is perhaps less dangerous but more expensive, send generals to Rome under various pretexts, but in fact to extort money under the appellation of presents. Such is the occupation of *Murat*, at the moment I am now writing, and such the silent warfare carried on by the French since the last treaty.

Cauponantes bellum, non belligerantes.

The attention paid to this brother-in-law of the First Consul is great, and borders rather upon homage than civility; but it is the worship paid to the genius of mischief, and springs from suspicion and fear unqualified by one single spark of esteem or affection *.

The fatal experience of French power and malignity, and the fearful obscurity in which the intentions of that infernal government are enveloped, must of course act as a drawback upon the benevolent plans of the Pontiff, and keep the resources of the

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* One evening at a *conversazione* given by *Turlonia*, a celebrated Roman banker, in honour of the peace lately concluded, to which *Murat*, the French general, and all the English and French at Rome were invited, *Murat* paid particular attention to the English, and among them to Captain P.—— of the Guards. Walking with him and others about the *Faro* table, and observing that the English took no part in the gambling there carried on, he took occasion to make them a compliment on their forbearance, and passing thence to some sarcastic observations on the master of the house and his countrymen, concluded by a declaration that there are but two nations in the world, the French and the English—"*You*," says he, "*are the first by sea, we by land.*" To this deci-

country almost in a state of stagnation. If an excavation is to be made, a question naturally occurs—May not the French make us another visit, and carry away the fruits of our discoveries? If a project of cleansing the bed of the Tiber is proposed, and about to be adopted, for whom, it is asked, shall we draw up these long neglected treasures? for our greatest enemies. Is a palace to be repaired or new furnished; what! they exclaim, shall we spend our fortunes to prepare lodgings for a French general? Thus the influence of the French, whether absent or present, is always felt and always active in the production and in the extension of misery, of devastation, and of barbarism.

INCOME OF THE POPE.

Of the income of the Roman court some account may perhaps be expected, though the many alterations which have lately occurred may be supposed, not only to have reduced its amount, but to have rendered that amount very irregular and uncertain. Several years ago, when in full possession of its territory, both in Italy and in France, it was not calculated at more than six hundred thousand pounds. Contrary to a very general opinion I must here observe, that this income arose principally from internal taxation, and that a very small part of it was derived from Catholic countries. The sums remitted by Catholic

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sion, which however flattering to the navy is no compliment to the army of Great Britain, the Captain replied dryly, "*Sir, we are just arrived from Egypt.*" This short answer, uttered with the modesty peculiar to the man, reminded the French General of the recent glory of the British arms, and extorted from him some awkward and reluctant explanations.

countries may be comprized under the two heads of annats and of dispensations; now these two heads, when united, did not produce in France, the richest and most extensive of Catholic countries previous to the revolution, more than fifteen thousand pounds per annum. In Spain the annats had been abolished or rather bought off; and in Germany, if I mistake not, suppressed. Dispensations, that is, licenses to take orders, to hold livings, to contract marriages, and do various acts, in cases and circumstances contrary to the prescriptions of the common canon law, produced merely sufficient to pay the expences of the courts through which they necessarily passed, and added little to the Papal revenue. As for the concourse of pilgrims, which was supposed to be so very productive a source of income, it brought nothing to Rome but the filth and the beggary of Catholic Europe. In fact, the far greater part of these pilgrims were not only too poor to bring an accession of wealth to the city, but even to support themselves, and were generally fed and lodged in hospitals expressly endowed for their reception. Into these hospitals seven hundred or more have frequently been admitted at a time, and supplied not only with the necessaries, but even with the comforts of life.

The revolutionary invasion of Italy, and the consequent dismemberment of part of the Roman territory, lessened the papal income, not only by diminishing the number of persons who contributed to it, but by impoverishing all the inhabitants of the Roman state, and by depriving even the industrious of the means of paying the taxes. In truth, the greatest distress still prevails at Rome, and the government, it is said, can scarce collect the sums essential to its very existence.

EXPENDITURE.

Having thus given a short account of the income, I shall touch upon the expenditure of the Roman court, and passing over those articles which are common to all governments, such as the army, certain offices of state, magistracies and charges, &c. I will confine myself to the causes of disbursement which are peculiar to the pontifical treasury. The Roman Pontiffs have always considered the propagation of Christianity as their first and most indispensable duty, and have applied themselves to it with zeal and success, not only in the early ages when their spiritual functions were their sole occupation, but even at a later period, when politics and ambition had engrossed no small portion of their attention. Hence, in the second and following centuries, the provinces of the Roman Empire employed their zeal, and their disciples spread the light of the Gospel over the Gauls, Spain, and Great Britain: in the middle ages, Germany and the north called forth their apostolical exertions; and in more modern times America, with its islands, on one side; and on the other, the East Indies, with China and their dependencies; have furnished them with constant and increasing employment. Of all the regions comprized under these appellations there is scarcely one which has not been visited by their missionaries, and of all the nations which inhabit them, there is scarcely one tribe in which they have not made converts.

To support this grand and extensive plan of Christian con-

quest, there are several establishments at Rome, and one in particular, which from its object is called the *Collegium de Propaganda Fide*. This seminary is vast and noble, supplied with a magnificent library and a press, in which books are printed in every known language. I ought perhaps, in strict propriety, to have said were printed, as the French previous to their Egyptian expedition, carried off all the types, amounting to thirty-six sets appropriated to so many different languages.

Some of my readers may perhaps condemn this mode of propagating the Gospel as preposterous, and ill-adapted to the present state of society; they may conceive that the diffusion of Christianity ought to be left to the progress of civilization, and to the consequent extension of general knowledge and truth. But in the first place, though Christianity seems necessary to produce civilization, the inverse does not appear so evident. What progress has Christianity made among the Turks and the Persians? or, independently of Roman missions, among the Hindoos and the Chinese? what progress has it made in our West Indian islands? or on the borders, I might almost say in the very bosom of the American states? or to come to a nearer and more familiar instance, is the civilization of the French very favourable to the propagation of Christianity? The truth is, that civilization is attended with vices as opposite to the spirit of the Gospel as those of barbarism itself; and the pride, the luxury, and the indifference of the former, are perhaps more insurmountable obstacles to conversion, than the stupidity, the blindness, and the brutality of the latter. To which we may add, that the progress of civilization is slow and irregular;

it ebbs and flows as kingdoms and empires wane or flourish; it visits unexpectedly under some new impulse the shores of the savage, and withdraws from the regions of luxury and refinement. Is the communication of the truths of Christianity, upon which depend the eternal destinies of mankind, to be abandoned to the operation of a cause, so slow, so uncertain, so ineffective? No: the Gospel itself prescribes another method better adapted by its energy and by its rapidity to the importance of the object—*GO AND TEACH ALL NATIONS** —and he who issued the grand commission, has hitherto given effect to its exercise. The *tongues of fire* that first published the Gospel, still continue to proclaim its truths; and will continue to the end of time to inflame the hearts of the auditors.

Acting therefore upon the authority and the commission of Christ, the Roman Pontiffs continue, by their missionaries, to *teach all nations*, and to carry the *word of truth* to the most distant regions. To prepare persons for this undertaking, and to establish seminaries for their education, has therefore always been an object of primary importance, and the sums of money annually employed for the purpose, have formed a very considerable part of papal expenditure. To this article we must add the support of several hospitals, asylums, schools, and colleges founded by various Popes for objects in their times pressing, and still maintained by the Apostolical treasury.

Moreover, the same treasury has to keep all the public edifices in repair, especially those immense palaces, which, though of

* Matt. 28.

little use as residences, are the receptacles of all the wonders of ancient and modern art; to protect the remains of ancient magnificence from further dilapidation; to support the drainage of the Pomptine marshes; and, in fine, to continue the embellishment and amelioration of the Capital and of its territory. When to these burthens we add the pensions which the Pope is accustomed to settle on bishops when unusually poor and distressed, and the numberless claims upon his charity from every part of Europe, we shall not be surprized either at the expenditure of an income not very considerable, or at the difficulties under which the papal treasury laboured towards the end of the late Pontiff's reign.

Many of my readers will probably be surprized to find no mention made of the *infallibility* of the Pope, his most glorious prerogative, for the supposed maintenence of which, Catholics have so long suffered the derision and contempt of their antagonists. The truth is, that there is no such article in the Catholic Creed; for according to it infallibility is ascribed not to any individual or even to any national church, but to the whole body of the Church extended over the Universe. That several theologians, particularly Italian and Spanish, have exaggerated the power and privileges of the Pope, is admitted; and it is well known that among these, some or rather several carried their opinion of pontifical prerogative so high, as to maintain that the Pontiff, when deciding *ex-cathedrâ* or officially, and in capacity of First Pastor and Teacher of the Church, with all the forms and circumstances that ought to accompany such decisions, such as freedom, deliberation, consultation, &c. was by the special protection of Providence secured from error. The Roman court favoured a doctrine so conformable

to its general feelings, and of course encouraged its propagation, but never pretended to enforce it as an article of Catholic faith, or ventured to attach any marks of censure to the contrary opinion.

This latter opinion, the ancient and unadulterated doctrine of the Catholic Church, prevailed over Germany, the Austrian empire, Poland, the Low Countries, and England; and in France was supported by the whole authority of the Gallican church, and by the unanimous declaration of all the Universities. So rigorously indeed was their hostility to papal infallibility enforced, that no theologian was admitted to degrees, unless he supported in a public act the four famous resolutions of the Gallican church against the exaggerated doctrines of some Italian divines relative to the powers of the Roman See. These resolutions declare, that the Pope, though superior to each bishop individually, is yet inferior to the body of bishops assembled in council; that his decisions are liable to error, and can only command our assent when confirmed by the authority of the Church at large; that his power is purely spiritual, and extends neither directly nor indirectly to the temporalities or prerogatives of kings and princes; and, in fine, that his authority is not absolute or despotic, but confined within the bounds prescribed by the canons and the customs of the Church. This doctrine was taught in all the theological schools, that is, in all the Universities and seminaries in France, as well as in all the abbies; and was publicly maintained by the English Benedictin college at *Douay*.

The conclusion to be drawn from these observations is, first, that *no* Catholic Divine, however attached to papal prerogative,

ever conceived an idea so absurd as that of ascribing infallibility to the *person* of the Pontiff; and secondly, that those theologians who ascribed infallibility to papal decisions when clothed with certain forms, gave it as *their* opinion only, but never presumed to enforce it as the doctrine of the Catholic Church. Therefore, to taunt Catholics with papal infallibility as an article of their faith, or to urge it as a proof of their necessary and inevitable subserviency to the determinations of the Roman court, argues either a great want of candour, or a great want of information.

Before we close these observations, we will indulge in a momentary retrospect of past ages, and contemplate the consequences of pontifical domination during the middle centuries, when there was much barbarism and more ignorance in Europe, and when its provinces were, with little variation, abandoned to misrule and to devastation. The ambition of the Popes is a threadbare subject, and their pride, their cruelty, and their debauchery, have been the theme of many a declamation, and lengthened many a limping verse. But the candid reader who, in spite of prejudices howsoever early instilled, and howsoever deeply impressed, can contemplate truth, *oculo irretorto*, will perhaps agree with me in the following reflections, and acknowledge in the first place; that if amidst the confusion of a falling empire, of barbarian invasion, and of increasing anarchy some and even many disorders should find their way into episcopal palaces, and infect the morals even of bishops themselves, it would be neither unexpected nor surprising; in the second place, that if we admit the constant flattery and compliance which environ the great to be an extenuation of their vices, we must surely extend our indulgence, in some degree at least, to the

ambition and pride of the Popes, flattered for ages, not by their courtiers and dependants only, but by princes, by monarchs, and even by emperors; and thirdly, that with so many inducements to guilt, and so many means of gratification, no dynasty of sovereigns, no series of bishops of equal duration, have produced fewer individuals of demeanour notoriously scandalous. This observation has, if I do not mistake, been made by *Montesquieu*, who declares that the Popes, when compared with the Greek Patriarchs, and even with secular princes, appear as *men* put in contrast with children. This superior strength of mind and consistency of conduct may, justly perhaps, be ascribed to that spark of Roman spirit and Roman firmness which has always been kept alive in the pontifical court, and has ever marked its proceedings. In fact, at a very early period, when the Emperors were oftentimes semi-barbarians, born in distant provinces, and totally unacquainted with the Capital, the Pontiffs were genuine Romans born within the walls of the city; and it is highly probable that a far greater portion of the elegance and of the urbanity, as well as of the simplicity and the modesty of Augustus's family, might have been observed in the palace of Urbanus or Zephyrinus, than in the courts of Caracalla or Heliogabalus. This observation is still more applicable to the Pontiffs and Emperors of the succeeding centuries, as the latter, from Diocletian downwards, had assumed the luxury and cumbrous pomp* of Asiatic despots, insomuch that the court of *Constan-*

* See Eusebius's description of the dress of Constantine, when he appeared in the Council of Nice.—*De Vita Constantini*, lib. III. Κεφ. I.

tinople bore a much nearer resemblance in dress and ceremonial to that of Artaxerxes, than to that of Augustus. We may therefore easily imagine, that the manners of Gregory the Great and of his clergy were, notwithstanding the misfortunes of the times, far more Roman, that is, more manly, more simple, and for that reason more majestic than those of Justinian. This natural politeness still continued to be the honourable distinction of the pontifical court till the ninth century, when the visits of the French sovereigns to Rome, and the frequent intercourse between them and the Popes, contributed not a little to soften the manners of the former, and to extend the blessings of civilization to their subjects*.

From this period the Roman Pontiffs assumed the character of the Apostles and Legislators, the Umpires and Judges, the Fathers and Instructors of Europe, and at the same time acted the most brilliant part, and rendered some of the most essential services to mankind on record in human history. Had their conduct invariably corresponded with the sanctity of their professsion, and had their views always been as pure and as disinterested as their duty required, they must have been divested of all the weaknesses of human nature, and have arrived at a degree of perfection which does not seem to be attainable in this state of existence. But, notwithstanding the interruptions occasioned from time to time by the ambition and profligacy of some worthless Popes, the Grand Work was pursued with spirit; the barbarian tribes were converted; Europe was again civilized, pre-

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* *Le regne seul de Charlemagne*, says *Voltaire*, an author not very partial to Rome, *eut une lueur de politesse, qui fut probablement le fruit du voyage a Rome.*

served first from anarchy, and then from Turkish invasion, next enlightened, and finally raised to that degree of refinement which places it at present above the most renowned nations of antiquity. Thus, while the evils occasioned by the vices of the Pontiffs were incidental and temporary, the influence of their virtues was constant, and the services which they rendered mankind were permanent, and may probably last as long as the Species itself. Hence, not to allude again to the virtues of the earlier Popes, and to the blessings which they communicated to nations during the middle ages, to them we owe the revival of the arts of architecture, of painting, and of sculpture, and the preservation and restoration of the literature of Greece and of Rome. One raised the dome of the Vatican; another gave his name to the Calendar, which he reformed; a third rivalled Augustus, and may glory in the second classic era, the era of Leo. These services will be long felt and remembered, while the wars of Julius II. and the cruelties of Alexander VI. will ere long be consigned to oblivion. In fact, many of my readers, whatsoever opinion they may entertain of the *divine right* of the Roman Pontiffs, may be inclined with a late eloquent writer*, to discover something sublime in the establishment of a common Father in the very centre of Christendom, within the precincts of the Eternal City once the seat of empire now the Metropolis of Christianity; to annex to that venerable name sovereignty and princely power, and to entrust him with the high commission of advising and rebuking monarchs, of repressing the ardour and the intemperance of

* Chateaubriand.

rival nations, of raising the pacific crosier between the swords of warring sovereigns, and checking alike the fury of the barbarian and the vengeance of the despot.

Unity of design is a beauty in literary compositions and in the works of art; it is essential to political combinations, and may surely be allowed to be both useful and becoming in ecclesiastical institutions. To attain this advantage a Head is necessary. How many evils in reality does not the appointment of a chief Pastor, and a centre of union prevent, by repressing alike episcopal pride, popular enthusiasm, and national superstition; by holding up to view constantly a regular rule both of doctrine and of discipline, and thus supporting that uniformity which tends to make all Christendom one vast republic, divided indeed into different provinces, but united by so many ties, so many sacred bonds of religion, of manners, of opinions, and even of prejudices, as to resemble the members of one immense family. But whether these ideas be the result of prejudice, or the dictates of reason, the reader will determine according to his own judgment.

FINIS.

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SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

FIRST EDITION

OF THE

CLASSICAL TOUR THROUGH ITALY.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

From PAGE ix. *of the Second Edition (*ix. *First Edition)*—Note.

LITTLE is said of the arts, when the extent and importance of the subject are considered; but *much* is said in comparison of other Tours and similar compositions.

PAGE xxiii. *(*xxiii. *First Edition)*—Text.

The two Sister Histories of Lorenzo and of Leo, by Mr. Roscoe, contain a full and interesting account of one of the most important epochs that occur in the annals of Italy; they have long since attracted the attention of every candid and reflecting mind, and need not be recommended to persons who mean to visit the country which has been the theatre of the events, and the abode of the great men so eloquently recorded in them.

PAGE xxxvi. (xxxvi. *First Edition)*—Note.

The best guide, or rather companion, which the traveller can take with him, is *Corinne ou l'Italie*, a work of singular ingenuity and eloquence. In it *Madame de Staël* does ample justice to the Italian character; though a Protestant she speaks of the religion of Italy with reverence, and treats even superstition itself with indulgence. She describes the climate, the beauties, the monuments of that privileged country with glowing animation, Musæo contingens cuncta lepore; she raises the reader above the common level of thought, and inspires him with that lofty temper of mind, without which we can neither discover nor relish the great and the beautiful in art or in nature.

PAGE 26 (26, *First Edition*)—Note.

Vida has made a beautiful allusion both to the City and the Council of Trent, in the form of a devout prayer, at the end of one of his hymns.

> Nos primum pete, qui in sedem convenimus unam,
> Saxa ubi depressum condunt prærupta Tridentum
> Hinc, atque hinc, variis acciti e sedibus orbis,
> Ut studiis juncti, atque animis concordibus una
> Tendamus, duce te freti, succurrere lapsis
> Legibus, et versos revocare in pristina mores.
> Teque ideo cœtu celebramus, et ore ciemus,
> Sancte, veni, penitus te mentibus insere nostris,
> Aura potens, amor omnipotens, cæli aurea flamma!
>
> *Hym: Spir: San:*

PAGE 52 (53, *First Edition*)—Note.

Non è stato fuor di proposito il distendersi alquanto nel racconto della spedizione de' Cimbri sì per distinguerne i tempi ed i fatti, sì perchè oltre all' essere di quella famosa guerra il paese nostro stato teatro, un avanzo di quella gente rimase per sempre nelle montagne del Veronese, del Vicentino, e del Trentino, mantenendo ancora in questi territorj la discendenza ed una lingua differente da tutti i circostanti paesi. Si è trovato Tedesco veramente essere il linguaggio, e simile pure la pronuncia, non però a quella de' Tedeschi piu limitrofi dell' Italia, ma a quella dè Sassoni e de' popoli situati verso il mar Baltico; il che fu studiosamente riconosciuto da Federico IV. Re di Danimarca, che onorò con sua dimora di dieci giorni la città di Verona nel 1708. Non s' inganna dunque il nostro popolo, quando per immemorabil uso Cimbri chiama gli abitatori di que' boschi e di quelle montagne.—*Maffei; Verona illustrata*, Lib. III. With two *such* vouchers, the author thinks himself justified in preferring the opinion expressed in the text to that of some writers of inferior reputation.

PAGE 66, 67 (68, *First Edition*)—Text.

The literary fame of Venice was unequal, it must be confessed, to its military renown: perhaps because the government, as is usually the case in free countries, left talents and genius to their own activity and intrinsic powers; yet the ardour of individuals who either did not, or could not take a share in public administration,

led many to seek distinction in the new career which the revival of letters opened to their ambition. Many eminent scholars had visited, and some had settled in the Republic, and to their labours we owe many an interesting publication on some or other branch of classic erudition. But it would be difficult to say whether the exertions of any individual, however splendid his talents, or even the labours of any particular association, or academy, however celebrated, ever shed so much lustre on the place of their residence as that which Venice derives from the reputation of a stranger, who voluntarily selected it for his abode. I allude to Aldus Manutius. This extraordinary person combined the lights of the scholar, with the industry of the mechanic: and to his labours carried on without interruption till the conclusion of a long life, the world owes the first or *principes editiones*, of twenty-eight Greek Classics. Among these we find Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Herodotus, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Plato and Aristotle. Besides these, there are few ancient authors of any note, of whom this indefatigable editor has not published editions of acknowledged accuracy, and as far as the means of the Art then in its infancy permitted, of great beauty. In order to appreciate the merit of Aldus, we must consider the difficulties under which he must have laboured at a time when there were few public libraries; when there was no regular communication between distant cities; when the price of manuscripts put them out of the reach of persons of ordinary incomes; and when the existence of many since discovered, was utterly unknown. The man who could surmount these obstacles, and publish so many authors till then inedited: who could find means and time to give new and more accurate editions of so many others already published, and accompany them all with prefaces mostly of his own composition; who could extend his attention still farther and by his labours secure the fame, by immortalizing the compositions of the most distinguished scholars of his own age and country,* must have been endowed in a very high degree, not only with industry and perseverance, but with judgment, learning, and discrimination. One virtue more, Aldus possessed in common with many of the great literary characters of that period, I mean, a sincere and manly piety, a virtue which gives consistency, vigour, and permanency to every good quality, and never fails to communicate a certain grace and dignity to the whole character.

PAGE 70 *(70, First Edition)*—Note.

The French entered Venice as friends, and were ferried over the *Lagune* in

* Among these is Politianus.

Venetian boats. The Venetians entered Constantinople as enemies, sword in hand; and *no restraints*, says Gibbon, *except those of religion and humanity, were imposed on the conquerors by the laws of war.*

PAGE 165 *(168, First Edition)*—Note.

As we sat on a heap of stones, contemplating the Gothic structure of the gate, and its antique accompaniments, a Pilgrim made his appearance under the archway. He was dressed in a russet cloak, his beads hung from his girdle, his hat was turned up with a scollop-shell in front, his beard played on his breast, and he bore in his hand a staff with a gourd suspended. Never did Pilgrim appear in *costume* more accurate, or in more appropriate scenery. With the Gothic gate through which he was slowly moving, he formed a picture of the thirteenth century. We entered into conversation with him, and found that he was a German, and had been, as Kings and Princes were wont to go in ancient times, to the *Threshold of the Apostles (ad limina Apostolorum)* and had offered up his orisons at the shrine of St. Peter. He did not ask for alms, but accepted a trifle with gratitude, and with an humble bow promised to remember us in his prayers, and proceeded on his journey.

PAGE 236 *(243, First Edition)*—Note.

We may conjecture from an ancient inscription, how much Rome was encumbered with ruins even in the age of Honorius. S. P. Q. R. IMPP. CAESS. DD. NN. INVICTISSIMIS. PRINCIPIBUS. ARCADIO. ET. HONORIO. VICTORIBUS. AC. TRIUMPHATORIBUS. SEMPER. AUGG. OB. INSTAURATOS. URBI. AETERNÆ. MUROS. PORTAS. AC. TURRES EGESTIS. IMMENSIS. RUDERIBUS, &c. &c.—*Apud. Grut.*

PAGE 238 *(244, First Edition)*—Note.

The opinion of the Christians relative to the idols themselves appears from the following lines, which prove satisfactorily I conceive, that they had no desire to destroy them. The Poet addresses himself to Rome.

Deponas jam festa velim puerilia, ritus
Ridiculos, tantoque indigna sacraria regno.
Marmora tabenti respergine tincta lavate,

O proceres, liceat statuas consistere puras,
Artificum magnorum opera, hæc pulcherrima nostro
Ornamenta cluant patriæ, nec decolor usus
In vitium versæ monumenta coinquinet artis. *Prudent.*

If they spared even the idols, it is difficult to conceive why they should destroy the temples.

PAGE 244 *(250, First Edition)*—Note.

The Columna Trajana is formed of thirty-four blocks of white marble, eight of which are employed in the pedestal, one in the base (or *torus)* twenty-three in the shaft, one in the capital, and one in the summit that supports the statue. This celebrated column yields to the monument of London in elevation, but it surpasses that and all similar pillars in the admirable sculptures that adorn all its members. There are two thousand five hundred human figures, of two feet average height, besides the scenes in which they are engaged, and the horses, standards, machinery, &c. with which they are accompanied. It is a complete representation of Roman military dresses, evolutions, standards, and edifices, and it has supplied all the most eminent artists, whether painters or sculptors, with most of their attitudes and graces. This column, one of the most ancient and most perfect monuments of Roman art and power united, has been exposed twice to the probable danger of destruction; once when a Dutch artist proposed to the Roman government, at an expence not exceeding fifteen hundred pounds, to take it down, in order to raise its pedestal, which is now near twenty feet under the modern level of the city, and again re-erect it in a more conspicuous situation. Even though such precautions were to be taken as to preclude the possibility of accident, yet the very removal of such masses of marble could not be effected without detriment to the sculpture. The second danger was of a far more alarming nature, and occurred while the French were masters of Rome during the late invasion. The Directory, it seems, had conceived the project of transporting both the Columna Trajana and Antonina to Paris, and measures were taken to ascertain the possibility of realizing this project of robbery and devastation. Fortunately their expulsion from Rome prevented the execution of this and some other enterprizes *equally just and honorable.* Francis the First, in the happier days of France, conceived the nobler and more honorable design of adorning the French capital with a copy of this noble monument in brouze, and the present Ruler of France has, it is said, raised in the *Place Vendome,* at Paris, a *rival* column, re-

presenting his German victories in brass. This latter design is neither unjust nor *un*imperial.

The Columna Antonini is inferior in the beauty and perfection of sculpture to that of Trajan: it is also formed of blocks of marble, twenty-eight in number, and in every respect an imitation of the latter.

PAGE 264 *(270, First Edition)*—Note.

How much more honorable would it have been to the English nation, if its minister at Constantinople had employed the influence which he then enjoyed in protecting the Athenian remains against the ignorance and the avarice of the Turkish troops in the citadel, by procuring an order to enclose and preserve these admired monuments: an order which might have been procured with as much facility, and enforced with as little expence as the permission to deface them.

PAGE 313 *(319, First Edition)*—Note.

A Jewish cemetery was discovered on the Via Portuensis: it was ornamented with various paintings, in one of which was seen the golden candlestick exactly in the same form as that in the Arch of Titus. An inscription containing the word CYNAΓΩΓ.... seems to show that it had been employed as a place of worship.

PAGE 313 *(319, First Edition)*—Note.

The *arenariæ extra Portam Esquilinam* are mentioned by Cicero (Pro Cluentio 13) as the scene of a horrible murder, the circumstances of which he relates; and Nero it seems was advised to conceal himself for a time in one of the *arenariæ, but refused to go under ground while alive.* (Suetonius: Nero 48) Eusebius represents the Emperor Constantine as alluding to them, and frequent mention is made of them in the writers of the fourth and fifth century. Prudentius describes them with great accuracy and minuteness.

Haud procul extremo culta ad pomeria vallo
Mersa latebrosis crypta patet foveis
Hujus in occultum gradibus via prona reflexis
Ire per anfractus luce latente docet;

Primas namque fores summo tenus intrat hiatu,
Illustratque dies limina vestibuli.
Inde ubi progressu facili nigrescere visa est
Nox obscura loci per specus ambiguum,
Occurrunt celsis immensa foramina tectis,
Quæ jaciunt claros antra super radios.
Quamlibet ancipites texant hinc inde recessus,
Arcta sub umbrosis atria porticibus:
Attamen excisi subter cava viscera montis
Crebra terebrato fornice lux penetrat;
Sic datur absentis per subterranea solis
Cernere fulgorem luminibusque frui.

Peri Steph. De Sancto Hippolito.

The lively account which St. Jerom gives of these cemeteries is not less minute. Dum essem Romæ puer et liberalibus studiis erudirer, solebam cum cæteris ejusdem ætatis et propositi, diebus dominicis sepulcra apostolorum et martyrum circumire, crebroque cryptas ingredi, quæ in terrarum profundo defossæ, ex utraque parte ingredientium per parietes habent corpora sepultorum; et ita obscura sunt omnia ut propemodum illud propheticum compleatur: *descendant in infernum viventes:* et raro desuper lumen admissum horrorem temperet tenebrarum, ut non tam fenestram quam foramen demissi luminis putes; rursumque pedetentim acceditur, et cava nocte circumdatis illud Virgilianum proponitur.

Horror ubique animos simul ipsa silentia terrent.

S. Hieron. in Ezech.

The number of the cemeteries or catacombs is very great, as there are more than thirty known and distinguished by particular appellations, such as Cemeterium Calixti—Lucinæ—Felicis et Adaucti, &c.—In several, the halls or opener spaces are painted. Daniel in the Lion's Den—Jonas emerging from the Jaws of the Whale—and the Good Shepherd bearing a Lamb on his shoulders, seem to have been the favourite subjects. The latter recurs oftener than any other, and generally occupies the most conspicuous place. Some of these decorations are interesting, and give a pleasing picture of the manners of the times, while others occasionally exhibit an affecting representation of the sufferings of the Christians. Of the former kind is a painting on a vaulted ceiling in the cemetery of Pontianus; in a circle in the centre appears the Good Shepherd—in the corners four figures of Angels—on the sides the four Seasons. Winter is represented by a

youth holding some sticks in his right hand, and extending it towards a vase with a flame rising from it: in his left he bears a lighted torch: a withered tree stands in the back ground. Spring is signified by a boy on one knee, as if he had just taken up a lamb which he supports with one hand; in the other he holds a lily: the scene is a garden laid out in regular walks: near the border of one of these walks stands a tree in full foliage. Summer appears as a man in a tunic, with a round hat on his head, in the act of reaping; the sickle is of the same form as that used in England. Autumn is depicted as a youth applying a ladder to a tree, round which twines a luxuriant vine. All these compartments are divided by garlands and arabesques. Of the latter species of representation, we have an instance in a painting which presents a human figure immersed up to the middle in a boiling caldron, with his hands joined before his breast, and his eyes raised to heaven as if in ardent supplication. The three children in the flames occur frequently, and probably allude to the same subject. An inscription placed over one of these scenes of martyrdom is affecting. O tempora infausta, quibus inter sacra et vota ne in cavernis quidem salvari possumus... Quid miserius vita... quid morte..... cum ab amicis et parentibus sepeliri nequeant.—Several words are obliterated. Besides these representations there are many detached figures, all alluding to religious and Christian feelings, such as anchors, palms, vases exhaling incense, ships, and portraits of different apostles. The dresses are often curious, and border upon some ornaments still in use in Italy, such as the cap of the Doge of Venice; the tunica and trowsers so common in the south, &c. &c. The language of the inscriptions is probably the colloquial Latin of the times, at least in many instances, and sometimes approaches very near to modern Italian.

PAGE 336 (312, *First Edition*)—Note.

This supposition is far from being groundless, as appears from the words of Tacitus, speaking of the persecutions of Nero. Ergo abolendo rumori (jussum incendium Romæ) Nero subdidit reos et quæsitissimis pœnis adfecit, quos per flagitia invisos, vulgus Christianos appellabat..... Et pereuntibus addita ludibria, ut ferarum tergis contecti laniatu canum interirent aut crucibus affixi, aut flammandi, atque ubi defecisset dies, in usum nocturni luminis urerentur. *Hortos suos* ei spectaculo Nero obtulerat, et *circense* ludicrum edebat habitu aurigæ permixtus plebi, vel curriculo insistens.

Tacitus Ann. XV. 41.

PAGE 443 (452, *First Edition*)—Note.

There is no inn at *Nettuno*, and we sat down to a cold repast under the shade

of a spreading ilex near the sea; in the meantime we sent a servant to the town, to procure lodgings for the night, which was approaching. He returned very soon, and having fortunately met Mr. Fagan, a gentleman to whom most English travellers who were at Rome about the same period have to acknowledge obligations, brought from him a present of two flaggons of excellent *Albano* wine, and at the same time an assurance that lodgings should be provided for us without delay. After having enjoyed the coolness of the evening on the beach, we proceeded to the town, and were conducted first to the shop, and then to the house of an hospitable apothecary. The house was large, and appeared in some parts totally uninhabited; but there were two rooms, one of which was very spacious, fitted up with tolerable convenience, considering the climate and the customs of the country. Into these we were introduced. The supper was served up late: it was abundant, and though cooked in the Italian style, to which we were not partial, supplied a very good meal to persons not absurdly fastidious. The master and mistress of the house now made their appearance, and were prevailed upon with great difficulty to sit down. Their behaviour was easy, unaffected, I might almost say, graceful. They were very young, and both of expressive and animated countenances; the woman was beautiful, and united, as the younger part of the sex are supposed to do in Antium and its vicinity, the dark eyes and hair of the country with the freshness and the bloom of more northern regions. One of the party noticed their youth, and hinted some surprise at an union which appeared almost premature: upon which the husband gave us their history; spoke of the intimacy of their respective parents; of their own early and fond attachment; of the opposition of their families, on account of their youth; of their clandestine marriage, and of the misery occasioned by the resentment of their fathers. He added, that the latter had at length relented, and had received them a few weeks before with all the indulgence of tender and affectionate parents; and that as God had also blessed their industry, they now hoped to pass a long and happy life in each other's embraces. This interesting narrative was given with the utmost frankness, and at the same time with great feeling; and was not a little improved by the fond and approving smiles which the young lady cast occasionally at her husband.

PAGE 434 (492, *First Edition*)—Note.

The Author has been accused of a want of candor, in not having expressed in a more explicit manner, his opinion of the miracle alluded to; few readers, he conceives, will be at a loss to discover it; but, if a more open declaration can give any

satisfaction, he now declares that he does not believe the liquefying substance to be the blood of St. Januarius.

PAGE 487 (497, *First Edition*)—Note.

The poem opens with the following magnificent proemium:

Virginei partus, magnoque aequaeva parenti
Progenies, superas caeli quae missa per auras,
Antiquam generis labem mortalibus aegris
Abluit, obstructique viam patefecit olympi,
Sit mihi, Caelicolae, primus labor: hoc mihi primum
Surgat opus: vos auditas ab origine causas
Et tanti seriem, si fas, evolvite facti.

In the following verses the Poet describes the situation and the object of the church which he had erected: they are inserted not only on account of their connexion with the subject and their rich poetical coloring, but because with the preceding passage, they afford a very fair specimen of the style and the manner of the author.

Tuque adeo spes fida hominum, spes fida Deorum,
Alma parens, quam mille acies, quaeque aetheris alti
Militia est, totidem currus, tot signa tubaeque,
Tot litui comitantur, ovantique agmina gyro
Adglomerant: niveis tibi si solennia templis
Serta damus: si mansuras tibi ponimus aras
Exciso in scopulo, fluctus unde aurea canos
Despiciens, celsa se culmine Mergelline
Adtollit, nautisque procul venientibus offert:
Si laudes de more tuas, si sacra, diemque,
Ac cœtus late insignes, ritusque dicamus,
Annua felicis colimus dum gaudia partus:
Tu vatem ignarumque viae, insuetumque labori,
Diva, mone, & pavidis jam laeta adlabere coeptis.

PAGE 511 (519, *First Edition*)—Note.

The reason given by Quintilian is honorable to both these exalted Poets:—

Cætera admonitione magna egent; in primis ut teneræ mentes, tracturæque altius quicquid rudibus et omnium ignaris insederit, non modo quæ diserta, sed vel magis quæ honesta sunt, discant. Ideoque optime institutum est ut ab Homero atque Virgilio lectio inciperet; quanquam ad intelligendas eorum virtutes firmiore judicio opus esset. Sed huic rei superest tempus; nec enim semel legentur. Interim et sublimitate heroici carminis animus assurgat, et ex magnitudine rerum spiritum ducat, et optimis imbuatur.—*Quintil.* Lib. I. 5.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

PAGE 438 (478, *First Edition*)—Note.

The various forms which Latin has assumed in the different provinces where it was once the reigning language, might if compared together afford some means of discovering the common source of corruption. In the Engaddina and in Friuli two dialects exist among the common people, of Latin origin, but of very different sound. The first verse of Genesis in the Engaddina tongue runs as follows: In il principi creer Deis il Tschel e la terra; mo la terra era una chiaussa zainza fuorme, e voeda, e stiinezar sur la fatscha dell abiss; eil spiert da Deis s'muvieva sur la fatsche de las aguas. In Friulan, the same verse is rendered thus: In tel principi Gio al crea il ciel e la tiare; ma la tiare e iene vuaide e senza fuoarme, e par dut lis tenebris e jerin su la face dell abiss, el spirt de Gio al leve su lis aghis. In these two specimens there are two words only which are not evidently of Latin origin, and these two words are common to most if not all the dialects derived from Latin. Mo, Engaddina; ma, Friuli, Ital.; mais, French; mas, Spanish; mas, Portuguese; zainza, Engad.; senza, Friuli, Ital.; sans, French; sin, Spanish; sem, Portuguese.

PAGE 475 (519, *First Edition*)—Note.

" C'est un usage pieux des Catholiques, et que nous devrions imiter," says Madame De Stael with her usual grace and feeling, " de laisser les eglises toujours ouvertes ; *il y a tant de moments où l'on eprove le besoin de cet asile*, et jamais on n'y entre sans ressentir une emotion qui fait du bien à l'ame, et lui rend, comme une ablution sainte, sa force et sa pureté." *L'Allemagne*, Vol. I. Chap. 7.

PAGE 509 (556, *First Edition)*—Note.

The following very sensible and benevolent observation is so applicable to the subject which the author is now treating, that he cannot refuse himself the satisfaction of inserting it.

"In the picture I have here drawn, I have followed nothing but truth; this honest report it is but justice to make; and it is cruelty in the highest degree to stigmatize persons of probity and real merit in the gross as a luxurious, slothful, ignorant set of men. For my own part, wherever I meet such general reflections in any traveller on any country whatever, I always attribute it to his own self-sufficiency, and want of better information; or to his temerity in taking up the opinions of others at a venture, without having the opportunity of examining on what foundation they are grounded."

"The many falsehoods and ridiculous stories reported of this Church, and spread over all countries, persuaded me that this is a subject hitherto little known; nor shall we wonder at the number of these falsehoods, if we reflect that the accounts we have had, for the most part, have been given by travellers who knew nothing either of the language or of the matter; but went into a church, stared about them, and then came home and published an account of what they saw, according to their own imagination; frequently taking an accidental circumstance for an established custom, and not seldom totally misunderstanding whatever they beheld: the consequence has been, that their mistakes, for want of being contradicted and cut off at first, have grown and multiplied, by being copied and translated from one language to another."—*Dr. King's History of the Greek Church*, a work of learning, sense, and impartiality.

PAGE 512 (559, *First Edition)*—Note.

To this period of Roman history, fortunately of long duration, we must in some degree confine the eulogiums bestowed upon the Roman character. Of it Quintilian says, and says with justice—Quæ profecto (dicta et facta preclara antiquitus) nusquam plura, majoraque, quam in nostræ civitatis monimentis reperientur. An fortitudinem, fidem, justitiam, continentiam, frugalitatem, contemptum doloris ac mortis, melius alii docebunt, quam Fabricii, Curii, Reguli, Decii, Mutii, aliique innumerabiles? Quantum enim Græci præceptis valent tantum Romani exemplis.—*Quintil.* Lib. XII.

We admire in the Romans not their ambition, but the virtues that accompanied it: and we praise not their success, but the godlike qualities that preceded and ensured it.

POSTSCRIPT.

PAGE 594.

THE reader who interests himself in the fate of Rome, may perhaps wish to be informed what the consequences of its entire subjugation may have been; whether the evil of French domination has been, as it usually is, pure and unalloyed, or whether some unintentional advantages may have accidentally flowed from it. The author is fortunately enabled by the arrival of a friend, for many years a resident in that Capital, to give the following information on the subject. In the first place, the French under the pretext of beautifying the city, and of restoring its ancient monuments, but in reality to discover and seize the treasures of art still supposed to lie buried under its ruins, have commenced several excavations, and of course made some discoveries.

In the Forum, on digging round the insulated pillar, the subject of so many conjectures and so many debates, it was found to be a column belonging to one of the neighbouring edifices, but removed from its original site, and re-erected in honor of a Greek Exarch in the seventh century.

Round the base of the supposed temple of Peace nothing was found but remnants of marble shafts and capitals.

The earth gathered round the Coliseum has been removed, and the whole elevation of that grand edifice is now displayed; the vaults have been cleared of the rubbish and the weeds that filled them, and the arena itself is exposed fully to view. Canals, walls, and even vaults have been discovered intersecting the arena in various directions, and covering it with intricacy and confusion; a cir-

cumstance that has astonished and indeed quite confounded all the antiquaries who had ever conceived the arena to be a space perfectly open and unincumbered. For my part, if I were to venture a conjecture without having inspected the spot, I should be disposed to imagine either that the walls and separations lately discovered were erected during the middle ages, when exhibitions were not unfrequently given in the amphitheatre; or that in digging they had removed the arena itself, and sunk down to the canals and caverns which were prepared under it to supply it with water, and to carry off that water when no longer necessary *.

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* Some Roman antiquaries imagine, as I am informed, that the arena was boarded, and that the boards were covered with sand or earth: this conjecture is more than probable, because we know that the surface of the arena was removable, and capable of admitting of sudden and surprizing alterations. If I had not already passed the bounds which the nature of the work prescribes, I might amaze the reader with an account of the wonders, not occasionally, but frequently exhibited in the Roman amphitheatre. Titus himself who erected it, not content with the usual exhibition of wild beasts, produced the scenery of the countries whence they were imported, and astonished the Romans with a sudden display of rocks and forests.

Quidquid in Orpheo Rhodope spectasse Theatro
Dicitur, exhibuit, Cæsar, arena tibi:
Repserunt scopuli, mirandaque sylva cucurrit,
Quale fuisse nemus creditur Hesperidum.
Adfuit immixtum pecudum genus omne ferarum . . .

Mart. De Spec.

Domitian covered the arena with water, and entertained the Romans with various marine exhibitions and naval fights.

Ne te decipiat ratibus navalis Enyo,
Et par unda fretis: hic *modo* terra fuit
Non credis; spectes dum laxent æquora Martem,
Parva mora est; dices, hic *modo* pontus erat.

De Spect. XXIV.

The rapidity of the change is frequently alluded to. In succeeding ages they seem to have improved upon these gigantic metamorphoses, so that the whole arena suddenly disappeared, and from the chasm formed by its fall, rose forests, orchards, and wild beasts.

Ah miseri, quotiens nos descendentis arenæ
Vidimus in partes? ruptaque voragine terræ
Emersisse feros? et eisdem sæpe latebris
Aurea cum croceo creverunt arbuta libro.

Calpurnius.

They have removed all the rubbish round the temples of Vesta (or of the Sun) and of Fortuna virilis, thrown down the walls between the pillars, and restored to those edifices some portion of their ancient beauty. The temples of Concord

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These changes were produced by the application of various machines, which they called *pegmata*, which rose and swelled sometimes to a prodigious extent and elevation, and again subsided into a perfect level; or perhaps sinking still lower, exposed the caverns and subterraneous dens of wild beasts which lay under the arena. Seneca describes these machines with great accuracy. His licet annumeres machinatores, qui pegmata ex se surgentia excogitant, et tabulata tacite in sublime crescentia et alias ex inopinato varietates: aut dehiscentibus quæ cohærebant: aut his quæ distabunt sua sponte coeuntibus; aut his quæ eminebant paullatim in se residentibus.—*Epist.* LXXXVIII.

Sometimes criminals were raised on these machines, and while engaged with objects calculated to attract the attention, hurled unexpectedly into the dens of the wild beasts below, and devoured.

One of these it seems was in the form of a ship, which while floating in the amphitheatre struck the ground as if wrecked, and opening, let loose some hundreds of wild beasts, mixed with aquatic animals, who swam, fought, or played in the waters, till the water was suddenly let out, the beasts slain, and the ship restored to its original form.

We find in Claudian mention of exhibitions of flames playing round the machinery without damaging it, in a manner that might astonish moderns, however accustomed to theatrical scenes of fire and conflagration.

> Inque chori speciem spargentes ardua flammas
> Scena rotet: varios effingat Mulciber orbes
> Per tabulas impune vagus: pictæque citato
> Ludant igne trabes; et non permissa morari
> Fida per inocuas errent incendia turres.
>
> *In Flavii Mallii Theodosii Consulatum.*

It is not wonderful that in contemplating such efforts of human skill St. Augustin should have exclaimed, Ad quam stupenda opera industria humana pervenit? quæ in theatris mirabilia spectantibus, audientibus incredibilia, facienda et exhibenda molita est?

Of the number of animals employed for public amusement, we may form some idea from a circumstance mentioned by Capitolinus, who relates that Probus when quæstor exhibited in one day a *thousand* bears, besides an hundred lions and tigers. Augustus is related to have produced more than five thousand on a similar occasion.

One circumstance more I think it necessary to mention: perfumes were not only sprinkled in showers, which was common, but on certain great occasions poured in torrents down the steps

and of Jupiter Tonans, on the Clivus Capitolinus, have also been disincumbered of the earth in which they were half buried, and now exhibit a most majestic appearance. The same may, in part, be said of the *Arco di Giano*, and of the arches of Titus and Severus. The temple of Antoninus and Faustina had been restored in part by the Pope, who indeed had projected and commenced many of the excavations and improvements since executed by the French. They have opened the space round the base of Trajan's column, and I believe dug down to the ancient pavement: fragments of rich marble in considerable quantity, capitals and broken shafts of pillars, rewarded their exertions.

But the water, it seems, rises rapidly, and remains stagnant in some of these hollows, so that to prevent the infectious vapours which must inevitably be exhaled from such pools, it is apprehended that it will be necessary to fill them up again. This circumstance seems to prove that the bed of the Tiber is considerably raised partly by ruins, but principally by its own depositions; and that the first step towards permanent excavations is the cleansing of the river, in order to reduce it, if possible, to its ancient level. But this grand scheme of improvement must be the undertaking of a settled and benevolent government, and does not form any part of a predatory and irregular system, formed merely for the advantage of the parties concerned, without any reference to public utility. It has been observed, that when expense is to be incurred by any proposed improvement, the French seldom discover its necessity or its advantage: so niggardly indeed is *Buonaparte* towards his Italian provinces, that the roads, formerly so good, have been totally neglected, particularly in the Roman state, and are in some places scarcely passable.

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or rather the seats of the amphitheatre. *In honorem Trajani balsama et crocum per gradus theatri fluere jussit*, says Spartianus, speaking of Hadrian: and Seneca informs us, that for this purpose pipes were conducted from the *centre of the arena* to the summit of the amphitheatre. Numquid dubitatur, says he, quin sparsio illa quæ ex *fundamentis mediæ arenæ* crescens in summam altitudinem amphitheatri pervenit cum intentione aquæ fiat?—*Lib.* II. *Quæst. Nat.*

From these observations, and from the various passages of ancient writers on which they are founded, we may with certainty infer in the first place, that under the arena there were dens of wild beasts, reservoirs of water, and sewers to carry it off; spaces to contain sand, machinery, &c. and cellars for perfumes and the wine with which they were mixed; and secondly, that the substratum of the arena must have been moveable, and consequently boarded.—See *Lipsius De Amphitheatris.*

In fine, by enforcing the laws strictly and constantly, and at the same time by disarming the populace, they have put an end to the horrible custom of stabbing so frequent, and so justly censured in the Roman state. This proceeding was dictated by motives of personal safety, and cost the invaders nothing but a rigorous execution of the law; and in acts of severity against the inhabitants of other countries the French have never been deficient. When to this salutary police and to the excavations abovementioned we add the plantation of a row of trees along the high roads, we shall have completed the catalogue of real or apparent ameliorations ascribable to the French government.

We may now, therefore, pass to the mischiefs that have followed their usurpation, and in the first place inform the reader, that by the suppression of the Benedictin abbey annexed to it, the Church of St. Paul *fuori li mura* is abandoned to its own solidity, and left to moulder away in damp and neglect; that the baths of Diocletian, or the church and magnificent cloister of the Carthusians, have been converted into stables; and that most of the churches are in a state of complete dilapidation; that the Pontine marshes have not only not been drained as one of our newspapers lately stated, but that the drainage has been totally neglected, and the openings made by the late Pope allowed to fill; that the collections of statues, busts, columns, &c. which continued to ornament the halls of the Vatican and the Capitol, in the year 1802, have been again plundered, and now finally annihilated; that the cabinets and galleries of individuals have been nearly stripped of the few masterpieces which had escaped preceding exactions; that the Vatican library has been plundered of *all* its manuscripts, and indeed of every article either curious or valuable; and, in fine, that the population of Rome has been reduced from one hundred and eighty, or two hundred thousand souls, to ninety thousand! a diminution greater than that which has taken place during the same space of time in any capital not entirely destroyed by a victorious enemy. This rapid decrease has been occasioned in part by the conscription, which is held in such horror, that many youths have mutilated themselves, or fled their country, while aged parents, and particularly mothers, when deprived of their sons, have been known to pine away, or throw themselves into the Tiber in despair. To the conscription must be added the want of employment, the consequence of the total failure of commerce and agriculture: there being no means of exportation, the landholders confine their crops to the supply of the home market; and the cultivation of corn, of the olive, and of the vine, which were in a state of rapid improvement, and supplied the grand articles of Roman commerce, was almost entirely neglected. This cause of depopulation has

reached not only the great towns but the villages and the cottages, and has converted one half of them into deserts: it is difficult to say what time, but a long time certainly is necessary, to repair the evils produced in Italy, and particularly in Rome, during the short period of French usurpation *.

That usurpation is now over, and French predominance

> Terrarum fatale malum, fulmenque quod omnes
> Percuteret pariter populos, et sidus iniquum
> Gentibus,
>
> *Lucan*, Lib. x.

has at length been put down by the *out-stretched arm* of Omnipotence; *not unto us is the glory;* for great as were human exertions, and mighty the display of human power, yet man would have failed in the contest, had not the elements been arrayed on his side, and *snow and vapors, winds and storms, that fulfil the word* of their Creator, been employed as instruments of vengeance. The day that completed this signal visitation, and saw the grand enemy fall under the walls of his subjugated capital, should be set apart as an annual solemnity; as a festival, not of nations, but of the species, and celebrated by all future generations, as a day of general deliverance from atheism, ignorance, and military despotism. Why Providence may have sent this scourge upon Christian Europe, or why allowed it so wide a range, and so long a duration, it becomes not us to enquire; but that motives, equally wise and benevolent, commissioned it, and guided its progress; and that many important lessons have been inculcated by it, is evident to the most superficial observer. The higher classes may have learned by experience how dangerous it is to adopt or to encourage monstrous opinions, which, by destroying the distinction between right and wrong, let loose the worst propensities of the human heart, and abandon men to passion; that is, to the savage and brutal part of their nature. Sovereigns may have observed that oppression leads to resistance; that public discontent will at last find a vent; and that those thrones only are stable which rest upon justice and public opinion. They may also have learned that *partition* treaties, the oppression of weaker states, and the barter of provinces and nations like fields and herds, howsoever easy in practice, are not always safe in their consequences; and that examples of

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* The population of Rome will in all probability increase with rapidity in more prosperous circumstances; an observation not applicable to country towns.

rapacity and ambition are recorded precedents that justify retaliation. Both sovereigns and nations may have learnt, that the interest of the whole is the interest of each; that to be bribed away from the common cause, is to sacrifice even personal interest, and that partial security is to be found only in general union. Hence, perhaps, the cause of religion may be strengthened by the grand attack made upon it, and men may attach themselves more and more to principles which have always been followed with safety, and never rejected with impunity. The interests of freedom may also be promoted by an explosion which, confounding together all the rights, both of the prince and of the people, terminated in military despotism. Sovereigns may be disposed to redress grievances, and improve the constitutions of their respective states, because they must have perceived that an oppressed and discontented populace is indifferent to the interests of their country, savage towards their governors, and tame and submissive to an invader. We may, therefore, hope that this tremendous lesson, the most awful on record since the fall of the Roman empire, has not been given in vain, and that the nations of Europe restored to the holy principles and moral habits of their ancestors, will unite in one vast commonwealth, and vie with each other, not in extent of territory, nor in numerous armies, but in freedom and industry, in commerce and population, in all the virtues, and all the arts of religious and civilized beings.

Among other blessings easily attainable in themselves, and, at the present moment, inseparable from the happinesss of mankind, we may confidently hope, that justice will be done to two nations, both unfortunate, and both, for different reasons, dear to Europe—I mean Poland and Italy. The Poles are a generous and high-spirited nation; they have seldom passed their limits for motives of invasion or plunder; for ages they defended the borders of Christendom against the Mahometan despot; and to their generous exertions under the gallant *Sobieski*, Vienna owes its existence *. Why should not this nation be allowed to possess its honorable name? Why should not its territory remain inviolate as a trophy over the infidels from whose grasp their valour rescued it, and, at the same time, as an acknowledgment of their services and their achievements in the common cause?

* The Poles defeated the Turks, with dreadful slaughter, under the walls of Vienna, and obliged them to raise the siege of that city. This event took place An. 1683.

The Italians have been our instructors in the sciences, and our masters in the arts; their country is the garden, the glory of Europe: it is an inheritance derived from the noblest race that ever acted a part on this globe: its history, its geography, its literature, are connected with every idea, every feeling, of the liberal and the enlightened individual, and are interwoven with the records of every civilized nation. Why not leave it in honorable independence, as the great parent of the Christian world, the benefactress of a thousand tribes and of a thousand generations? Such, reasons, I am aware, have little influence on the cabinets of sovereigns, and may be pressed in vain on the attention of plenipotentiaries. Yet the allied sovereigns who have given such unparalleled example of moderation and forbearance towards a *most guilty* nation, cannot close their ears to the claims of an innocent and injured people. Poland oppressed and subjugated, will add little to the security, the greatness, or the glory of Russia; nor can the Venetian territories, torn from Italian sway in spite of nature, be necessary to the welfare of Austria. While, if the Emperor of Russia could comply with the dictates of his magnanimity, and give Poland a king of his own blood, and with him bestow upon it independence, he would not only acquire more glory, but give more stability to his throne, and more security to his own person, than by the conquest of fifty provinces, and the enrolment of fifty regiments. If, in the same manner, the Emperor of Austria (for still, it seems, he prefers that provincial title to a more glorious and imperial appellation) would annex the Venetian states to the Milanese, and make over that noble province to one of the archdukes, his brothers, and to his heirs, he would engage for ever the affections of a brave people, and protect his empire on that side by an impregnable rampart. The empires of Russia and of Austria are already too extensive and too unwieldly; the distant provinces of both are ill peopled, ill cultivated, and indifferently governed. To give to these provinces their full share of prosperity is the duty of their respective governments; in the discharge of this duty, they will find employment for all their activity and all their vigilance; and its success will bring with it an accession of power and glory sufficient to sate the utmost cravings of human ambition.

In fine, let the Emperor of Austria recollect that it is in his power to give happiness to that country to which his family is indebted for its original importance, its first step to greatness, its imperial titles, its regal honors, and all its consequent fame and protracted prosperity: that, while he recals to mind these particular claims upon his justice, he may also remember what every sovereign owes to that country which has been to Europe the fountain-head of law and

legislation, of the discipline of war, of the arts of peace, of the charms of literature, of the blessings of religion. Cogita te missum ad ordinandum statum, liberarum civitatum, id est, ad homines maxime liberos, qui jus a natura datum virtute, meritis, religione tenuerunt . . . Reverere gloriam veterem, et hanc ipsam senectutem, quæ in homine venerabilis, in urbibus sacra. Sit apud te honor antiquitati. sit ingentibus factis, sit fabulis quoque. Nihil ex cujusquam dignitate, nihil ex libertate . . decerpseris . . . . . His reliquam umbram, et residuum libertatis nomen eripere durum, ferum, *barbarumque* est.

Plin. Lib. VIII. *Ep.* 24.

Extract from the Abbé Barthelemi, referred to in Page 549 (600, *First Edition*).

" Le hasard m'inspira l'idée du *Voyage d'Anacharsis*. J'étois en Italie en 1755, moins attentif à l'état actuel des villes que je parcourois, qu'à leur ancienne splendeur. Je remontois naturellement au siècle où elles se disputoient la gloire de fixer dans leur sein les sciences et les arts; et je pensois que la relation d'un voyage entrepris dans ce pays vers le temps de Léon X, et prolongé pendant un certain nombre d'années, présenteroit un des plus intéressans et des plus utiles spectacles pour l'histoire de l'esprit humain. On peut s'en convaincre par cette esquisse légère. Un français passe les Alpes : il voit à Pavie Jérôme Cardan, qui a écrit sur presque tous les sujets, et dont les ouvrages contiennent dix volumes *in-folio*. A Parme, il voit le Corrége peignant à fresque le dôme de la cathédrale; à Mantoue, le comte Balthazar Castillon, auteur de l'excellent ouvrage intitulé : Le Courtisan, *Il Cortigiano;* à Vérone, Fracastor, médecin, philosophe, astronome, mathématicien, littérateur, cosmographe, célèbre sous tous les rapports, mais sour-tout comme poète; car la plupart des écrivains cherchoient alors à se distinguer dans tous les genres, et c'est ce qui doit arriver lorsque les lettres s'introduisent dans un pays. A Padoue, il assiste aux leçons de Philippe Dèce, professeur en droit, renommé par la supériorité de ses talens et de ses lumières : cette ville étoit dans la dépendance de Venise. Louis XII, s'étant emparé du Milanez, voulut en illustrer la capitale, en y établissant Dèce; il le fit demander à la république qui le refusa long-temps. Les négociations continuèrent, et l'on vit le moment où ces deux puissances alloient en venir aux mains pour la possession d'un jurisconsulte.

" Notre voyageur voit à Venise Daniel Barbaro, héritier d'un nom très-heureux pour les lettres, et dont il a soutenu l'éclat par des commentaires sur la rhétorique d'Aristote, par une traduction de Vitruve, par un traité sur la Perspective; Paul Manuce, qui exerça l'imprimerie, et qui cultiva les lettres avec le même succès que son père, Alde Manuce. Il trouve chez Paul toutes les éditions des anciens auteurs grecs et latins, nouvellement sorties des plus fameuses presses d'Italie, entr'autres celle de Cicéron en quatre volumes *in-folio*, publiée à Milan en 1499, et le Psautier en quatre langues, hébreu, grec, chaldéen et arabe, imprimé à Gênes en 1516.

" Il voit à Ferrare, l'Arioste : à Bologne, six cents écoliers assidus aux leçons de jurisprudence que donnoit le professeur Ricini, et de ce nombre, Alciat qui, bientôt après, en rassembla huit cents, et qui effaça la gloire de Barthole et d'Accurse : à Florence, Machiavel, les historiens Guichardin et Paul Jove, une université florissante, et cette maison de Médicis, auparavant bornée aux opérations du commerce, alors souveraine et alliée à plusieurs maisons royales; qui montra de grandes vertus dans son premier état, de grands vices dans le second, et qui fut toujours célèbre, parce qu'elle s'intéressa toujours aux lettres et aux arts : à Sienne, Mathiole travaillant à son Commentaire sur Dioscoride : à Rome, Michel-Ange élevant la coupole de Saint-Pierre, Raphaël peignant les galeries du Vatican, Sadolet et Bembe, depuis cardinaux, remplissant alors auprès de Léon X la place de secrétaires; le Trissin donnant la première représentation de sa Sophonisbe, première tragédie composée par un moderne; Béroald, bibliothécaire du Vatican, s'occupant à publier les Annales de Tacite qu'on venoit de découvrir en Westphalie, et que Léon X avoit acquises pour la somme de cinq cents ducats d'or; le même pape proposant des places aux savans de toutes les nations, qui viendroient résider dans ses états, et des récompenses distinguées à ceux qui lui apporteroient des manuscrits inconnus.

" A Naples, il trouve Talésio travaillant à reproduire le système de Parménide, et qui, suivant Bacon, fut le premier restaurateur de la philosophie : il trouve aussi ce Jordan Bruno, que la nature sembloit avoir choisi pour son interprète, mais à qui, en lui donnant un très-beau génie, elle refusa le talent de se gouverner.

" Jusqu'ici notre voyageur s'est bornée à traverser rapidement l'Italie, d'une extrémité à l'autre; marchant toujours entre des prodiges, je veux dire, entre de grands monumens et de grands hommes, toujours saisi d'une admiration qui croissoit à chaque instant. Des semblables objets frapperont par-tout ses regards,

lorsqu'il multipliera ses courses: de-là, quelle moisson de découvertes, et quelle source de réflexions sur l'origine des lumières qui ont éclairé l'Europe! Je me contente d'indiquer ces recherches; cependant mon sujet m'entraîne, et exige encore quelques développemens.

" Dans les Ve et VIe siècles de l'ère chrétienne, l'Italie fut subjuguée par les Hérules, les Goths, les Ostrogoths et d'autres peuples jusqu'alors inconnus; dans le XVe, elle le fut, sous des auspices plus favorables, par le génie et par les talens. Ils y furent appelés, ou du moins accueillis par les maisons de Médicis, d'Este, d'Urbin, de Gonzague, par les plus petits souverains, par les diverses républiques: par-tout de grands hommes, les uns nés dans le pays même, les autres attirés des pays étrangers, moins par un vil intérêt que par des distinctions flatteuses; d'autres appelés chez les nations voisines, pour y propager les lumières, pour y veiller sur l'éducation de la jeunesse, ou sur la santé des souverains.

" Par-tout s'organisoient des universités, des colléges, des imprimeries pour toutes sortes de langues et de sciences, des bibliothèques sans cesse enrichies des ouvrages qu'on y publioit, et des manuscrits nouvellement apportés des pays où l'ignorance avoit conservé son empire. Les académies se multiplièrent tellement, qu'à Ferrare on en comptoit dix à douze, à Bologne environ quatorze, à Sienne seize. Elles avoient pour objet les sciences, les belles-lettres, les langues, l'histoire, les arts. Dans deux de ces académies, dont l'une étoit spécialement dévouée à Platon, et l'autre à son disciple Aristote, étoient discutées les opinions de l'ancienne philosophie, et pressentées celles de la philosophie moderne. A Bologne, ainsi qu'à Venise, une de ces sociétés veilloit sur l'imprimerie, sur la beauté du papier, la fonte des caractères, la correction des épreuves, et sur tout ce qui pouvoit contribuer à la perfection des éditions nouvelles.

" L'Italie étoit alors le pays où les lettres avoient fait et faisoient tous les jours le plus de progrès. Ces progrès étoient l'effet de l'émulation entre les divers gouvernemens qui la partageaint, et de la nature du climat. Dans chaque Etat, les capitales, et même des villes moins considérables, étoient extrêmement avides d'instruction et de gloire: elles offroient presque toutes aux astronomes des observatoires, aux anatomistes des amphithéâtres, aux naturalistes des jardins de plantes, à tous les gens de lettres des collections de livres, de médailles et de monumens antiques; à tous les genres de connoissances, des marques éclatantes de considération, de reconnoissance et de respect.

" Quant au climat, il n'est pas rare de trouver dans cette contrée des imaginations actives et fécondes, des esprits justes, profonds, propres à concevoir des grandes entreprises, capables de les méditer long-temps, et incapables de les abandonner quand ils les ont bien conçues. C'est à ces avantages et à ces qualités réunies, que l'Italie dut cette masse de lumières et de talens qui, en quelques années, l'éleva si fort au-dessus des autres contrées de l'Europe.

" J'ai placé l'Arioste sous le pontificat de Léon X; j'aurois pu mettre, parmi les contemporains de ce poète, Pétrarque, quoiqu'il ait vécu environ cent cinquante ans avant lui, et le Tasse qui naquit onze ans après: le premier, parce que ce ne fut que sous Léon X que ses poésies italiennes, oubliées presque dès leur naissance, furent goûtées et obtinrent quantité d'éditions et de commentaires; le Tasse, parce qu'il s'étoit formé en grande partie sur l'Arioste. C'est ainsi qu'on donne le nom du Nil aux sources et aux embouchures de ce fleuve. Tous les genres de poésie furent alors cultivés et laissèrent des modèles. Outre l'Arioste, on peut citer, pour la poésie italienne, Bernard Tasse, père du célèbre Torquat, Hercule Bentivoglio, Annibal Caro, Berni; pour la poésie latine, Sannazar, Politien, Vida, Béroald; et parmi ceux qui, sans être décidément poètes, faisoient des vers, on peut compter Léon X, Machiavel, Michel-Ange, Benvenuto Cellini qui excella dans la sculpture, l'orfévrerie et la gravure.

" Les progrès de l'architecture dans ce siècle sont attestés, d'un côté, par les ouvrages de Serlio, de Vignole et de Pallade, ainsi que par cette foul de commentaires qui parurent sur le traité de Vitruve; d'un autre côté, par les édifices publics et particuliers construits alors, et qui subsistent encore.

" A l'égard dela peinture, j'ai fait mention de Michel-Ange, de Raphaël, du Corrége; il faut leur joindre Jules-Romain, le Titien, André del Sarte qui vivoient dans le même temps, et cette quantité de génies formés par leurs leçons ou par leurs ouvrages.

" Tous les jours il paroissoit de nauveaux écrits sur les systèmes de Platon, d'Aristote et des anciens philosophes. Des critiques obstinés, tels que Giraldus, Panvinius, Sigonius, travailloient sur les antiquités romaines, et presque toutes les villes rassembloient leurs annales. Tandis que, pour connoître dans toute son étendue l'histoire de l'homme, quelques écrivains remontoient aux nations les plus anciennes, des voyageurs intrépides s'exposoient aux plus grands dangers, pour découvrir les nations éloignées et inconnues, dont on ne faisoit que

soupçonner l'existence. Les noms de Christophe Colomb génois, d'Amérie-Vespuce de Florence, de Sébastien Cabot de Venise, décorent cette dernière liste, bientôt grossie par les noms de plusieurs autres Italiens, dont les relations furent insérées, peu de temps après, dans la collection de Ramusio, leur compatriote.

" La prise de Constantinople par les Turcs, en 1453, et les libéralités de Léon X, firent refluer en Italie quantité de Grecs qui apportèrent avec eux tous les livres élémentaires relatifs aux mathématiques. On s'empressa d'étudier leur langue; leurs livres furent imprimés, traduits, expliqués, et le goût de la géométrie devint général. Plusieurs lui consacroient tous leurs momens; tels furent Commandin, Tartaglia : d'autres l'associoient à leurs premiers travaux ; tel fut Maurolico de Messine, qui publia différens ouvrages sur l'arithmétique, les mécaniques, l'astronomie, l'optique, la musique, l'histoire de Sicile, la grammaire, la vie de quelques saints, le martyrologe romain, sans négliger la poésie italienne: tel fut aussi, Augustin Nifo, professeur de philosophie à Rome sous Léon X, qui écrivit sur l'astronomie, la médecine, la politique, la morale, la rhétorique, et sur plusieurs autres sujets.

" L'anatomie fut enrichie par les observations de Fallope de Modène, d'Aquapendente son disciple, de Bolognini de Padoue, de Vigo de Gênes, etc.

" Aldrovandi de Bologne, après avoir, pendant quarante-huit ans, professé la botanique et la philosophie dans l'université de cette ville, laissa un Cours d'histoire naturelle en dix-sept volumes *in-folio*. Parmi cette immense quantité d'ouvrages qui parurent alors, je n'ai pas fait mention de ceux qui avoient spécialement pour objet la théologie ou la jurisprudence, parce qu'ils sont connus de ceux qui cultivent ces sciences, et qu'ils intéressent peu ceux à qui elles sont étrangères. A l'égard des autres classes, je n'ai cité que quelques exemples pris, pour ainsi dire, au hasard. Ils suffiront pour montrer les différens genres de littérature dont on aimoit à s'occuper, et les différens moyens qu'on employoit pour étendre et multiplier nos connoissances.

" Les progrès des arts favorisoient le goût des spectacles et de la magnificence. L'étude de l'histoire et des monumens des Grecs et des Romains inspiroit des idées de décence, d'ensemble et de perfection qu'on n'avoit point eues jusqu'alors. Julien de Médicis, frère de Léon X, ayant été proclamé citoyen romain, cette proclamation fut accompagnée de jeux publics; et sur un vaste théâtre construit exprès dans la place du Capitole, on représenta pendant deux jours une comédie de

Plaute, dont la musique et l'appareil extraordinaire excitèrent l'admiration générale. Le pape, qui crut en cette occasion devoir convertir en un acte de bienfaisance ce qui n'étoit qu'un acte de justice, diminua quelques-uns des impôts; et le peuple, qui prit cet acte de justice pour un acte de bienfaisance, lui éleva une statue.

" Un observateur qui verroit tout-à-coup la nature laisser échapper tant de secrets, la philosophie tant de vérités, l'industrie tant de nouvelles pratiques, dans le temps même qu'on ajoutoit à l'ancien monde un monde nouveau, croiroit assister à la naissance d'un nouveau genre humain: mais la surprise qui lui causeroient toutes ces merveilles, diminueroit aussitôt qu'il verroit le mérite et les talens luttant avec avantage contre les titres les plus respectés, les savans et les gens de lettres admis à la pourpre romaine, aux conseils des rois, aux places les plus importantes du gouvernement, à tous les honneurs, à toutes les dignités.

" Pour jeter un nouvel intérêt sur le Voyage que je me proposois de décrire, il suffiroit d'ajouter à cette émulation de gloire qui éclatoit de toutes parts, toutes les idées nouvelles que faisoit éclore cette étonnante révolution, et tous ces mouvemens qui agitoient alors les nations de l'Europe, et tous ces rapports avec l'ancienne Rome, qui reviennent sans cesse à l'esprit, et tout ce que le présent annonçoit pour l'avenir; car enfin, le siècle de Léon X fut l'aurore de ceux qui le suivirent, et plusieurs génies qui ont brillé dans les XVIIe et XVIIIe siècles chez les différentes nations, doivent une grande partie de leur gloire à ceux que l'Italie produisit dans les deux siècles précédens. Ce sujet me présentoit des tableaux si riches, si variés et si instructifs, que j'eus d'abord l'ambition de le traiter: mais je m'aperçus ensuite qu'il exigeroit de ma part un nouveau genre d'études; et me rappelant qu'un voyage en Grèce vers le temps de Philippe, père d'Alexandre, sans me détourner de mes travaux ordinaires, me fourniroit le moyen de renfermer dans un espace circonscrit ce que l'histoire grecque nous offre de plus intéressant, et une infinité de détails concernant les sciences, les arts, la religion, les mœurs, les usages, etc. dont l'histoire ne se charge point, je saisis cette idée, et, après l'avoir long-temps méditée, je commençai à l'exécuter en 1757, à mon retour d'Italie."

The following Account of an Interview with the Cardinal York, was accidentally omitted in the body of the Work.

THURSDAY, July 22, 1802, we went to *Frescati*, to pay our respects to Cardinal

York, who receives all English visitants with cordial hospitality. It is impossible to behold this prince without emotion; he is in the seventy-second year of his age, stoops much, but retains a glow of health and ruddiness, the remains of early beauty, in his countenance; he talks English with ease and accuracy, and seems to speak it with pleasure. There is, however, in his pronunciation, as may easily be supposed, somewhat of that thickness or heaviness which is observable in the accent of Englishmen who have been long accustomed to converse with foreigners only. His manners, though dignified, are easy and unaffected. He speaks of England with warm affection, and to employ his own expression, is always happy to see *his countrymen*, for he glories in being a Briton. His generosity to his attendants of every denomination is boundless; hence they all flourish under his influence, and soon grow up into fortune and independence. The poor of his diocese bless his benevolence, and owe to the charity of their pastor a degree of comfort, which the inhabitants of few towns in Italy are so fortunate as to enjoy. He resides at *Frescati*, and seldom visits Rome, unless when some public function requires his presence as Dean of the Sacred College, Archpriest of St. Peter's, or Chancellor of the Roman church. He passes his mornings in his cathedral, and in the library of his seminary, where he transacts business with his clergy, and where about eleven or twelve o'clock he receives the visits of such persons of rank, or foreigners, as come to wait upon him. He soon dismisses them, and if English, sends his carriages to convey them to such places as they may choose to visit in the neighbourhood. About one he drives out himself, and returning at two dines with his family and guests, always placing the English near him, and addressing his conversation to them with visible complacency. His table is served plentifully, but without any affectation either of magnificence or simplicity. About four o'clock he withdraws, and according to the Italian custom reposes for some time; after which he returns to business, and finally terminates the day with the accustomed acts of devotion.

Such is the ordinary tenor of the Cardinal's life, plain, useful, and unruffled, and I doubt much whether his days would have flowed so smoothly had his brother's daring attempt succeeded, and placed him on the steps of the throne of Great Britain. Disappointment or failure in this enterprize can therefore scarce be considered by him as a misfortune; especially as the dignities which he enjoyed in various countries, and the pensions which he received from the *Bourbon* princes, not only raised him above want, but enabled him to support the dignity of his title and family with sufficient splendor. Some pretend that his income amounted to forty, but others more moderate calculate it at thirty thousand pounds a-year;

a sum fully adequate, particularly in Italy, to all the purposes of episcopal charity and of princely magnificence. But the consequences of the French revolution, a revolution which has cost the human species so many tears, and so much blood, reached the venerable cardinal, drove him from his See, stript him at once of his whole income, and sent him in his old age a needy wanderer, to seek for refuge in Austria, in Corfu, and in Sicily. He relates his adventures during this distressing period with satisfaction, and enlarges upon them as a favorite topic of conversation. In this state of exile and dejection, he was suddenly relieved by the well-timed but unexpected generosity of his illustrious relation, our gracious Sovereign. George the Third accustomed to deeds of benevolence, distinguishes every month of his honourable life by some act of generosity. But never did he confer a benefit with better grace, or place it to more advantage. A pension of four thousand pounds a-year, paid in advance, relieved the Cardinal from the prospect of present want, and placed him above the reach of future distress. The nation, I may venture to assert, applauded the generosity of its sovereign, while I can assure the public, that the Cardinal feels and expresses the most grateful acknowledgement, and glories in owing to his country only his present comfort and independence. He is, as is well known, the last of the illustrious line of the Stuarts, which, elevated in all its branches, and peculiarly unfortunate in some, has never sunk either into meanness or contempt, and will terminate ere long its chequered career in religious dignity and virtuous resignation*.

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* The Cardinal's defects are those of his rank and age: fond of the ancient glories of his family, he delights in the sound of royalty, and is offended if the title of *royal highness* be not frequently used by those who speak to him; a title which, as grandson to a king of Great Britain, he perhaps has a right to claim. Prince Augustus, while at Rome, frequently visited the Cardinal, and with that delicate politeness which distinguishes the present race of British princes, gratified his eminence's ear with the frequent introduction of the favorite epithet. Some unrelenting Revolutionists may perhaps condemn this piece of innocent flattery, but men of feeling and men of the world will unite in applauding it.

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